

December 12, 1962

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

BEGINNING:

Private Lives
of the Rich

IN COLOR:

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STATION
HOMES**

RECIPES:

Four Dozen
★ Desserts ★



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ENGAGED

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PRINCESS ALEX'S ENGAGEMENT

● "A perfect love match" is London's description of the engagement of Princess Alexandra and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy.

PRINCESS ALEX- ANDRA, who endeared herself to Australians during her 1959 tour (she is shown on our cover at the State Reception at Brisbane), will be 26 on Christmas Day.

Her 34-year-old fiance is a businessman; a director of 50 firms.

They have known each other since the Princess was 18.

Princess Alexandra's mother, Princess Marina, and Queen Elizabeth are delighted at the engagement.

Angus James Bruce Ogilvy was educated at Eton and Oxford and is a lieutenant in the Scots Guards (reserve).

His father, the Earl of Airlie, is Lord Lieutenant of County Angus and a Lieutenant of the Queen's Bodyguard in Scotland. He is Governor of the British Linen Bank in Edinburgh.

His estates include Cortachy Castle and Airlie Castle at Kirriemuir, County Angus, and Tulchan Lodge at Glenisla.

The Earl, who succeeded to the title in 1900 when he was seven, won the Military Cross in World War I. He married Lady Alexan-

dra Marie Bridget Coke, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, in 1917.

Princess Marina's lady-in-waiting told Anne Matheson, of our London staff:

"Angus Ogilvy is so good-looking, but then they're such a good-looking family."

The Hon. Angus' elder brother, Lord David Ogilvy, was once a regular escort of Princess Margaret.

The family peerage dates back to 1491, when Sir James Ogilvy, Scottish Ambassador to Denmark, was created Lord Ogilvy of Airlie. In 1639 the seventh Lord Ogilvy, a loyal supporter of Charles I, was given the title of Earl of Airlie.

The name of Ogilvy figures largely in Scottish military history. The second Earl, taken prisoner at the Battle of Philiphaugh in 1644 and sentenced to death, escaped in his sister's clothes on the night before his intended execution.

One Ogilvy took his force of 600 men to join Bonnie Prince Charlie at Edinburgh in 1745 and was attainted by Act of Parliament.

After the Battle of Culloden he escaped to France, but was later pardoned and returned to Scotland.

The family motto is "To the end."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 12, 1962

MODEL MOTHER

● Susan Dexter, 24-year-old wife of England's visiting M.C.C. captain, "Lord" Ted Dexter, is mixing business and pleasure during her two months in Australia.

Susan arrives in Melbourne on December 9 and will fulfil modelling engagements in Melbourne, Adelaide, Hobart, Sydney, and Brisbane.

A keen cricket fan, the 5ft. 8in. former Hardy Amies model will watch her husband's matches whenever possible.

The Dexters' baby son, Thomas, who was born last March, is staying with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Longfield, in England, while his parents are in Australia.

SUSAN DEXTER likes color in her clothes. Red linen dress (right) has a long, waistless line, with box pleats in the skirt.



MOTHER with her eight-month-old son, Thomas. While the Dexters are away, he is staying with his grandparents at Bracknell, near Ascot, Berkshire, where photographer Alec Murray took these pictures.

PANELS which float from the shoulders are caught in the harem hemline of this short evening dress (left) in blue-and-white floral nylon chiffon.

CASUAL slacks-and-shirt outfit which Ted Dexter brought back from a tour of India. An Indian tailor made up the outfit in raw silk to Susan's own measurements.



HIGH-LIFE WITH A HIGH-FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER

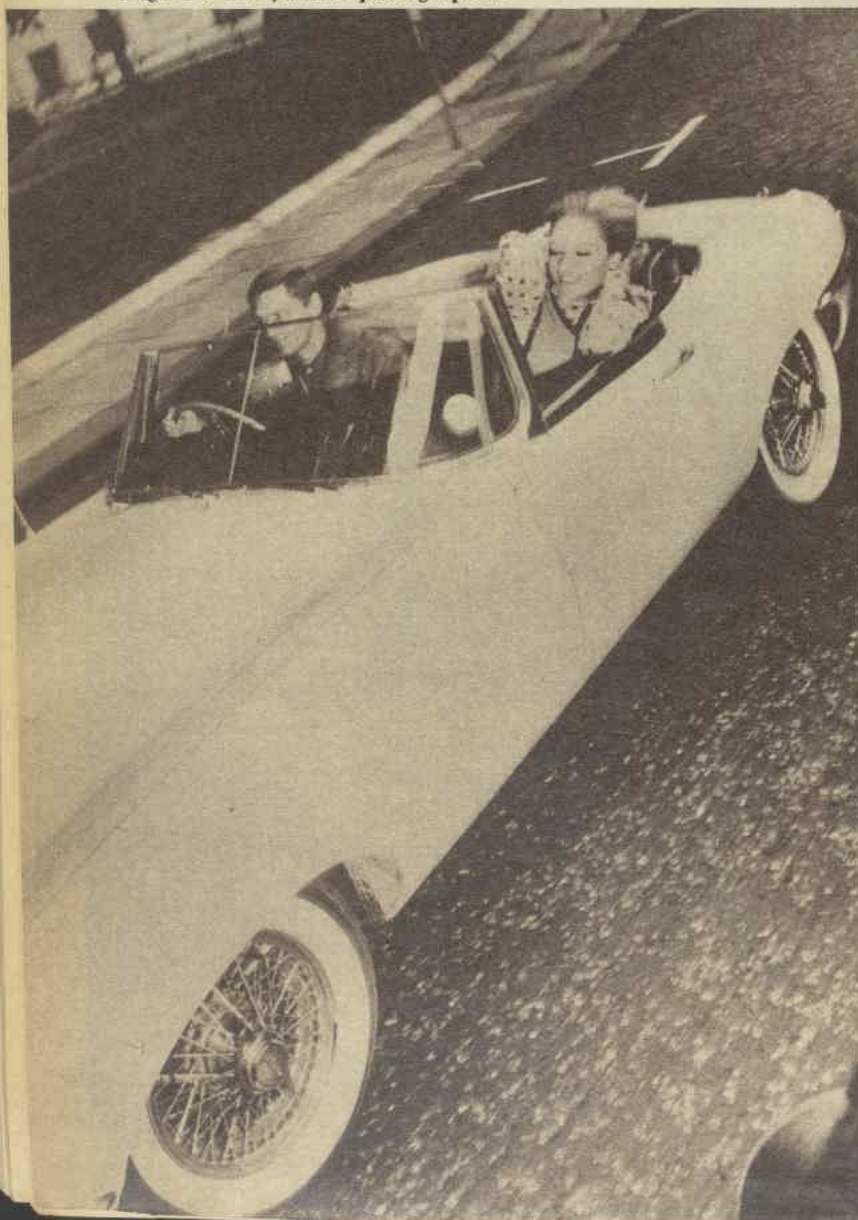
By CAROL HENTY

● "Get me a battleship for this afternoon, will you?" Barbara du Flou, from Wellington, New Zealand, boggled—and managed to get an ocean liner for her London boss that afternoon.

THE liner, a 27,000-tonner thrown open with its lounges and state-rooms, was one of the many and varied "props" Barbara had to procure for top British photographer Norman Parkinson during four working-holiday years as his personal secretary.

"Sometimes the assignments were harder— even than the battleship one," said Barbara in Sydney on her way back to New Zealand on a six months' visit.

BARBARA DU FLOU, the young New Zealander who has been personal secretary to Norman Parkinson, Britain's highest-paid magazine and fashion photographer.



"There was the unsolved case of 'The Girl in the Red Flared Skirt' . . .

This girl, a tall, willowy blonde, had been glimpsed in a London crowd by Norman Parkinson as he was driving along the street. Unable to park the car, he dispatched one of his photographic assistants from the car to chase her and sign her up for photographic modelling. The girl eluded the assistant and it was Barbara's job to track her down.

"I rang up every modelling agency in London and got them to send along any girl they had on their books who was blond and owned a red flared skirt," Barbara recalled. "Forty girls in red flared skirts arrived. But not THE girl.

"She has never been found."

Parkinson — or "Parks," as he is called in the fashion world — is famous for his dramatic discoveries of top-flight models.

A recent discovery was "Nena" (von Schlebrugge), who is now one of the top three models in New York. He spotted her in Sweden.

She was then 15 and was out walking with her mother. Parkinson stopped his car and asked the mother's permission to photograph the gangling school-girl.

"Find me Tilly"

The pictures were a hit, and Nena, at 16, went to London for a six months' modelling course. Barbara's job was to arrange accommodation for her with a "nice" family.

Though Parkinson works for "The Queen" magazine as senior photographer and an associate editor, he also does a lot of photography for advertisements. For this he will import mannequins from all over Europe.

"Find me Tilly" (or some other European model), he would say to

MODELS Celia Hammond and David West were photographed by Parkinson in a Jaguar sports model at dawn in a London street. It would be Barbara's job to procure the car for the picture.

Barbara. "She'd be magnificent in this swimsuit. I last worked with her in Paris three years ago. Get her here by tomorrow."

Alternatively, Parkinson would be shown a dress to be advertised and decide: "This dress will only look right in Venice. Make arrangements for the equipe"—the photography team plus model—"to stay there three days."

Barbara, having made the arrangements, would not travel with the team but stay in London and hold the fort.

"The fort"—or Barbara's office—was originally the potting shed beside a Queen Anne house in Twickenham, just out of London. In this house Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson lived and the "equipe" worked.

"It was the sort of job that had to come before personal life," said Barbara. "But generally my hours were 9 to 5.30, and my wages were a stable £21 sterling, which was quite good for London."

As Parkinson is so well known in *haute couture* and Press circles, Barbara found there were many perks to the job.

"When Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson were out of town I was given their tickets for openings of fashion shows of London's top designers," she said.

Keeping abreast of the fashions was an important part of the job. For, come an advertising assignment, it was Barbara who had to choose and procure the props and accessories to go with a given garment.

"For some it might be a shooting-stick, which I'd have to borrow from a leading sports store. Or it might be something as simple as a gold chain necklace," she explained.

"I also had to plan the social life of any of the mannequins Parks imported from Europe. I'd plan a theatre party or dinner or take them to nightclubs — and all expenses would be paid."

Getting such a party together was, Barbara found, very easy. "The word model has a magic appeal," she said. "There was never a shortage of eligible escorts."

Working so closely with

the perfectionist Parkinson, Barbara herself learns a spot mannequin talent. "The ideal photographic model is 5ft. 8in. with 33-21-34 vital statistics," she said. "Given these, she needs intelligence as well."

Parkinson runs his business with what Barbara called "American efficiency."

"He likes mannequins to be real professionals in their work. A good mannequin must never be late for appointments. She must be neat and clean in her personal appearance — no grubby bra straps showing or laddered stockings."

"She must also have patience and understanding about the job in hand."

The taking of a Parkinson fashion photograph was, Barbara said, quite a scientific affair.

Done to music

"Parks is always very conscious of the ebb and flow of atmosphere during a sitting. He'd bring a transistor record-player and have the appropriate mood music for the mannequin. One of my jobs was to keep the record selection up to date."

The Parkinson charge for a photographic job was 175 guineas—the highest price in England. A sitting could take two hours or a day, but the price was standard.

Barbara herself had her portrait taken by Parkinson—for nothing. "Actually I was paid £8 for it," she said.

"He wanted a model for an advertisement he was doing under the slogan 'Top People Read The Times'." He decided I'd look O.K. as a 'top drawer' lady barrister.

"He borrowed his own lawyer's office—which cost him £2—put me in a wig and gown that had belonged to his barrister father, and gave me a copy of 'The Times' to read."

Soon after this advertisement was published Barbara, in her potting-shed office, received a telephone call congratulating Parkinson on his choice of model and asking her name.

"I was frightfully embarrassed," said Barbara, adding, "Having seen the hurly-burly life of top mannequins, I was always so thankful that I was

THE BOSS

THE FIND Mood 1



NENA, the now famous model whom Parkinson discovered when she was only 15, appears on this page in three of his photographs. The first was for a magazine. The second, for a soap advertisement, was taken at a weir in the English countryside after waiting hours for the sun and this moment. The fourth (it's still Nena!) was for the British "Drink a Pint of Milk a Day" campaign. She has recently been modelling in New York. The picture of Norman Parkinson (above) was taken by Robert A. Freson.



merely on the secretarial side of the business."

The secretarial side entailed paying the Parkinsons' household bills and organising their frequent dinner parties.

"This was very tricky when Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon came to dinner," said Barbara. "It was a party for 12, and I wasn't quite sure how to do the seating."

"Eventually I put Princess Margaret at the head of the table and Lord Snowdon at the other end."

Barbara left New Zealand six years ago for the usual working holiday in England. She had worked for a couple of years with a Wellington photographer as a retoucher, colorist for miniatures, and receptionist, dealing mostly with wedding and debutante photographs.

This training qualified her for retouching and secretarial work with a London advertising studio.

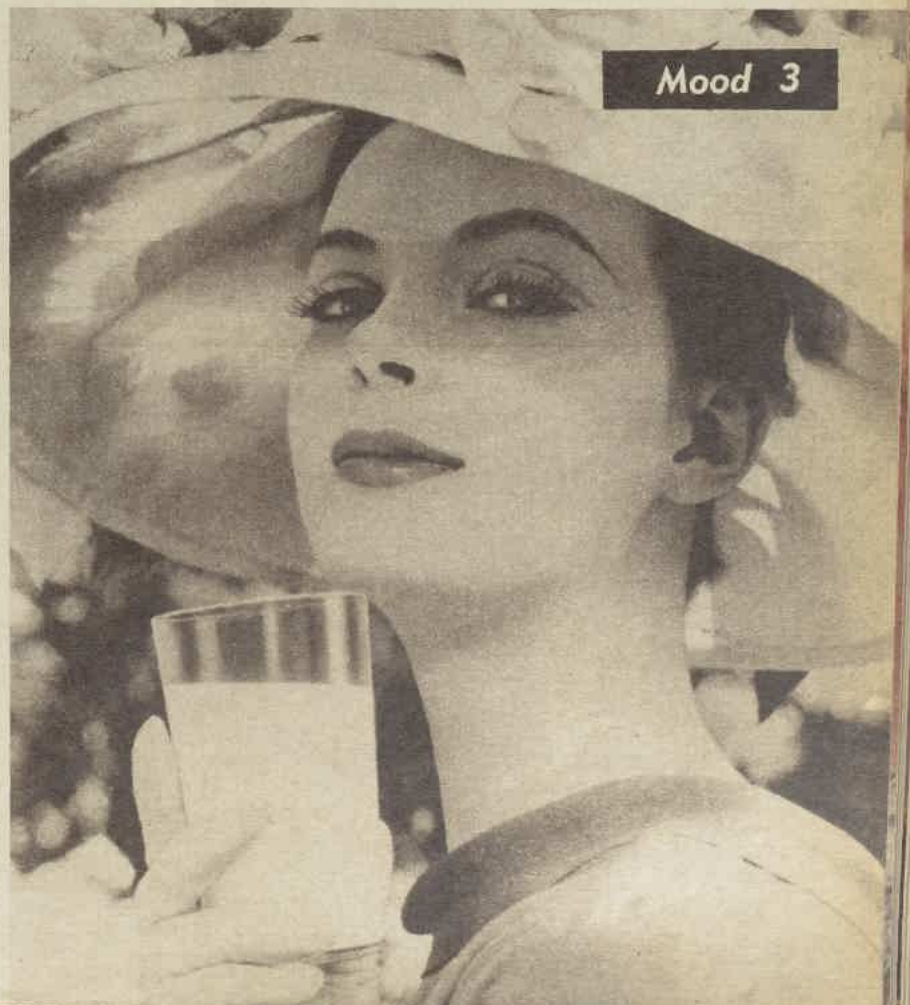
"Parkinson used to use the studio," she recalled. "I'd always admired his work, so when he advertised for a personal secretary I applied."

Until her first week in the job Barbara didn't realise how lucky she'd been to get it. In the files were about 50 letters of application from well-known London society girls, all of whom had entrees which most photographers would find useful.

Mood 2



Mood 3



The world's finest tobacco
is at your fingertips



THE ONLY
VIRGINIA
KING SIZE
PLAIN

"TEST MATCH" OF BALLROOM DANCING

By SCARTH FLETT

● International dancing stars are competing in the World Professional Ballroom Championships at Melbourne's Festival Hall on December 4 and 5.



MICKEY POWELL

IT is the first time the championships have been held in Australia—a personal triumph for Mr. Mickey Powell, president of the Australian Dancing Society, which he founded 22 years ago.

Australia rates second to England as the world's biggest ballroom dancing nation.

Professional dancers from England, Germany, Japan, and New Zealand are competing against the toughest local opposition, husband-and-wife team Kevin and Shirley Gibson, who won fourth place in the World Championships in London last year.

Six of the world's top adjudicators are judging—Alex Moore, of England; Fred Dieselhorst, of Germany; Yoro Sukegawa, of Japan; L. Marsden, of New Zealand; Melbourne's Jack Bosley, and George Weiss, of Sydney.

The professional championships are judged over nine dances—waltz, foxtrot, tango, quickstep, Viennese waltz, rumba, samba, paso doble, and cha cha. Points are given for deportment and movement, and appearance is also considered.

The main prize is £3000. There will be more than 30 events during the two days, and 5500 people are

expected to pack Festival Hall, with hordes of fans coming from all States and New Zealand.

An annual highlight of the "World's," is the dancing "Test Match" between the English and Australian teams for a cup Mickey Powell donated in the 1940s, and which Australia has been trying to win back ever since.

"It is much bigger than the Davis Cup," he said with wistful longing.

"Pro" at 16

Mickey, the driving power behind professional ballroom dancers in Australia for nearly 40 years, has been a professional since the age of 16, virtually teaching himself.

In 1927, partnered by Olive Hughes, he won the Australian Championships.

"We used to make up the steps as we went along in those days," he said. "It seemed that the ones with the most original ideas won."

In the mid-1930s Mickey set sail for England, and success in variety.

He appeared with second billing at the London Palladium, and many other variety theatres.

One day he ventured into the Hammersmith Palais, the very core of the ballroom-dancing world, and asked Mrs. Betty Lyons, the manageress, for an audition.

"Australia?" she said in

wide-eyed amazement when Mickey told her where he came from. "But we have good dancers here!"

"That remark got me fighting mad," Mickey said, scowling at the memory. "I was determined to make our professional ballroom dancers accepted overseas."

He returned to Australia and began working toward his goal.

In 1947 Jack and Joyce Bosley, with Mickey as their team captain, travelled to London as Australia's first representatives in the World Professional Ballroom Championships.

Since then, Australia has been represented by a team every year, always captained by Mickey. The most successful team was Alf Davies and his wife, Julie Reaby, world champions for 1956 and 1957.

Australia's reigning

national champions, Kevin and Shirley Gibson, are hoping to make first place this year.

"At least we have had more time to practise, and it has been much cheaper not having to travel abroad this year," they told me at their Melbourne studio before the championships.

"Hadt a clue"

Shirley and Ken met—at a dance—nine years ago.

"Kevin was Australian champion at the time," said Shirley.

"Although I loved dancing, I didn't have a clue about ballroom. We started going out together and Kevin taught me the steps.

"I became his dancing partner, which proved a permanent and more satisfactory arrangement when we were married two years later."

Shirley and Kevin have danced away with the Australian Championships seven times and the Victorian Championships nine times.

Blond, slim Shirley was having a floating pink dress (chiffon with 60 yards of nylon net in the underskirt) made for the championships.

"I wore pink, my favorite color, when we came fourth in London last year, so we feel it might be lucky," she said.

Professional Adelaide dancer Dot Gonsal makes all Shirley's "comp" frocks, usually four a year.

Each dress is embroidered with sequins or rhinestones in different designs.

Although they cost about £50 each it is not such a terrific drain on the purse-strings, for as soon as a frock gets "heavy" Shirley sells it.

(The essence of a good

competition dress is its floating lightness. When it has been worn too much the skirt loses its stiffness and goes limp and "heavy," restricting movement.)

In spite of all their professional dancing Kevin and Shirley still love to go to balls and "shuffle round the floor."

The Gibsons are the proud possessors of 3ft. of lovable mischief—three-year-old Barry. He is a keen twister, but when staff photographer Jim Ellard and I were leaving he had decided not to be a dancer but "chief photographer at the Women's Weekly."

"Before we had Barry, dancing was our whole life. Now it is only a close second," said Shirley, adding with a smile, "We managed well and didn't miss a single championship by gaining a son."



THREE-YEAR-OLD Barry Gibson in the huge Medallist Travel Club Perpetual Cup, won five times by his parents, Australian ballroom dancing champions Kevin and Shirley Gibson. The M.T.C. is an amateur organisation which runs interstate ballroom championships.

Revlon has a gift for making her glad she's a girl!



Aquamarine . . . classic of all floral fragrances, in 1 oz. Eau de Toilette, 12/6



The smart way to give Revlon matching lipstick and nail enamel, 23/6

Aquamarine in a duo gift set . . . Eau de Toilette and Talc, 37/9



Intimate . . . the cherished fragrance. Luxurious moisturising lotion, made to beguile every beauty, in "Mosquetrie," 21/6



Intimate "travel-size" duo, 1 oz. Eau de Toilette and 1 oz. Hand Lotion, 19/6

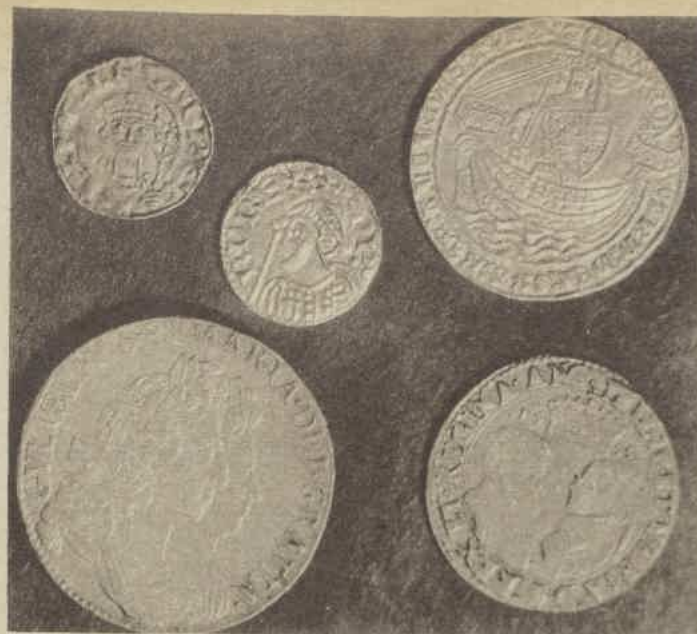
Revlon's Bouquetrie — four bath "n' boudoir" "musts." Complexion soap, Eau de Toilette, Talcum Powder, and Body Lotion, 84/6



For bathroom or boudoir, Aquamarine Talcum Powder, 14/9

Intimate luxury for lady in 2 oz. Eau de Toilette, 27/6

PENNY (top left) of 11th century, the time of William the Conqueror, is worth about £4/10/-. Bottom left: 5/- piece of 1692, William and Mary, worth £40. Bottom right: 5/- piece dated 1555, the era of Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor, worth £45. Top right: Gold noble (6/8), dated 1350, the earliest medieval English coin, worth about £75. Centre: Silver penny of 11th century, Edward the Confessor, worth £4/10/-. The most valuable coin brought into Seaby's was a 1642 gold noble of Charles I's time, worth nearly £2250 sterling.



Pounds for pennies

By PATRICIA KENT

● Next time you count your change, look at your money closely. If one of those pennies is dated 1930 it could be worth £3 or more. And if you find a 1933 English penny you'll really be in the money—it could net you £100!

THESE were some of the fascinating facts revealed when Mr. Peter Seaby (of the London firm of B. A. Seaby, coin dealers) visited Australia to look at some local coin collections.

Seaby's is one of London's three coin dealers—the others are Spink's and Baldwin's. Peter's father, Bert, founded the firm in 1926, and they handle hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of business each year.

"The value of coins doesn't always depend on how old they are," he said. "It depends rather on their scarcity—and, of course, their condition."

"The 1933 English penny is valuable because there were only seven minted that year. Three are in museums in England and three were placed under foundation stones. So there's only one."

Peter and his father no longer collect coins ("not good policy when you're a dealer—clients think you keep all the best pieces for yourself"), but they notice a growing interest in numismatics (from the Greek "nomisma," meaning "current coin") all over the world.

"Very few women collect coins, though," Mr. Seaby said. "They collect practical and decorative things like silver and jewellery."

But, he said, wise coin buying can be a good investment—and women never object if their husbands make more money than they spend.

"We had one client whose wife didn't know he collected," said Mr. Seaby. "He had an arrangement with his corner tobacconist and we used to send all the

catalogues and coins there. This went on for four or five years."

"One day he sent in his collection and asked us to sell it for him—his wife had discovered that he'd spent nearly £800 over the years. We made an offer for the coins."

"Next week he wrote saying he had decided not to



MR. PETER SEABY

sell. Apparently his wife had been so impressed with the offer she had changed her mind. Now she is as enthusiastic about coin collecting as her husband."

Why do some people become such avid collectors of coins, or stamps, or matchboxes?

"There are all sorts of reasons," said Mr. Seaby. "Coins are a kind of instant history. Many of the ancient kings shown on the coins are virtually unknown in the history books."

"When some of these old coins are found—particularly early Afghan money or coins of the Indo-Greek period—we can often pinpoint their reign to within a few years."

"Some people are interested in ancient costumes and hairstyles. Roman coins are particularly helpful here. From about 79 A.D. to 81 A.D. the Romans issued a series of coins depicting great ladies of the day. One coin showed Julia, daughter of the Emperor Titus who sacked Jerusalem about 79 A.D."

"You can get a pretty good idea of how the Roman ladies did their hair and what they wore if the coin is in good condition."

"Others collect as an investment, intending to make money on their purchases. But the majority of collectors are fascinated by coins as some people are by paintings or china."

"And, of course, many of the coins are interesting artistically, particularly the old Greek coins which have some beautifully drawn heads and figures."

The very first coins were hand-made by the Ionian Greeks in Asia Minor just after 700 B.C. They were roughly made, and flowers and squares were cut into the metal.

The monier

Gradually coins became more refined, showing pictures of Greek gods and kings, statues and towns.

"The coin-maker was known as a monier," said Mr. Seaby. "He was given a franchise by the Government to make coins of a certain weight."

"He had to be very careful—and honest, for if the coins were underweight he was severely punished. Usually his hands were cut off."

"In medieval times clipping coins (shaving off the edges) was prevented with a little more subtlety. A religious inscription was placed

round the edge of the coin. No man would dare cut into this—it was sacrilege."

"Money coined during Roman times, bearing the heads of Roman emperors, was distributed to all parts of the Empire and became a kind of propaganda."

"Many Roman coins belong to the pre-Christian era, but this does not automatically make them valuable. Great hoards of coin are being dug up in Britain all the time."

"In Richborough, Kent, which used to be port of entry into Britain from Gaul, 15,000 Roman coins were excavated, and hoards have been found round the Mediterranean. They are so common they have little value."

"Coins dating from Anglo-Saxon times have also been discovered in large quantities."

"One of their rulers, King Canute (not the one who held the waves back), is not well known and coins made in his time were extremely rare. But when 12,000 of his coins were dug up in Lancashire they immediately became much less valuable."

Last year Seaby's was the scene of a spectacular robbery. Thieves cut their way into the premises with acetylene torches hidden in rolls of linoleum, and got away with over £39,000 worth of coins, including the collection of Governor Brisbane's gold medals which Seaby's bought from Sotheby's for £2300.

"And they obviously knew what they were looking for," said Mr. Seaby. "Some of our best coins were taken. We haven't recovered any yet. But the police are still working on it, and we may have some results in a few months."

NEXT WEEK

How NOT to kill your WIFE

Remember our recent "How Not to Kill Your Husband" series written by a family doctor? A staff reporter has replied with suggestions to husbands on "How Not to Kill Your Wife."

In an open letter to the doctor she describes husbands as "dear, lovable, crafty, obstinate treasures—every girl should have one for her very own."

But she hastens to add, "Women are scarcer than you think," then suggests seven ways in which husbands should look after their wives.

This is a feature every woman will thoroughly enjoy. Don't miss it.

● SEA-SHELLS

—four color pages

Another in our popular "Australia in Color" series, timed for the summer holidays, shows 34 sea-shells.

There is authentic information about each shell to add to the pleasure adults, and children, too, find in collecting the delicately colored varieties found on Australian beaches.

Add this section to the color feature on sea creatures in a previous issue and take both with you on a beach holiday.

● Duchess of Windsor —nervous hostess

A nervous, anxious hostess, the Duchess of Windsor was so keen to see what was happening at her dinner parties that she hardly ate at all herself.



This is revealed by Ernest King, who was butler to the Duke and Duchess at their villa near Cannes, in the second instalment of his autobiography, "Private Lives of the Rich."

Ernest King gives a fascinating account of the Windsors' 30-servant household.

As well he describes his service with other rich employers—American and English. Don't miss the second instalment.

● Two Christmas dinner menus

Complete menus for two Christmas dinners—one traditional, one an informal buffet—are in a four-page section.

With them are recipes for a variety of savory stuffings for all types of poultry.

● Holiday fashions

If you want to win the fashion stakes for the smartest holiday wear, "Teenagers' Weekly" has six easy—and inexpensive—ways to go about it.

For party, beach, or town, each fashion is on sale in the shops.

***Australian
(and world)
champion
swimmers***



● Gold medal winners Dawn Fraser, Robyn Thorn, Ruth Everuss, and Lynn Bell broke the world record for the women's 440yds. freestyle relay. Their time was 4min. 11.1sec., 2.7sec. faster than the world record set by the same team in Melbourne last October.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

● Another world record smashed — Bob Windle, Murray Rose, Alan Wood, and Tony Strahan clipped 3.1sec. off the world record for the men's 880yds. freestyle. Their time was 8min. 13.5sec. Murray Rose was in the team which set the previous record in 1960.

"CRICKET" BOWLS IN

CONNIE STEVENS is pert and pretty and 24. For the past two years she has also been one of TV's most effervescent little blondes.

While here for an engagement at the Chevron Hilton Hotel, Connie will be able to watch herself starring as Cricket Blake in TCN9's detective series "Hawaiian Eye."

And Sydney can watch Connie in person as she appears "live" on Channel 9.

In real life, Connie is just as gay and talkative as Cricket is on TV.

"Of course I love Cricket; she's a part of my life," she says. "Cricket walks into a room and expects everything to be great . . ."

Connie has something of her own to add to that philosophy. Thoughtfully, she says: "Well, everything isn't great if you don't stand up for yourself."

Connie has stood up for herself to the tune of about £30,000 a year, which is the income she is estimated to collect from her combined activities.

These include both TV and films ("Susan Slade" and "Parrish"), recordings, and personal-appearance tours like this one in Australia.

Christened Concetta Ann Ingolia in Brooklyn, U.S.A., Connie changed her name and broke into show business via a TV commercial for a bread company.

That led to some film contracts—she made "Rock-a-bye Baby" with comedian Jerry Lewis—and, later, to "Hawaiian Eye."

It's also pleasant to discover that success and Connie Stevens go well together.

Unlike some stars, she still sees a lot of the big Ingolia family (and lives with her father in North Hollywood). When they have family reunions, Connie often prepares the food—peanut butter and banana sandwiches, her own favorite, and Italian-style dishes.

Which is not really a very good thing. "When Connie's worried, she eats," a friend once remarked. And her weight is a constant problem.

According to her studio, Warner Brothers, Connie weighs 7st. 12lb. But a few years ago, according to Connie, the scales showed a frightening 10st. 12lb.

"So I dieted," she says resignedly. "And all my excess energy seemed to come out of my mouth as talk."

Connie chatters on about her future and her lucky number (eight) and her dogs and her car and her mad-hat collection (like Cricket's) and dancing and ice-skating and jazz and how she hates to get up in the morning . . .

But there's more to her than chatter. Movie director Delmer Daves said: "Behind that kid face is another Bette Davis."



Says Mr. Gay, the Bread Doctor: LADY, BE FICKLE WITH YOUR BAKER'S MAN

● Bread has improved out of sight in the past ten years. People complain about it simply because they keep on buying the same good loaf and never think to give their taste-buds a change.

THAT'S a diagnosis from Mr. Bert Gay, one of Australia's bread doctors.

At his headquarters, the Bread Research Institute of Australia, Mr. Gay is known as Bakery Instructor, but his scope is much wider than the title implies.

He travels round Australia helping master bakers—and housewives—with their bread-baking problems.

Also he goes abroad with Government trade missions. His job is to sell Australian wheat, and in doing it he's been to West Africa, Mauritius, Arabia, and the Philippines.

He is going on another wheat-selling trip to Ghana, and will then visit Sweden, England, and America to study bakery methods.

Many kinds

But at the Institute's red-brick building at Ryde, N.S.W., Mr. Gay is concerned mainly with the loaves of bread that you and I have delivered or buy at the corner delicatessen.

"When bread was baked in the old brick ovens years ago it was never two days alike," he told me. "One day you'd get a good batch, the next day a bad."

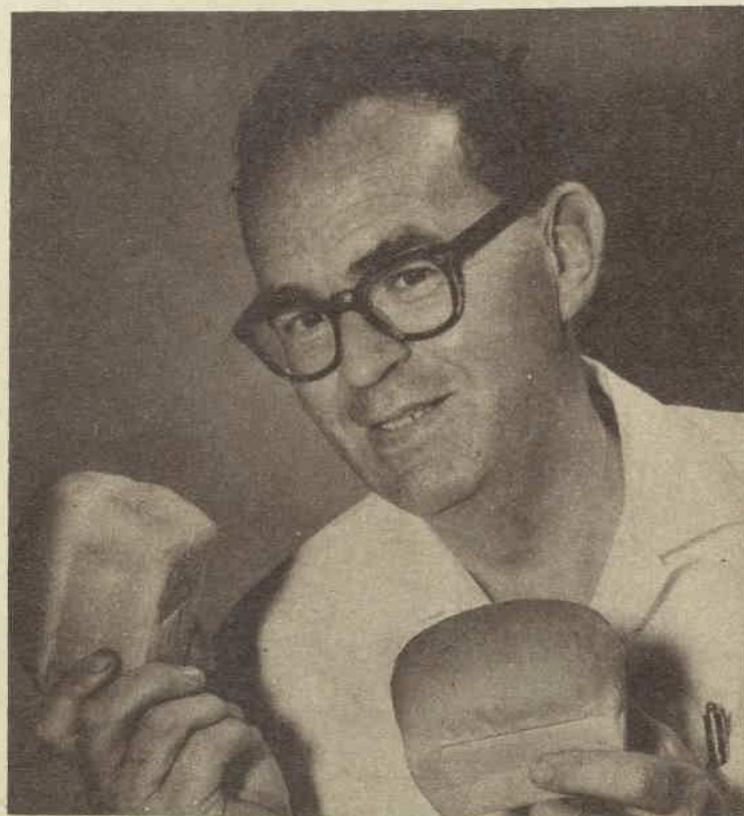
"Today, with mechanised baking, bread is better and more uniform in texture, possibly making it more monotonous."

"But there's no need for bread in the home to be monotonous—there are so many different kinds available. In Melbourne recently I counted 56 varieties in a big department store."

"Most people stick to the same sliced or tin loaf day in and day out. No wonder they get tired of it. They should change brands and types now and then, especially to one of the fancy or wholemeal breads."

"They'll enjoy their bread more."

Mr. Gay admits that bread consumption has dropped in recent years, but



● Mr. Bert Gay shows test loaves baked at the research institute.

thinks that slimming diets are only part of the answer. Breakfast cereals are one reason for the drop, and also since the introduction of sliced and wrapped bread there is less wastage.

Less finds its way into the garbage tin because it stays fresh longer.

This is because additives are put in with the old mixture of flour, water, and yeast. Forty per cent. of bread now contains milk and high-quality shortenings which help preservation.

I asked Mr. Gay what improvements we can expect in the future. The answer seems to be in refrigeration.

In America, and already in a few parts of Australia, deep-frozen bread is available. It can be frozen for six months, and when the

By
Winifred Munday

process becomes cheaper than it is now it should put an end to stale bread on long weekends.

The retailers will be able to take delivery of weekend bread, snap-freeze it, and remove it from the freezer a few hours before sale. Out-back homes and hotels will need bread deliveries only about once a month.

Test loaves

Meanwhile, housewives owning deep-freeze plants can snap-freeze their bread. But it must be frozen quickly to prevent crumbling.

Bert Gay has been a baker all his working life. At the Bakery Institute he helps to instruct apprentices and gives talks in the lecture-room at Ryde.

Rows of experimental loaves and tins of flour, all carefully analysed and labelled, line the walls.

In a clinically spotless room a fresh mixture of dough comes out of a miniature mixer every four minutes, each mixture different from the last.

The mixture is baked into small loaves, and each is cut open, tested, photographed, and labelled.

From all over Australia bakers send in sample loaves and ingredients.

"They do it voluntarily," Mr. Gay said. "And often they have no actual problems; they just want us to make sure their bread is up to standard. But many have troubles. Their bread might be consistently too coarse, too crusty, too crumbly."

"If we can't solve their problems here at Ryde, then I go out to the bakery, which can be anywhere in Australia, and try to find the trouble on the spot."

"In any case, I try to visit every bakery in Australia at least once every two years."

Mr. Gay has also advised many a housewife on her own bread-baking problems. Once a distress call from a lighthouse, off the Queensland coast sent him hurrying to help.

It wasn't a shipwreck. It was the lighthouse-keeper's wife wanting to know how to keep her bread, delivered once a week, from going mouldy. Correct storage solved the problem.



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Baldwin, who were married at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Miss Janice Fullerton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Fullerton, of Darling Point. Murray is son of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Baldwin.

IT'S going to be a really whacko start to the Christmas season when the Canberra Bachelors and Spinners, 30 strong, host a dance in the Yarralumla woolshed on December 8.

Committee member Rosemary Bell says that the 400 guests will come from everywhere and there'll be houseparties all over the district. Steven Ward will be over from Cootamundra, Colin Campbell from Murrumbidgee, Gavin Platt-Hepworth and Prue Gibb from Sydney, just to mention a few. And among those packing-in houseparties will be Prue Russell, Lyn Adamson, Duncan Osborne, and Graeme Ladd.

There'll be a barbecue supper, but it won't be quite the good ole country style—because of the fire risk they'll have to use canned gas to cook the steaks!

SISTERS and poets Mavis and Dorothea Dowling are home again at Vaucluse, laden with souvenirs and slides and bubbling over with news of all the wonderful times they had on their round-the-world jaunt. They're telling tales of Mexican fiestas, Irish villages, South African beaches, and ballets in London, in between working on their seventh book of verse, to be published next year. "But we'll just have to start saving to go again," they agree. Next time they'll head for Kentucky, U.S.A., where the university is planning to exhibit some of their efforts in an exhibition of the manuscripts of modern poets. After Kentucky they're hoping to visit Arizona and look up some Americans they met at Stonehenge.

A BRAND spanking new flat at Clareville with a dazzling view over Pittwater will be home for Margaret and Walter Gale when they return from their Queensland honeymoon. Margaret is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Stitt, of Willoughby.

PRETTY Margot Wood will be having a traditional English Christmas in Nottinghamshire with her "in-laws," Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wood, while her husband, Lieutenant Christopher Wood, R.N., will be celebrating Christmas in Australia with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Price, of Richmond. Margot and Christopher first met in Sydney while he was out here serving in the R.N. submarine Andrew. They met again in London when she was over on a working holiday and married there in August in Holy Trinity Church, Knightsbridge. Now Christopher has been posted out here again and arrives in Sydney on December 17. Margot is following him out and will arrive home on board Canberra on January 25.

SUCH a pretty diamond ring is being worn by Margaret Hansen, of Greenwich, who has just announced her engagement to Gary Lambert, of Cremorne. This is a real rowing romance, as Margaret is stroke of the New South Wales women's eight (who did so well at the Australian championships this year) and Gary is captain of the North Shore Rowing Club.

HAVE you heard how Sim Bennet's wife, Judy, describes the distance between their property, "Kambah," and Canberra? "It's just two cigarettes away," she says. Translated, that's the time it takes to smoke two cigarettes along the 12 miles between her home and Canberra.

BRIDESMAID Helen Amos, of "Tantaranna," Moree, is driving to Sydney this week for the wedding of Elsie Taylor and Bruce Flanagan at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on December 8. There'll be two other bridesmaids, Elsie's sister Mary, and Jennifer Knight, of Mosman. Bruce is the son of Mr. D. Flanagan, of "Rankin Springs," Griffith, and Mrs. K. C. Freehill, of Bowral, and Elsie is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Taylor, of Mosman.

A MODEL of Santa Claus parachuting from a plane will be one of the topical decorations at the R.A.A.F. Base, Richmond, when the Officers' Mess entertain at their annual summer ball on Friday, December 7.

UNTIL the day comes when you can buy deep-frozen bread, Mr. Gay gives this advice for the long and short weekends:

"To keep the loaf a day or so, wrap it in a linen tea-towel and keep it in a well-ventilated container in a cool place. (But don't wrap a loaf that is still warm.)"

"If you are keeping it longer than that, put the bread in a plastic bag and store it in the refrigerator. A well-baked loaf with good thick crusts keeps best."

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



AT LEFT: Trombonist Ken Herron serenading a trio of girls at the opening of the new Jazz Cellar. They are jazz fans (from left) Misses Angela Alexis, Leslye Leaney, and Carla Neuchouse.

ABOVE: Pretty Miss Kay Baldwin chatting with Mr. Robert Iredale at the opening of the new Jazz Cellar. Proceeds of the evening aided the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of N.S.W.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Jim Bendrodt (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Radford at the party to farewell Mr. and Mrs. Roy McKerihan. Sixty friends combined forces to give the formal dinner party at the Wentworth Hotel.

BELOW: Guests of honor Mr. and Mrs. Roy McKerihan (couple in centre) with Mrs. E. Frisakis and Mr. A. Laboyrie, Consul-General for the Netherlands, at the party given to farewell Mr. and Mrs. McKerihan, who will make their home in Hong Kong.



ABOVE: At the opening of the colorful United States Travel Service office in Sydney were (from left) Mr. Voit Gilmore, World Director of the U.S.T.S., Mrs. Don Bernard, her father Mr. Luther H. Hodges, Secretary of the U.S. Department of Commerce, and Mrs. Voit Gilmore. Mr. Hodges performed the opening ceremony, which was followed by a champagne reception. The champagne was from vineyards in California.



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Worth Reporting

WHEN is a teenager not a teenager? If you're an adult you'll say it's when the teen turns twenty.

But two Adelaide men — John Ferrier and Ron Tremaine — believe the golden time lasts much longer.

"Once a teenager, always a teenager," grins John, single, 23, an accountant.

Ron, married, 22, journalist, says, "Even at our age, we're still big kids."

As sponsors of singer Johnny O'Keefe's comeback in Adelaide, they have made a bid for an adult (in years) audience by booking an Unley picture theatre for his December 7 show.

"More than half Johnny's fans are adults, if his fan mail is any guide," Ron says. "In fact we're convinced the so-called teenagers' idol is just as much an adults' idol."

These two youthful entrepreneurs — they claim they're the youngest in Australia — have staked their all in the O'Keefe venture, their first as professional show-business promoters.

A beautiful nightmare

U.S. beauty experts predict that in 2062 young women's lips will be tattooed and painted in a permanent smile. Hats will have built-in radios, and pockets will carry a telephone-TV to see and talk to a friend anywhere in the world.

There will be shorter hours and no lunchtimes, but food pills instead. Eating food will be a luxury. With less walking and housework, hands and feet will begin to deteriorate.

Injectors will make a woman of 60 look 20.

Hairdos will be wind-proofed and waterproofed, clothes made of lightweight fibre fabrics (thrown away after one wearing) that will ventilate or insulate according to temperature.

It sounds like a nightmare.

CROZZLE RESULT

• Winner of Crozzle No. 3 is Mrs. W. H. Lamb, 4 Churchill Road, Horsham, Vic.

Mrs. Lamb amassed a score of 453 to win the £100 prize.

Her entry is shown below, redrawn by one of our artists for better reproduction.

ERIC	B	TAB
EVE	DEAR	U
IDA	A	ROGER
E	N	WARD
	DANNY	B
LLOYD	N	DVER
U	A	BOONE
C	M	LONGE
SYKES	B	ID

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 173
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 280
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 453



• Ron Tremaine (left) and John Ferrier, youthful entrepreneurs.

NOTICE in a London restaurant window: "Good home wanted for delightful African baboon. House-trained and well-mannered. Ideal companion. Likes children and old ladies."

Brighter than they seem

GUIDE-BOOKS aren't always entertaining literature, although useful. A new one called "How, Who, What, Where in Sydney" is an exception.

It's a lively pull-no-punches account of the Sydney scene that comments on such diverse and entertaining subjects as the Sydney male ("nearly equal to the sartorial splendor of New Yorkers") and the Sydney female ("supremely fashion-conscious . . . leggy . . . visual delights . . . mentally much brighter than they appear.")

Other paragraphs are on the migrant influence, the local character ("the rugged nature of Sydney's early history has left its mark"), architecture, traffic, drinking.

It tells what's worth seeing by day, by night, where to stay, what to expect to pay; detailed help in shopping, eating, entertainment.

The book (8/6), written by journalist Charles Striber, is illustrated by Les Tanner (Shakespeare Head Press).

Santa—ladies' man

"WOMEN always fall for flattery — even when they're three years old," Santa Claus told us.

We'd stopped in the department store to find out just what to buy the children for Christmas.

Favorite with little girls, he said, were dolls, prams, and table-and-chair sets. Boys still like guns and cars.

Nearly all believed in him.

"They ask me where I keep the reindeer," he said. "And then they say they'll leave some cake and lemonade out for me on Christmas Eve."

As we moved away, Santa was telling a shy little girl, "My, that IS a lovely dress you're wearing . . ."

Jill's all smiles now

SEVENTEEN years ago we published a picture of a little girl sitting on a pile of luggage crying her eyes out. The toddler, Jill Balogh, was leaving for the U.S.A. with her parents.

Now a pretty 18-year-old, Jill is back in Australia for a six-month visit, thrilled at seeing the country she has heard so much about from her mother, the former Joyce Etherton (whose father retired recently as magistrate at Kogarah, N.S.W., police court).

Before Jill left Riverside, California, for Australia, a local newspaper published the picture we used so long ago and a story about her trip to the "fascinating land down-under."

Jill, who recently graduated from high school, was quoted:



• Jill Balogh . . . in the land of "exotic kangaroos."

"I've got a new camera and I'm taking photos of Riverside to Australia, and I'll bring back lots of pictures of Australian people, places, and plants."

The paper added, "Jill is going to squeeze in enough time to dash off descriptions for us."

"We hope to present her wide-eyed views on everything from Australian customs, cooking, and family life to down-under slang, weather, and the exotic animals such as kangaroos and koalas."



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Champion diver had "the butterflies"

● Blue-eyed Susan Knight, Australia's gold-medal high-board diver, was a bit scared of taking the plunge from the tower until just a few weeks ago. But the plucky twenty-year-old from St. Ives, N.S.W., has become the nation's first woman diving success for 14 years.

By
**CYNTHIA
ROBINSON**

AUSTRALIAN swimmers have done very well for years, but few divers have made a successful splash.

Susan, a ballet dancer with a cute brown ponytail, made her appearance on Sydney's diving-boards in time to win her way to the Rome Olympics. But little was expected

of her because she had never had any tough overseas competition.

Her coach, Jack Barnett, said in 1960, "I know I have a worldbeater in Sue, but not yet. She needs to travel and compete against the big names in diving."

"A swimmer can improve times by just concentrating on getting to the other end of the pool faster, but a diver needs competition, and there just isn't enough in Australia."

Why was such a diver ever scared of plummeting from the tower at Beatty Park pool in Perth?

Sue, still shaking with the excitement of her high-board victory, grinned and answered, "Well, it wasn't that I was afraid of the height."

"But recently I've been attempting new dives much more difficult than anything I've ever tried, and until I mastered them I've never been sure whether they were really beyond my skill or not."

She believes her skill both as a tower and a springboard diver is due to the patience and tactics of Jack Barnett, who supervised her pre-Games training in Brisbane and then travelled to Perth as official diving coach with the Australian team.

"During our training in Brisbane it was dive, dive,

all day, and there was no let-up on the tower."

"During training periods I'd be happy till Jack would tell me to try a dive that was worrying me. And if you have one dive worrying you it puts you off balance for the lot."

Was game

During her Brisbane training Sue was learning a double-twister for the first time. She began trying it off the springboard and had a couple of crashes before she took it to the tower.

"I think this was what really gave me butterflies. But now you can't keep me off the tower," she said.

If Sue had any trace of nerves left during the Perth tower-diving, it wasn't obvious to the thousands of spectators who cheered her on to success. In fact, what they admired about her was her courage.

After entering the tower finals with a commanding lead she failed badly in her second-last dive and was ahead of English champion Margaret Austen by only 1.22 points in a score of more than 80.

In her last dive Margaret scored well with a running two-and-a-half somersault, so Sue, knowing that victory depended on something bril-

liant, tackled one of her most difficult dives.

It was a one-and-a-half somersault with a double twist, which impressed the judges, thrilled the crowd, and won her a gold medal.

Sue started diving during her last year at school. Much of her success has been due to the grace and balance she developed as a ballet dancer. Although she has given up any ideas of ballet teaching or dancing as a career, she still has lessons in winter to help her diving.

Sue now is a draftsman in the office of Sydney architect Stuart Alldritt, manager of the Commonwealth Games swimming team. Because training demands are so great she has few hobbies apart from music. And, though she has boy-friends, she's "fancy-free."

During the diving season her daily routine is tough. She leaves home at 5.30 a.m. for training, goes to work, then returns to the Ryde pool, where she trains till 8 p.m.

And just what did Sue think of as she stood poised at the top of the tower in Perth ready for the dive which would win or lose her a gold medal?

"I thought how disappointed my parents would be if I lost after they'd travelled all the way from Sydney to see me."

"So I just swallowed hard and over I went."

"No man in my life just now"

● Dawn Fraser has several good reasons why she is swimming better than ever. "The most important is that there's no man in my life just now," she said.

IHAVE only to think of one person. Not two or more, as I have when I've had steady boys. This means I've been able to devote myself solely to my swimming.

"Tony Madigan has said he's boxing better than ever because since he has been married he has been emotionally secure and hasn't been spending half his time worrying about girl-friends."

"Well, in a different way

DAWN FRASER —
"Boys took me to parties just to skate to their friends that they knew a champion swimmer."

he's saying the same as I am. I'm not ready to marry yet, but I agree with him that when you're worrying about who you're going out with, and whether you're making the big impression, you can't give your full concentration to your training."

Dawn thoughtfully fingered a wishbone on her bedside table at the Games Village and said a little sadly, "You know, most people don't understand. They just don't even try to understand."

"Because I'm an ancient 24 and I'm not seen holding hands with every Joe, they say I must be an unfeminine fish."

"The truth is that I want a home and a husband and children, but I want it to be right. I don't want to make a mistake."

"I've been badly hurt in one engagement, and I don't want that to happen again. I intend to keep on swimming for a while yet, and then I'll concentrate on looking for someone special."

"It's not worth having boy-friends at present. I haven't time to lead a normal life of steady dating because my training takes up so much time."

Her mother

"And anyway, I feel rather like the rich widow who doesn't know whether the men like her for herself or her money."

"I don't know whether boys want to take me out because they like me or because my name's Dawn Fraser."

"I know in the past boys have taken me to parties

just to skate to their friends that they know the champion swimmer. I'm looking for sincerity and love, and I think I'll find that best when I'm no longer in the limelight."

Another reason Dawn has swum so well in the Perth Games has been the presence of her mother.

"Mum's had a pretty tough time and hasn't been her best since Dad died early this year," said Dawn.

(In the water she's a hard, feelingless "killer," out of the water, the greatest sentimentalist you'd ever meet.)

"But since she has been over here Mum's been wonderful. I've never seen her look better or heard her laugh more."

"And she gets so excited that she won't stay in her seat in the stand. She sneaks down near the pool, and she's even collecting the kids' autographs."

"Gee whiz, I love to see that happy look on her face."

For a moment I thought Dawn might have a little weep, but she swallowed hard and her face brightened.

"You know, as soon as I get back to work I'm going to start saving my pennies so Mum can come to the Toyko Games."

"Yep, I reckon that's about the nicest thing I could do for a really great Mum."

Dawn is enthusiastic about her non-swimming career. From Perth she's returning to Melbourne to do a buyer's training course with a leading store.

"I'll have more schooling and the works to make me a qualified sportswear buyer, and I'm thrilled with the opportunity."

"This means that even when I give up swimming I'll still have a chance for overseas trips. I'm delighted about this, because I think I'd miss the glamor of travel—I wouldn't be able to afford to go myself."

● Susan Knight in one of her graceful dives (above) from the tower at Beatty Park pool, Perth. At right, Sue waves to her parents in the stands after she had won the highboard diving. It is Sue's fifth year of diving. She went to the Rome Olympics, aged 18, in 1960.



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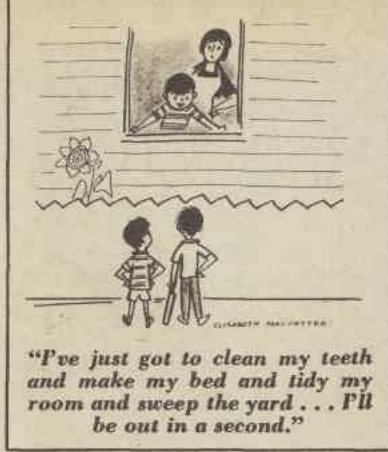
11'6 LARGE SIZE

13'11 JUMBO SIZE

7'11 REGULAR SIZE

Insist on Mortein . . . when you're on a good thing, stick to it!





It seems to me

A LETTER this week from Mr. H. F. H. Davies, of Queenscliff, Sydney, who says he is about to start a campaign for the clarification of the title "Mrs."

He writes: "Whenever I am introduced to a 'Mrs. Dogsbody' I presume that she is a happily married woman, but on occasions this is not correct." (Hush, girls. Let Mr. Davies finish.)

"A friend of mine once missed the opportunity of marrying a most delightful person who happened to be a widow, whereas he was under the impression that she had a living husband."

Now the girls can speak. What they all want to say is that if any clarification is to be attempted it should start with the boys, who could be introduced as "Bachelor Smith," "Benedict Brown," or "Divorced Dogsbody."

A fine point arises here. Dogsbody may wish to establish himself as Divorcer or Divorced, but this could be settled later.

Mr. Davies believes that widowed or divorced women who wish to remarry should revert to their maiden names or at least drop the title "Mrs."

But, then, what are they to be called? "Miss" won't really do. It is not an accurate description.

It is an interesting campaign, but I think the cause is lost before it is fought. Some mystery about marital status is at times convenient for both sexes.

By



Dorothy Drann

DINNER served with melodrama is now an established success in both Melbourne and Sydney.

I went along to the opening night of "Lady Audley's Secret," which follows "East Lynne's" year's run at the Music Hall Restaurant in Sydney.

All in all I liked "Lady Audley" even better than "East Lynne." For one thing the plot was unfamiliar.

The audience has a recognised part to play in these shows, being invited to interject, and to cheer the hero and hiss the villain. It is unfortunate, but inescapable, that now and then some members of the audience overdo their roles.

The night I was there one man kept up such a continuous shouted comment that a woman from another table asked him to keep his voice down. She earned the gratitude of many. The truth is that, laugh as we may, we still do want to know what happens to Lady Audley.

Against that, there was the diner who, after a long and pious speech by the hero, cried, "Well said, Sir!" It was perfectly timed and brought the house down.

Audience participation is like cricket barracking. For one wit there are dozens who can do no better than "Get a bag."

But the barracking does in general add to the fun of melodrama and must provide a continual challenge to the actors, who face different problems in timing every night, according to the exuberance of the diners.

DECEMBER thoughts, with apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

If you have posted, early in November,
The cards for other countries, sur-
face mail,

And furthermore can find last
year's addresses
And write the locals, some each
night, nor fail

To post them all, sufficient time
allowing
For people who've forgotten, but
with grace

'Twixt now and then can in their
turn re-greet you
With hearty wishes, thereby saving
face—

If you have made—or bought—a
cake and pudding
And know where last year's holly
leaves are stored,

Have faced all family problems and
have settled
Who visits which and whose the
midday board.

If you are doing, day by day, your
shopping,
Nor in the last few days will run
amok,

You ought to have a very Merry
Christmas,
And jolly well deserve it, so—good
luck!

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HIGH-SPEED ELECTRIC KETTLE. Plug pops out automatically should your kettle accidentally boil dry. Holds 3½ pints—boils 2 cups in 50 seconds. £6.19.6.



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Detachable toast rack. 6/6.



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RITE-SIZE CASSEOLE FRYPAN. Twin handles let you carry the frypan right to the table. Food for the largest family is served piping hot, delicious. High domed aluminium lid, plate warmer top, steam vent, free warming tray, Detachable Thermaplug for complete washing—handle and all. £10.7.0.
Plus Hecla Thermaplug. £3.12.6.



HECLA

RITE-SIZE THERMA FRYPAN. High domed aluminium lid features flat top to warm plates. Free warming tray clips on corner, keeps cooked food hot. Detachable Thermaplug enables the frypan to be completely washed—handle and all. £10.7.0.
Plus Hecla Thermaplug. £3.12.6.



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ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR. Perks 6 large breakfast cups, or 12 coffee cups of full-flavoured, true coffee. Wide top for easier filling. The Hecla fast-heating element is sealed off below the coffee container area. £7.19.6.



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Available at all Chemists
and Stores.

GOOD PRODUCTION, GOOD CAST, BAD PLAY

● The A.B.C. must be presented with a T for Trying with their locally produced TV plays. They do not often murder their productions. But sometimes they should.

CLEMENCE DANE'S "Marriage Lines" — shown live in Melbourne and screened by ABN2 last week — was a half-and-half job.

Christopher Muir's production was satisfyingly polished; the play itself was woeful.

The A.B.C. decided to advertise this offering as a "sophisticated comedy." The theme — one woman trying to snaffle another's husband — can be funny, I suppose.

But "Marriage Lines" was a melodrama of mothball manners.

As publisher Felix Pilgrim, Walter Sullivan hammed through his marriage lines like a dignified ramrod.

The women in the cast were rather better: Patricia Kennedy as the wronged and maddeningly understanding wife, Virgilia; Mary Ward as the "other woman," Lysette; and, notably, Moira Carleton as the Pilgrims' old retainer, Chrissie.

But, all the way, the cast had to battle with curiously dated dialogue —

FELIX, sympathetically, to the three-times-divorced Lysette: "You haven't had it as good as Virgilia and I."

LYSETTE, downcast: "Not . . . really."

FELIX, understanding: "Bad luck!"

It was indeed bad luck. That is, the sheer waste of good production and a goodish cast.

"Marriage Lines" should have been murdered. Preferably at the dress rehearsal, if not before.

★ ★ ★

DO you pronounce c-o-n-t-r-o-v-e-r-s-y "controv-asee" or "contro-versy"?

Oh, who cares — except possibly Bob Dyer, who conducted an interminable discussion about it with his three quiz champions last week on "Pick-a-Box" (ATN7, Mondays, 7 p.m.). When Mr. Dyer at last decided to end the waffle of talk, he gazed earnestly into the camera and said, "I hope you didn't mind us talking up the time . . ."

I did, Mr. Dyer, I did. All play and no work makes Bob a dull boy.

Top ten-pin

bowling show

TEN-PIN bowlers (and especially the would-be champions) will find that TCN9 have scooped the

alley with their new series "Bowling Stars," which begins on Sunday, December 9, at 12.30 p.m.

The films show the stars of American indoor bowling in action and, as in "Top Pro Golf," the match winner each Sunday goes on to meet a challenger the following week.

Ice-skating fell down

FOR a new low in local TV, I must commend ABN2's "Ice Festival" last week. For here was skilled and graceful skating — quite ruined by an (recorded) accompaniment of tired "classics" and an impossibly dreary setting.

The skaters looked as though they were performing on wooden boards. They were outlined every now and then by wobbly spotlights, which also managed to emphasise the distressing lack of decor. And they had to put up with being described by Diana Ward as "charmers" and "sweeties."

Miss Ward learned to skate specially for the show, which is very praiseworthy except that it was all too evident.

She seemed convinced she was going to fall over any minute. I had to stifle the ignoble thought that the show would have brightened immeasurably if she had.

On the other hand, Channel 2's "Town and Country" (Tuesdays, 9 p.m.) which followed the "Ice Festival" was a wow. Or, more exactly, an OW!

Then this dear little tree kangaroo turned out to be a horrid little beast because he bit the hand that (I presume) feeds him — compere Cam Tucker's guest, Eric Worrell.

Mr. Worrell let out a hearty yelp of protest. It was very lively.

In fact, the whole show was — and usually is — much more entertaining than its title may suggest.

★ ★ ★

THE Commonwealth Games are over, sigh, and the TV channels can rush back to normal. And thank you, gentlemen, television brought the Games to Sydney very pleasantly.

I'm just left wondering when ABN2 will screen that film of the 3000-metre steeplechase again. They seem so fond of it.

In a batch of other favored events, they showed it — to my knowledge — at least four times.

But FOUR screenings is really too generous.

Oh, well, never mind, chaps. It was a good job well done, well done, well done, well done.



ETHEL GABRIEL, the 74-year-old Sydney actress famed as Emma (above, second from right) in "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," has scored another triumph — on English television.

Miss Gabriel is the star (at left) of the Christmas play "Hear the Tiger, See the Bay," which will be shown on British ABC-TV.

It's a moving family comedy, and she plays — magnificently from all reports — a cantankerous old mother-in-law.

Miss Gabriel decided she was "too old" to keep on battling with the English winters. So now she is sailing home; and will arrive in Sydney on December 16.

New Films

Our Gradings

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star — poor

★★★ FIVE FINGER EXERCISE

As a young German tutor attempting to find emotional security in a very insecure American family, Maximilian Schell gives a touching performance in this fascinating study of the harm people can do to those they love.

Rosalind Russell is brilliant as a culture-hungry matron with a vast capacity for self-deception; Jack Hawkins gives a sympathetic performance as her rich, plebeian husband, and Richard Beymer is that embattled bone of contention, their son, in this film, which was produced by Frederick Brisson, Miss Russell's husband. — S.S. Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . EXCELLENT.

★★ ESCAPE FROM EAST BERLIN

Filmed in Germany, the story deals with the hardships of living in the Eastern Sector of Berlin and the thought uppermost in many

minds — the bid for freedom over the wall.

Plagued by the risks of betrayal and fear of detection by soldiers, a young man (Don Murray) living near the wall helps his family and a wistful young girl (appealing Christine Kauffman) by building a tunnel. It holds interest throughout. — S.F. St. James, Sydney.

In a word . . . OBVIOUS.

★ THE SPIRAL ROAD

Everything is a bit overdone in this. Rock Hudson looks too characterless for the part and tries to compensate by over-acting. He is an unpleasant young doctor who doesn't believe in anything or anybody till a few awful experiences fighting witchcraft in an East Indies jungle give him spiritual salvation. The lush jungle and nasty natives are exciting enough and Burl Ives is always good, but the film as a whole is a melodramatic bore. K.W. — State, Sydney.

In a word . . . UNCONVINCING.

Shades of

Sleepy Hollow

REMEMBER Washington Irving's famous story "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" with village maiden Katrina van Tassel and her swains, Ichabod Crane and Brom Jones?

The Legend's been gun-smoked!

And Sleepy Hollow became Dodge City in last week's episode of "Gun-smoke" (TCN9, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.). It was called, I wonder why, "Catawomper." (WHAT is a catawomper???)

Anyway, whatever it is was vastly amusing.

There was Chester (Dennis Weaver) as the shy and gawky Ichabod, Dick Sargent as "Bud" Bones, and Sue Anne Langdon — with an infuriating pout — as a rancher's daughter, Kate Tassel . . .

Kate loved Bud. Bud took her for granted. Kate flirted with Chester. Kate got Bud.

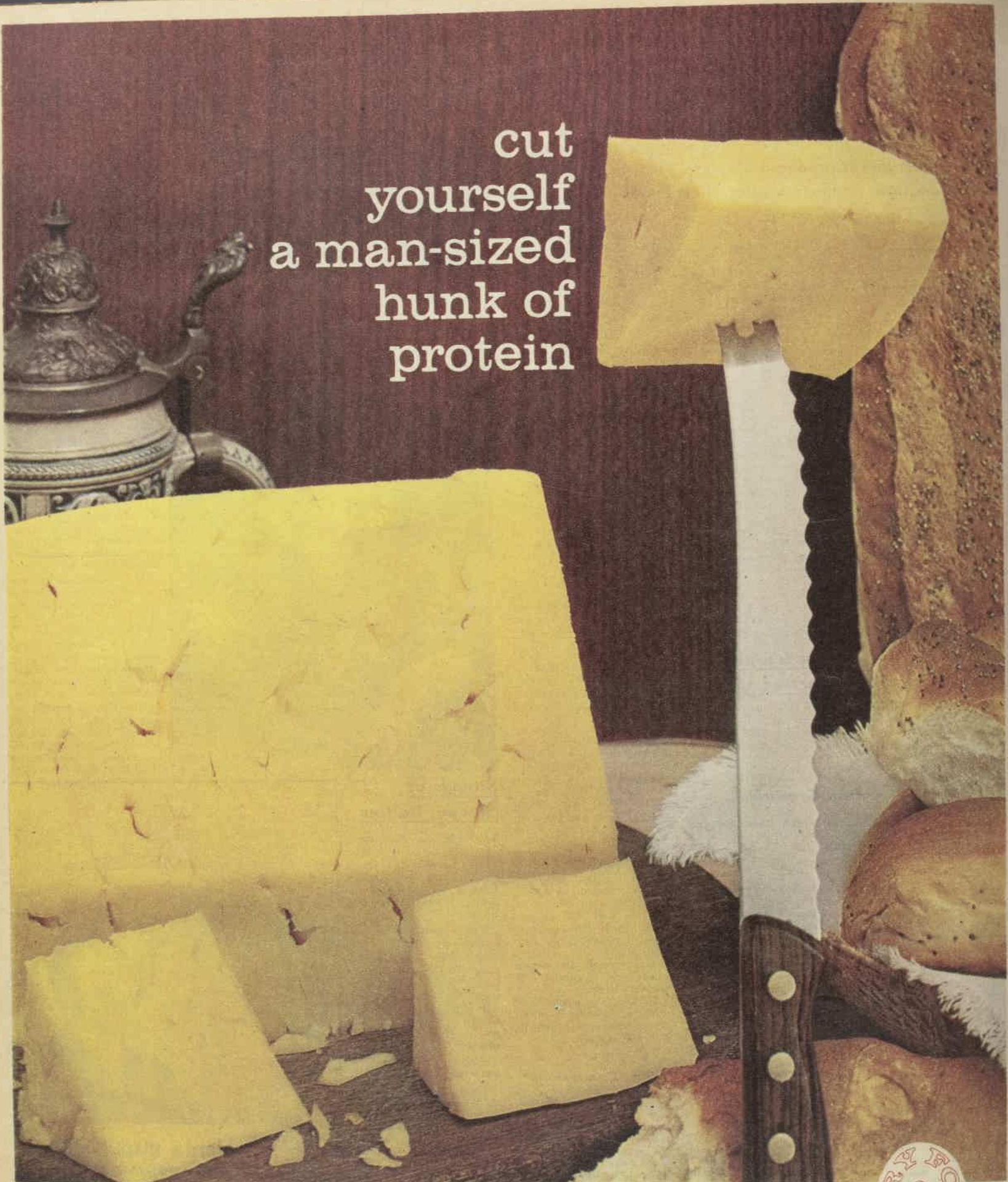
But it was a stormy romance, since Bud was certainly not the debonair man-of-the-world to gladden the maiden's heart.

I particularly treasure one compliment he grudgingly paid Kate:

"You KNOW I like you," he muttered, "I like every inch of your ornery hide!"

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1962



cut
yourself
a man-sized
hunk of
protein

There's no fussing about Australian cheese. Slice it off. Bite into it. Enjoy it.

With every bite you're getting the food that has more — much more — body-building protein than any other. More than meat, more than fish, more than eggs.

You need protein. Cheese gives it to you quickly, easily, enjoyably. And Australian cheese has other things to offer — the bonus of firm texture, clean; open-air taste.

Got a knife? Cut yourself a hunk of protein.

WATCH THE POPULAR FAMILY TV SHOW "DISNEYLAND" — SUNDAY NIGHTS

Page 20



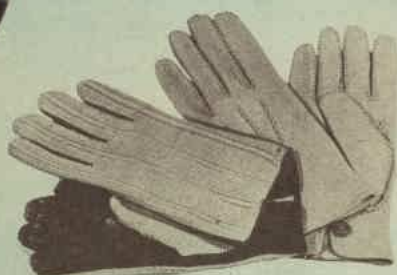
CHEESE

**WITH THE FLAVOUR
EVERYONE LOVES—
THE PROTEIN
EVERYONE NEEDS**

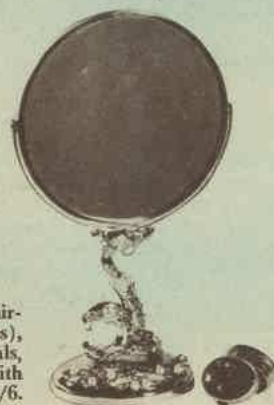
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1962

100 GIFTS to BUY

● Here, in a five-page feature, is a galaxy of gift suggestions for Christmas. Some cost less than £1, none more than ten guineas.



CHOICE for glove-minded men. Tan leather, string-backed (left), 35/-; Sewn yellow pigskin (right), 65/6. (Hordern Bros., ground floor.)



TALL two-way gilt mirror (one side magnifies), right, with pearls, crystals, 10gns. Gilt pillbox with bogus-gem lid, 29/6. (David Jones Gift Shop.)

ITALIAN silk scarf in glowing shades of blue, green, violet, shown here with both ends flying, doubles as a lightweight stole, £7/7/-. (David Jones, 6th floor.)



RESEMBLANCE to champagne bottle is entirely intentional but Dry Monopole (left) is really a festive candle, 27/6. (David Jones Gift Shop.)



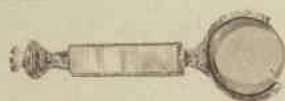
CUTE Mexican string-holder (left) to hang up in kitchen or wherever, 29/11. (Beard Watsons, ground floor.)

ROSENTHAL CHINA pieces at widely differing prices to fit a range of budgets (above) feature varying white-and-gold motifs. Bon-bon box (left), 96/6. Ashtray (centre), 32/6. Steeple-top make-up jar (right), 42/6. (Farmers, China Dept.)

GLAMOR accessories (right). Blue-and-white crystal circlet brooch, 2gns. Stemmed flower-design pin, 2gns. (Hordern Bros., ground floor.)



COMPACT travel-kit for men (left) fitted with brush and comb, slippers, washer, toothbrush, and soap-holders, 63/-. (David Jones Gift Shop.)



GILT pearlised telephone dialler (above) to save fingerprints, 27/6. (Hordern Bros., ground floor perfumery.)

HOST'S HELP — a double-jigger in chrome to measure drinks (left), 19/6. (David Jones Gift Shop.)



MILK-WHITE hobnail glass bowl (left, below) with enough bathsalts for 40 baths, 22/6. Matching hobnail cologne, 58/6. (Hordern Bros., ground floor.)



SET OF SIX place-mats (above) featuring Australian scenery painted by Namatjira, £6/15/-. (David Jones Gift Shop.)



BATHROOM scales, with easy-clean vinyl surface (above), to keep count for you, £5/19/6. (Nock & Kirbys, ground floor.)

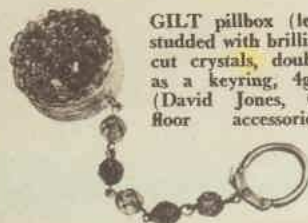
NOVELTY SOAP (below) in new shapes: rose-trimmed jar of blue flowers, 30/-; strawberry basket, 12/6; card-pips on chunky tablets, 18/6. (David Jones Gift Shop.)



PURE SILK printed scarf (from Italy) for men, below, is a Christmas classic, 69/11. Grey fake-skin belt with gilt tabs, 18/6. (Hordern Bros., ground floor.)



GILT pillbox (left) studded with brilliant cut crystals, doubles as a keyring, 4gns. (David Jones, 6th floor accessories.)



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

100 GIFTS TO BUY

—Continued from page 21



SMART Mexican sunglasses are wide enough to give an uninterrupted field of vision, tinted to give maximum protection and minimum interference with color values, 5 gns. (Lane & Yeldham, 25 Rowe Street.)



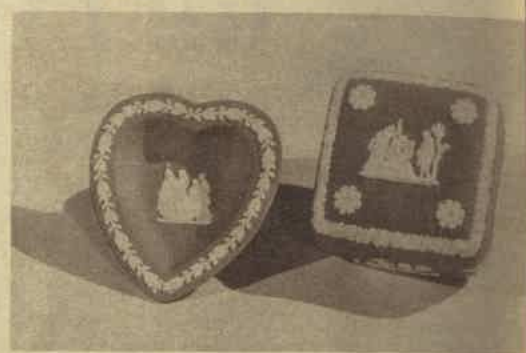
RED felt braces with white kid tabs (left) are imported from England, 52/6. Red pure linen hand-towels from Ireland, 21/- pair. (Lane & Yeldham, 25 Rowe Street.)



HAWAIIAN "Surf-rider" lanolin-based sun-tan lotion helps prevent sunburn, promotes a tan, 45/- (Lane & Yeldham, 25 Rowe Street.)



BLACK - AND - GREY beauty case, mirrored and fitted with brush and comb and a set of plastic make-up bottles, 63/- (Anthony Hordern & Sons.)



BLUE heart-shaped pintray and box by Wedgwood. Pintray 19/6, box 58/6. We see these added to a collection, on an occasional table, or, in the case of the box, on a dressing-table filled with feminine fripperies. (Anthony Hordern & Sons china department.)



COLORKINS brilliant lipstick line-up of 10 demi-lipsticks in new fashionable shades, 27/6. (Anthony Hordern & Sons, ground floor.)



LEATHER zip clothes-brush for men, with manicure and shoehorn fittings, 72/6. (David Jones Gift Shop.)



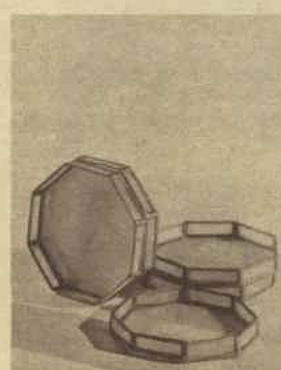
GILT jewel or trinket box for the dressing-table with heavily encrusted fake-gem lid, £6/8/-. (David Jones Gift Shop.)



DUSTPAN with attached brush, painted white and with pink rose motif, 19/6 the set. (Farmers, ground floor.)



HEAVY glass tankard with chrome lid and handle, 42/6. (David Jones Gift Shop.)



GENUINE pearlshell coasters could well be the glamor gift on your Christmas list. Set of six, £4/10/-. (Lane & Yeldham, 25 Rowe Street.)



FORK-AND-TROWEL set for lady gardeners, painted white, with gay, attractive pink rose motif, 13/6 set. (Farmers, ground floor.)



BALMAIN'S gilt - and - pearl lily of the valley brooch (left), £5. Stemmed flower brooch with fake topaz centre, 9 gns. (David Jones, 6th floor.)



NET roller-cap with front bow and flower trim stretches to fit any size head, 27/6. (Anthony Hordern & Sons.)



RED lizard-skin handbag, medium size, with gilt frame and lining of red silk, £10/10/-. (Farmers, ground floor.)



GLAMOR crumb-tray and brush with gilt chain and fringe-beaded trim, 45/- (David Jones, 6th floor accessories.)

CONTINUED ON PAGES 24, 25

WIDE-MOUTH vacuum bottles (below) keep food hot and cold. Large, 33/9; small, 28/6. (Nock & Kirbys.)



BELL, book, and candle (below). Table bell, 25/-. Pale blue and gilt telephone-book cover, 35/-. Candle set in pink glass, 35/-. (Hordern Bros.)



NOVEL clothes-brush with cat motif covered in dark brown fabric, 9/11. (David Jones Gift Shop.)



VANITY SET (below) with sponge and cosmetic bags and scuffs, 20/6. Shower-cap (left) is white net over water-repellent lilac fabric, 12/11. (Hordern Bros.)





This summer practically everybody will be wearing Sunoroid Sunglasses

Why? You've probably guessed! It's the wondrous way Sunoroid have invented the new matchbox square style for this summer. They're quite different to anything you've seen before. (Even last year's Sunoroids will seem old-fashioned. Sorry!)

There are no less than *twenty-seven* different Sunoroid colours and frames—all fitted with authentic optical glass lenses guaranteed to last five times longer than plastic; all guaranteed free of distortion; all guaranteed to filter harmful light to a harmless level.

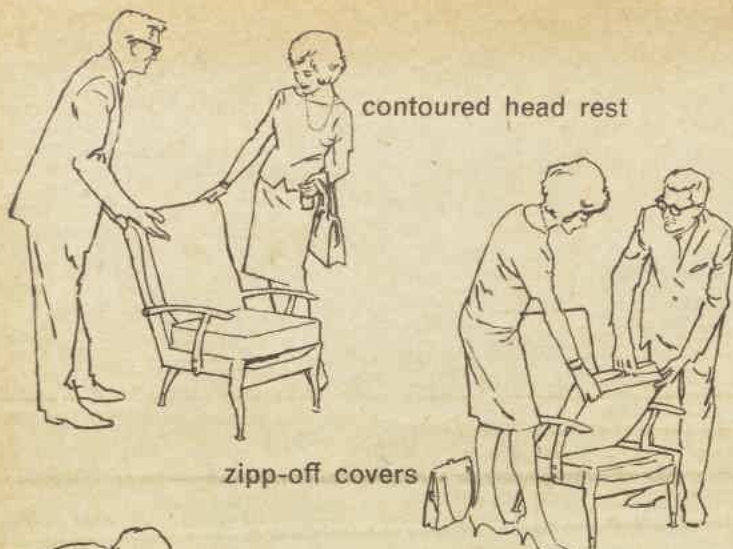
Prominently displayed at chemists, stores, selected optometrists. The range includes several for men and kiddies. Look through them soon.

 **SUNOROID**

SUNGLASSES WITH AUTHENTIC OPTICAL GLASS LENSES

For nearest retailer, phone Sydney 69-6456

Page 23



contoured head rest

zipp-off covers



4-point seat suspension

foam rubber comfort...



make



Wrightbilt

the best
seat in
the house

Today... at your favourite furniture store... prove for yourself that Wrightbilt is your best furniture buy! Created by top designers and built and assembled by experienced craftsmen... Wrightbilt furniture offers you the perfect combination of luxurious comfort, superb quality and gracious styling! All this plus the famous Wrightbilt lifetime guarantee makes it an automatic choice for your home...

The Wrightbilt range includes chairs, convertibles, 2 & 3 piece settees and 3 piece units.

W6/61



SWEDISH glass (left). Set of four glasses, 48/6. Tall musical-jug for water or martini, £5/19/6. (Grace Bros. four stores.)



FOUR-PIECE barbecue set in light wood with leather thongs (above), 29/6. Cotton apron, 15/6; barbecue boss cap, 9/6. (Nock and Kirbys.)

CARV-AID (below) takes most hazards out of carving. It fits on to plate, holds meat and poultry steady to last slice, 7/11. (Nock and Kirbys.)



WINE RACK (below) fits readily into cupboards, on shelves. Standard 6-bottle size, 25/-. (Bistro, 54b Pitt Street.)



BELOW LEFT: Marble-type ashtray, 21/-. Golfball table-lighter, £4/19/11. (Anthony Hordern & Sons.)



BELOW: Ice-Master ice-bucket with non-break lining holds 3 trays of ice-cubes, 97/6. 6-piece bar-set, 87/6. (Grace Bros., Br'dway.)



BELOW: Coffee grinder (made in Germany) with adjustable grinder. The narrow shape saves storage space, 36/3. (Nock & Kirbys.)



STANLEY one-pint vacuum bottle (right), all steel, electrically welded, unbreakable, keeps contents hot and cold. £8/4/-. (Angus and Coote.)

COW-HIDE car-valet brush and fitments (below left), 79/6. Foam dispenser, £5/10/-. (Anthony Hordern & Sons.)



GIFTS TO BUY continued from page 22



GLAMOR for a festive table achieved with this tree of folded gold leaves, 45/6. (David Jones' Gift Shop.)



TEAPOT of white Finnish porcelain with cane-bound handle, holds approx. four cups, 29/6. (Peter Maxwell, 12 Rowe Street.)



FINE Czech glassware with pale finish. Goblets 63/-, claret 55/-, sherry 47/6 set of six. Decanter label, 17/6. (Peter Maxwell, 12 Rowe St.)



COSY KITTEN twine-holder to fix to a wall or board comes equipped with snip-off scissors, 9/11. (Peter Maxwell, 12 Rowe Street.)



EYE-CATCHING rubber bathing-cap for a pretty mermaid is right out of the pages of the fashion magazines. One of a large range of unusual designs, it costs 39/11. (Grace Bros' four stores.)



FINE hand-embroidered linen from the Marghab Collection. Handkerchief, 15/6. Finger-towel, 8/6. Hand-towel, 15/6. (The Marghab Shop, David Jones' 6th floor.)



BLACK evening-bag, imported from France, is fashionable oblong shape and beautifully beaded all over, £7/18/6. (Farmer's ground floor.)



MULTI-STRAND gilt bracelet with scatter pearls and chunky fake-turquoise drop at clasp end, 2 gns. (David Jones' 6th floor.)



PEARLS and coral are linked on fine chain in this pretty bracelet, 17/11. Larger pearl bracelet at right, 22/6. (David Jones' 6th floor.)



NOVELTY tooth-brushes with seal and elephant motifs should delight the kiddies, 8/11 each. (David Jones' Gift Shop.)



SPODE bone china cup, saucer, and plate set in delicate pink fleur-de-lis pattern on a white ground and with fluted gold edge, 63/6 per set. (David Jones' Gift Shop.)



GILT towel-holder is a bright bathroom accessory that not only looks glamorous but is practical as well. 10/11. (Hordern Bros.)



PEWTER coffee-pot from Denmark has cane handle, holds about 4 cups, £7/9/-. (David Jones' Gift Shop.)



NEW matte-look, three-strand necklace has gilt clasp, £2/19/6. Matching earrings, 7/11. (Hordern Bros.)

TOWEL PACKS. Bath and guest towels and face-cloth (below right) in range of gay colors, such as pink, mauve, lemon, 39/11. Package of three face-cloths (left), 10/6. (Grace Bros' four stores.)



PIN-MONEY BOX (below) combines practicality with glamor. In pink china with gilt top and flower trim, 11/6. (Peter Maxwell, 12 Rowe Street.)



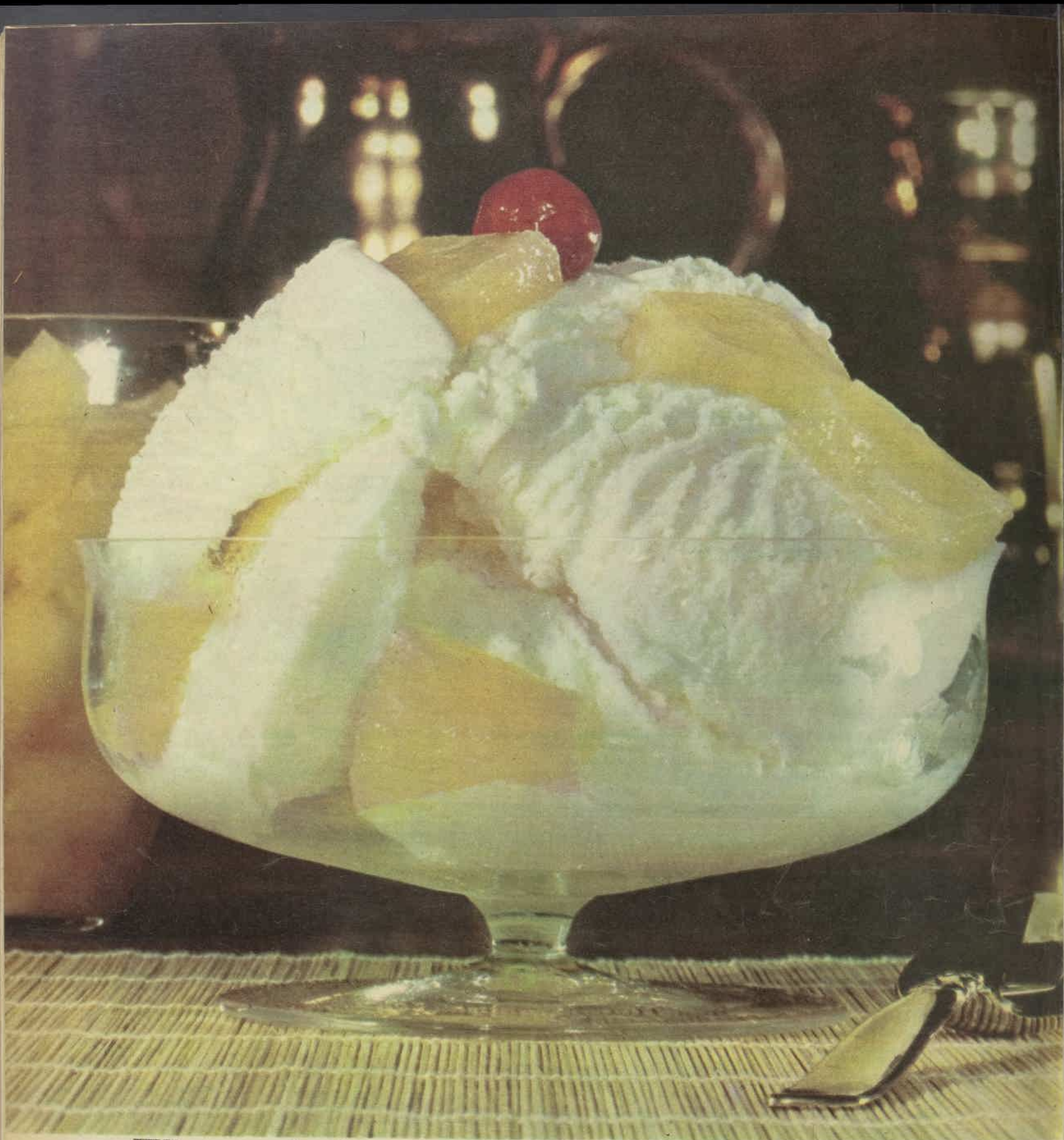
Continued on page 85



CANDLE-HOLDER of expanding metal to fit any size of candle, 4/11. Fat red candle in picture, 15/6. (Peter Maxwell, 12 Rowe Street.)



ROOMY beachbag of buttercup-yellow straw with rope and cane handle is lined with plastic. 5 gns. (Grace Bros' four stores.)



Whatever's for sweets tastes better with Streets

DELICIOUS PARTNERS . . . A CAN OF PINEAPPLE
AND STREETS . . . IT COULDN'T BE CREAMIER!





NIGHTMARE NIGHTMARE

*A friendly visit suddenly became fraught
with terror . . . beginning a new serial*

By ANNE BLAISDELL

BY itself the rain wouldn't be too bad, but the gusty winds from the west, driving the rain sideways, produced an effect very much like fog. And quite as hampering to a driver.

Pat slowed still more at another bend in the road, and again cursed herself that she'd listened to that old fool in Clun. "Oh, this is only local, miss—you'll find you'll run out of it within an hour, west." Local! It had just got steadily worse. And to think she could have been back at that delightful inn, toasting before the public-room hearth, with muffins and hot tea to come! If she'd thought there was any prospect of a sixty-mile drive in a downpour of rain on a strange road, of course, she'd never have left Clun after a late lunch there.

The thought of that casual guess, probably produced just because she was an American, made her grind her teeth. She also thought bitter thoughts about the narrow rambling roads, and, of course, the impossibility of getting a decent cup of coffee, and peculiar hotels without private baths, and the incomprehensible money based on arbitrary units of twelve and twenty instead of a logical hundred. And the silly notion of driving on the wrong side of the road.

"The English!" said Pat aloud in heartfelt tones. Oh, well. She needn't have believed the yokel: it had been her own choice to come on. Anxious to get the thing over with, with it behind her. One of the civilised duties of social communication, unavoidable. Just one of those

things, and the only thing that had marred her anticipation of this long-planned holiday. However, it'd soon be over, and it was little enough for her to do.

One thing she would say of the English, they knew how to build an automobile. She patted the new English sports car's wheel affectionately. Very extravagant, and there'd be the freight home, too, just about equalling the import tax. She always wanted one and she'd had the money.

She'd had a lovely time so far, with only the faint shadow of this necessary visit to Stephen's mother hanging over her. The car was a dream to handle, and the weather had been wonderful all the leisurely way from London.

This was the first time she'd run into any inconvenience in three weeks; it was senseless to complain. But all the same she'd stop at the next village which looked like having a decent inn.

The trouble was, there didn't seem to be any. Not in the last fifteen miles, since it had really turned to a deluge. She knew she'd come about sixty miles from Clun and thus must be somewhere in Brecknockshire, but that was about all she did know.

She had the feeling that she'd got off the main road somehow.

There had been a signpost about five miles back, but, though she'd stopped and craned her neck, she hadn't been able to make it out through the downpour.

She was going dead slow—fifteen miles an hour—and had switched on the lights. In spite of three weeks'

*To Pat, the pretty American girl, it seemed
that the house, its grim mistress, and sullen
servants were all conspiring to hold her.*

experience she still had a tendency to shy away right when anything appeared in front of her, and she did so now, violently, as a black bulk loomed up through the haze of rain. She swerved and tramped on the brake, and, like a fool, killed the engine.

Another car, motionless at the side of the road. Pat rolled down the left-hand window. Somebody stalled?

A vague dark bulk moved toward her out of the dark bulk of the car, and she heard its door slam. Thick wet mist blew in the window on to her face. "Thank heavens," said the dark bulk. "A human face in the wilderness. At least I presume you're human?"

"Are you stalled?" asked Pat. "What a day for it. You'd better get in; I'll take you on to the next town." At home you'd hesitate about that sort of thing, but probably in England it was quite safe. Besides, the voice sounded like that of an educated man.

To page 80

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS CANDLES
GO OUT NOTHING SHINES LIKE A

Sunbeam



SUNBEAM MIXMASTER MIXER

This Sunbeam has everything, does everything, pays for itself in the money it saves every week. £28.19.6. P.S. If she already has her Mixmaster, see the two wonderful attachments—the Mincer and the Drink-mix Blender.



SUNBEAM POWER BLENDER

It blends, purees, liquefies, grinds—in seconds! Makes all drinks, milk shakes to cocktails. Powerful motor. £22.19.6.



SUNBEAM SHEERLINE BEATER-MIX

It's especially designed for small kitchens. Streamlined, efficient, see this Sunbeam mixer. £16.19.6.



TOASTERMATIC TOASTER

Does everything automatically—lowers the bread, toasts it to your taste, then raises it, all automatically. Will reheat toast, too. Price, £14.10.0.



SUNBEAM KETTLE

Streamlined, fast-boiling, the only electric kettle that holds enough water for a big family washup. It whistles when it boils—to save you time and power! Price, £8.12.6.



SUNBEAM GOURMET FRYPAN

In 3 sizes, with hi-dome lid adjusting to 6 positions. Sunbeam heat control is the secret of perfect cooking...lower power bills. Priced from £12.17.6.





SUNBEAM IRONS

Every Sunbeam Iron has special wash'n wear settings. Choose from the Steam or Dry Iron (£10.19.6) or the Sunbeam Lightweight Ironmaster Iron (£6.9.6).



SUNBEAM ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Precision designed for handsome appearance and split-second accuracy. Nothing tells time so beautifully—or so reliably—as a Sunbeam . . . from £5.19.6.



LADY SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER

Essential for every woman who values good grooming and sleek, lovely legs. Gentle Sunbeam action smooths away unwanted hair. Priced at only £9.9.0.



LADY SUNBEAM HAIR DRYER

Exclusive features, include 4 temperature settings. It packs away to handbag size in glamorous travelling case . . . £14.19.6.

NEW SUNBEAM TRIPLE BLADE SHAVEMASTER SHAVER

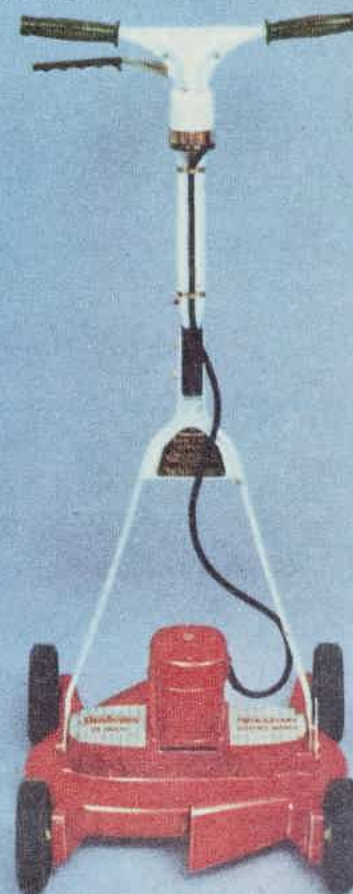
This is the Shaver thousands of Australians have chosen—because it shaves cleaner, shaves smoother, shaves more comfortably with 3 real hollow-ground blades. New design, new face-fitting contours, new powerful motor make Sunbeam Shavemaster the last word in shaving speed and efficiency. So give him new Triple-blade shaving this Christmas . . . give him Sunbeam Triple-blade Shavemaster. £16.16.0.

Prices may be slightly higher in some areas.



SUNBEAM LIGHTWEIGHT ELECTRIC MOWER

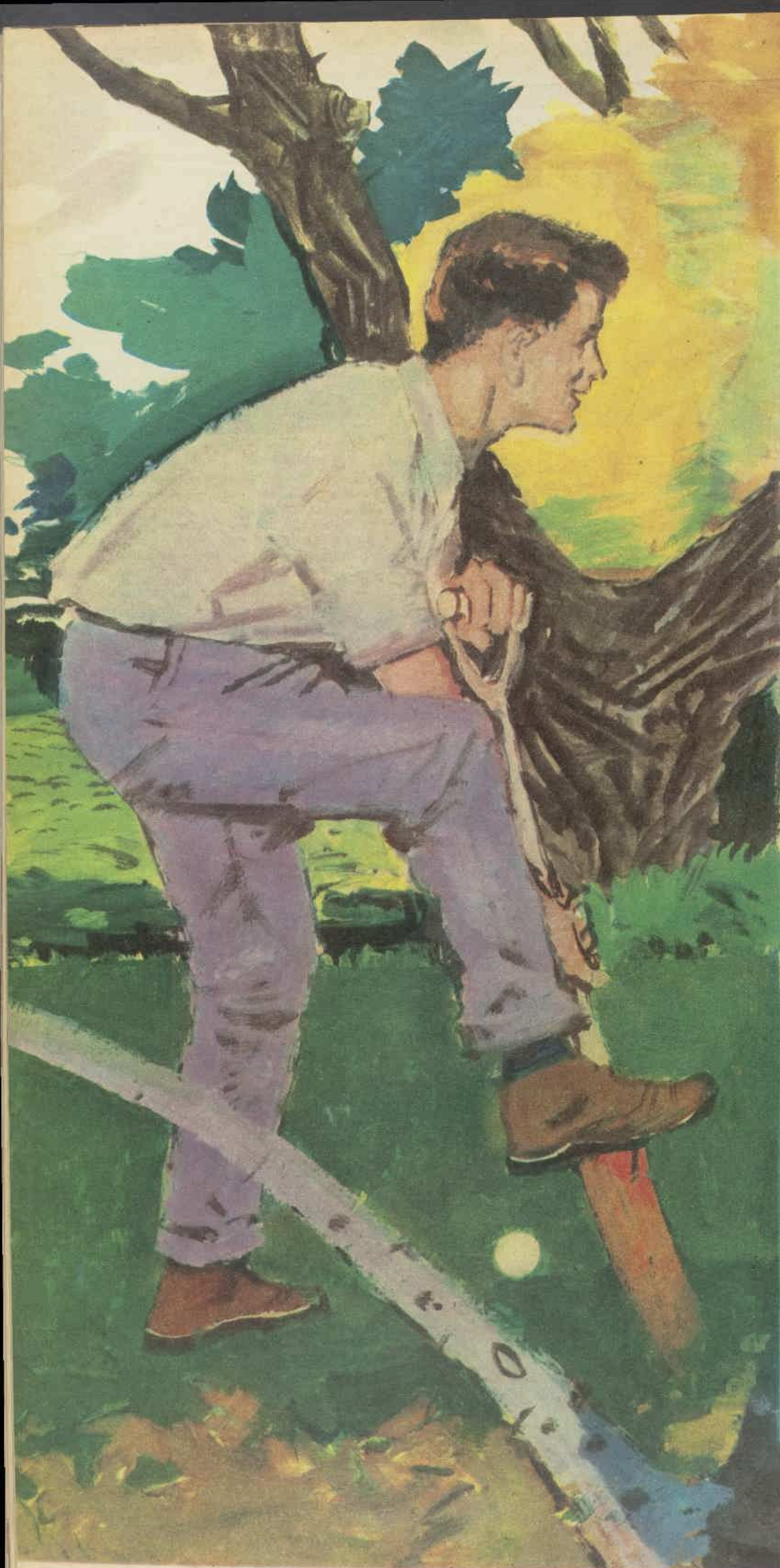
As light—and as safe—as your vacuum cleaner. Its lightness, portability and instant starting make it the ideal mower for everyone—including women and elderly folk. £47.10.0.



SUNBEAM HEDGE AND SHRUB TRIMMER

The quick, easy way to trim hedges, shrubs, small branches, grass in hard-to-reach places. Saves energy and time. Weighs only 7½ lbs. Supplied with 50 feet of cord. £28.19.6.





ONCE IN A SMALL WILE

At first sight Radie knew
this was the man of her dreams
... a romantic short story

By **MEL
HEIMER**

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

WHEN she had unpacked the suitcase and her sweatshirts, cotton blouses, and T-shirts were hanging in the closet as carefully as if they'd been aligned by a private first-class in D Battery, Fourth Regiment, Second Battalion, Radie Lester drifted back to the bed. She arranged herself cross-leggedly and meditated briefly on the false pretences that had brought her to Charm Camp.

"Now, darling," her mother had said, fluttering like Mary Boland in a high wind, "it isn't that we think you aren't attractive, because you are. It's just that—Oh, Reginald, tell her why we're giving her this wonderful vacation."

And her father had looked up dourly from the "Wall Street Journal." "It's simple," he had said. "We want you to learn how to throw a tennis match. You've beaten the last four boys you played with—the fourth one, that young Peterson fool, in straight love sets."

"And what's that got to do with the price of Bermuda onions?" Radie had demanded.

Her father had sighed. "It has this to do with it. You're nineteen, and by normal American standards I now am entitled to have you taken off my hands, legally and financially, by some beardless youth who will spirit you away to a one-and-a-half-room apartment in the Village while he learns the chicanery of selling bonds. And no beardless youth is going to do anything like that as long as you volley to his weak backhand and go to the net for the put-away."

Mrs. Lester had patted Radie's arm. "Now, I don't want you to get the idea that we think you're not a young lady. It's just that there are certain ways a young lady should behave, especially in the presence of the opposite sex, and this Charm Camp of Laury Livingston's seems like the perfect place for you to learn them. And, darling, you'll have a lovely vacation at the same time."

Radie had said flatly, "What I think is that you're shipping me away to this den of teenage houris so I'll pick up a—"

"A few tricks to capture a man?" Mr. Lester had said calmly. "Exactly right. We want you to learn how to bat your eyes at the proper moment and say, 'Oh, Montmorency, I think you're awfully nice.' Your mother learned them. I see no reason why you can't."

"I never used a single wile on you, Reginald," her mother had said. "I was just plain old simple me, and if you told me once you told me a hundred times that you wanted me because of the beauty in my soul and not my outward loveliness."

"Chemical reactions often strike a man blind. Anyway, you've got me, these long years now. Radie hasn't won the battle yet. Maybe this Livingston woman and her staff can give her some of the trade secrets. Heaven knows, Livingston should know them. She's got her fourth husband, hasn't she?"

Which was when Radie had stood in the centre of the living-room floor in the duplex in the East Seventies, put her hands on her hips and glared at them. "All right," she had said darkly. "I'll go to this glamorous factory resort just to keep peace. But don't think I'm going to go in for all that gocey, mushy jazz as far as men are concerned."

She had started to pace up and down. "Don't think I don't know how to bat my eyes and figuratively drop a shoulder-strap," she had said. "I've watched all my so-called girl-friends operating on their men, and I could do an imitation of them down to the last husky note in their voices. I could, but I'm not going to. I'm never going to. I think behaving like—oh, like a woman—is absolutely for the birds. If a boy doesn't like me for—"

"The beauty of your soul?" Mr. Lester had murmured.

She had snorted and stalked from the room. Except, at the door, she'd paused and scowled. "And you can stop worrying about having to support me for the rest of your lives," she had said. "I can get a job."

"As a dance-hall hostess?" her father had said, getting back to the "Wall Street Journal." "Or writing a magazine column?"

"You are so funny," Radie had said, and she had slammed the door.

She had told her parents the truth; she did know

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A FOUR-PAGE FEATURE
**THREE LOVELY
 AUSTRALIAN
 HOMESTEADS**

● In the Upper Murray district, in the green hills and valleys rising to the Australian Alps, are some of the finest station homesteads with the most exhilarating views. It is a region that has produced first-rate cattle and horsemen and inspired painters and poets.

Stories by **FREDA IRVING**
 Pictures by **BILL ROWNTREE**



1: "Khancoban"

● "Khancoban" looks like a village in the distance. Obscured by the clump of tall trees is the present homestead, built in 1924.

HOME of FIVE GENERATIONS

"KHANCOBAN" station, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Chisholm, in the lush Khancoban Valley only ten miles from Mt. Kosciusko, was built with a proper eye to winter winds off the snow and the heat of an Australian summer.

The homestead follows three sides of a rectangle, with verandahs on two sides and with the rooms in the two long arms opening on to a paved courtyard, at one end of which is a pool and fountain.

Old-man grapevines twine over the white beams above the courtyard, and recently wisteria was planted in tubs around it.

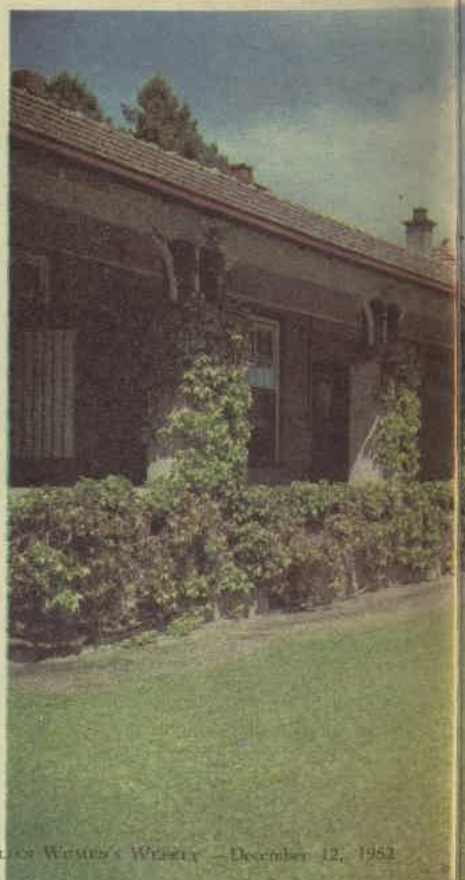
At the inner end of the courtyard, doors lead to the dining-room, large lounge-room, sitting-room, and main bedroom, from all of which there are superb "looks" over the garden and across paddocks to the blue-hazed mountains which encircle the homestead.

The house was built in 1923 by the late Lieut.-Colonel Colin Chisholm after he inherited the property from his uncle, John Mitchell, whose father, Thomas, took over the Khancoban Valley run from H. and C. Douglas in 1876.

The present owner is a great-grandson of this original Thomas and a first cousin once removed of Colonel Chisholm. He has two children, Harry, four, and Penny, two and a half, so today great-great-grandchildren of Thomas Mitchell play under the tall trees he planted round the homestead nearly a century ago.

● *Left: Penny Chisholm, aged 2, plays near the fountain in the courtyard at "Khancoban." On the posts are horse brasses collected in England by Mr. Terry Green, who has been manager of the station for many years.*

● *Below: One of the long sides of the U-shaped house. A wide verandah runs the full length and virginia creeper covers the concrete pillars. The home's outer walls are constructed of solid poured concrete; roof is of tiles.*





● Above: In the "Khancoban" sitting-room are portraits of the late Colonel Colin Chisholm (right) and his brother, Lieut. Malcolm Chisholm, who lost his life in World War I. Both young men enlisted in England in the 9th Lancers.

● Below: Landscape window in the dining-room looks out to Mt. Townsend. Among the late Colonel Chisholm's racing trophies, the big cup marks the win of his horse Sunbronze in the Duke of Gloucester Stakes in Tasmania in 1934.



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Three lovely Australian
homesteads — *CONTINUED*

EARTH and GRANITE



2: "Mt. Falcon"

EARTH and granite from the property were used in building the homestead at "Mt. Falcon," Tooma, N.S.W., the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franc Falkiner, who designed it themselves.

Built in 1934, it is of pise (rammed earth), with magnificent granite fireplaces in each of the three living-rooms, and has superb views across the Greg Greg Valley north to Tumarumba and to the blue-hued China Walls.

A colonnaded verandah terrace fronts the house. At one end is the large living-room, at the other the main bedroom. Across the width of the terrace are the den and the large hall, which are linked by wide double doors similar to the ones which link the hall and living-room and the living-room and dining-room.

At the back, with several other bedrooms, are the rooms of son and daughter of the house, Lieut. Graham Falkiner, of the R.A.N. Fleet Air Arm, and Sue, who these days lives mainly in Melbourne, where she has a job.



● One of the lovely views across the Upper Murray country through the colonnades of the verandah terrace at "Mt. Falcon." The Falkiner cat is known simply as "Cat."



● The hall is painted a warm oriental red and in it are some superb Japanese pieces — a beautifully carved cabinet, low carved seat, table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and a carved plaque, all of cherrywood, and a cloisonne jar.



● Mrs. Franc Falkiner sits by the granite fireplace in the spacious sitting-room at "Mt. Falcon." Doorway at left leads into the dining-room. The thick outer walls of pise help to keep the house warm in winter and cool in summer.



3: "Towong Hill"

WINDOWS of "Towong Hill"—the home of Mr. T. W. Mitchell, the Member for Benambra in the Victorian Parliament, and Mrs. Mitchell—look out to Mt. Kosciusko from high on a hill on the Victorian side of the border.

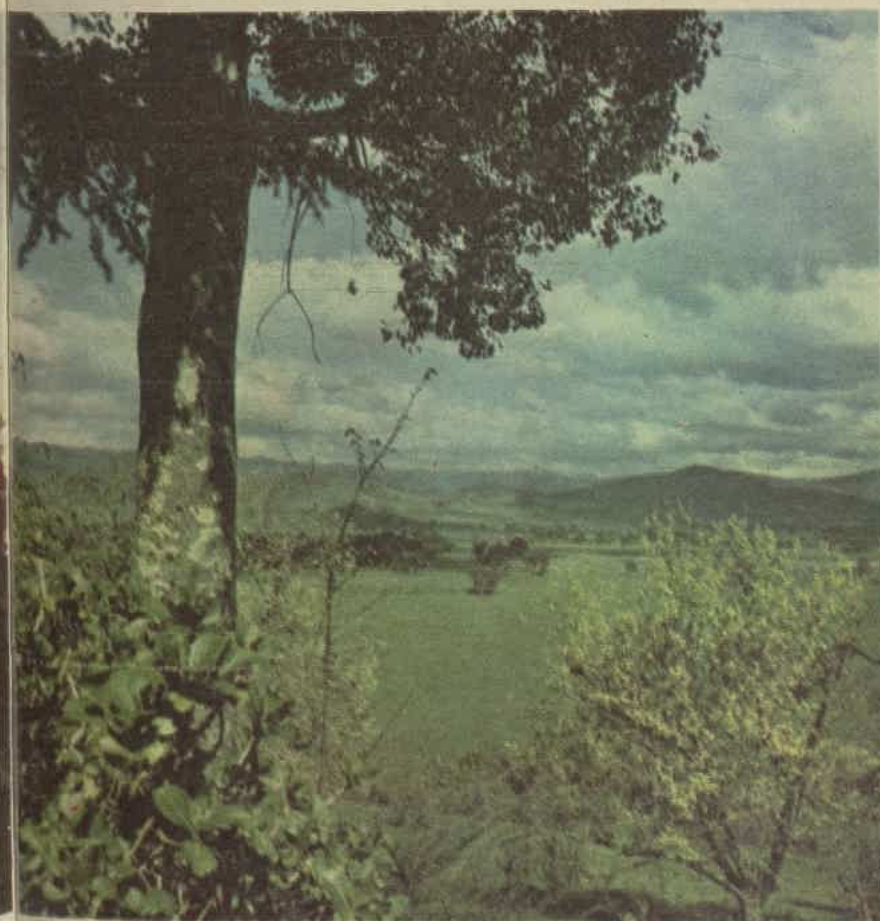
Small wonder that Mrs. Mitchell, as author Elyne Mitchell, has used this region as background for "The Silver Brumby," "Flow River, Blow Wind," and several other books. She also helps Honor, 9, and Johnnie, nearly 7, with their correspondence-school lessons. Indi, 16, and Harry, 12, are at boarding-school (Indi was named after one of the high rivers that run into the Murray).

The property was bought by one of the Mitchell family in 1858, passed to a Scottish family, but returned to the Mitchells when bought in the '90s by Walter and Peter, sons of the same Thomas Mitchell who took over "Khan-coban." Walter built the homestead in 1902 of bricks made on the property.



● Some of Mr. T. W. Mitchell's skiing trophies stand on the dining-room sideboard. Horse on wall is Trafalgar, buried on the property beside nearly as famous John James, Beau Fils.

...WRITER'S COUNTRY



● Trees were cleared to give "Towong Hill" homestead an unbroken view of the Australian Alps. The green bank from which this photograph was taken is a favorite supper spot for the Mitchell family on warm summer evenings.



● Pictures of the Mitchell children and of Mrs. Mitchell's father, the late General Sir Harry Chauvel, are clustered on the piano in the drawing-room. A big fireplace in this room has an old circular-saw blade as a heat-throwing backing.

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CLOWN FOR A DAY

*The excitement of the circus was
a brief but thrilling experience
... a short short story*

By **NORAH SMARIDGE**

PUTTING down the telephone after talking with her friend Marion in Washington, Linda Elstone gave a sigh of relief. Marion would certainly give her good advice about Billy. Marion had three boys and was a real mother, whereas Linda was only a stepmother and not used to children at all.

She had told Marion she would spend Saturday in Washington. John, Linda's husband, would be out of town on business, but Billy could spend the day next door with Mrs. Minter, who had been his baby-sitter for years.

Of course she wouldn't tell John why she wanted to see Marion; she would simply say she felt like visiting her old friend. If she admitted that she wanted to consult Marion about Billy, John would be upset, maybe even annoyed. John refused even to consider the idea that Billy was unhappy with his stepmother. Last week, when she had tried to tell him, he had stared at her in amazement and demanded, "Whatever makes you think that?"

She had begun to tell him how quiet Billy was, how he hated her to touch him. But John had interrupted: "Darling, Billy isn't a demonstrative kid. And as for being quiet—that's his nature."

Men, Linda had thought wryly. They never wanted to face up to situations. Besides, John saw comparatively little of nine-year-old Billy. He didn't know how Billy acted all the time. Oh, he was well-behaved. And polite to Linda — heartbreakingly so. But he kept her at a distance when she wanted to be a real mother, make him merry and happy. Make him as confident and carefree as that little O'Connor boy across the street.

Linda came back to the present as the screen door slammed and Billy trailed in. "Hi," he said. "Can I use the telephone?"

"Sure, Billy." Eyeing the solemn young face, the thin little body, she longed to pull him close and hug him—but she knew that he would only wriggle away.

"I want to telephone New York City," Billy said uncertainly. "That's long distance. It'll cost a lot."

"Maybe thirty-five cents," Linda smiled. "We can stand it for once. But why do you want to call New York?" And then, as his expression changed, she could have kicked herself. Quickly she added, "Never mind if it's a secret. You go and phone while I start supper."

He turned to the door. "It's not really a secret. I just want to be a clown. They're going to let the kid who wins the contest be a clown in the real circus — just on Saturday afternoon." As Linda still looked puzzled, he explained, "It's in the paper. Any kid can telephone and say why he wants to be a clown — and then they pick the best kid. Francis and Joey telephoned right away!"

Two days later, answering the telephone, Linda heard to her amazement that Billy had won. "We had hundreds of calls," the smooth, cheerful voice of the circus publicity man told her, "but your little boy was the lucky winner. Now, here's what you do..."

Still dazed, Linda scribbled down the directions. She was to bring Billy to the circus at 11 on Saturday morning. She could leave him there ("we'll take good care of him") and collect him after the matinee ("for which we will, of course, give you a free ticket!").

Billy would have lunch with the clowns, who would give him a few hints. He would also be fitted with a costume. "He's going to be a pretty excited kid," the voice said amiably, "so you'd better get him to bed early on Friday night."

It wasn't until she had hung up that Linda remembered her own Saturday date with Marion. For a moment she considered letting Mrs. Minter take Billy to the circus.

She was still pondering when she heard a noise. Looking up, she saw Billy, big-eyed, staring at her. "Was that the circus?" he asked. "I mean — well, maybe they've picked the kid?"

Linda smiled at him. "They have — and it's you! I was just wondering how we'd manage to get you there. You see, I'm supposed to go to Washington on Saturday, and I planned to —" She stopped. Billy wasn't listening. He was staring into nothing, entranced. "Gee," he said



softly. "Gee, I get to be a clown." Wheeling round, he started out of the room. Then he turned back politely. "I'll be right back — I just want to tell some kids."

Alone, Linda shrugged helplessly. It was no use; she'd have to take him herself. She couldn't possibly let him down! Why, she had never seen Billy look so animated, so bright-eyed. She would simply explain things to Marion and say her visit would have to wait.

On Saturday, Billy scarcely spoke in the train to New York. Linda wondered if he were scared. But he didn't seem scared, only thoughtful and withdrawn.

And he was perfectly composed when the big, genial publicity man, Don Crawley, greeted them in the stadium reception room. "Hi, Billy," Mr. Crawley said, patting him on the head. "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Elstone. I guess you can fill in the time till two-thirty?"

"Of course," Linda smiled. "Shopping — lunch." She said goodbye to Billy and wished him luck — and got a mumble in reply. Billy's eyes were fixed on the door that said PRIVATE, the door that led to the fascinating backstage quarters of the circus. Linda might not have existed.

At 2.20 Linda took her ringside seat in a flurry of nervousness. Would Billy be okay? Would the clowns have instructed him properly, so he wouldn't get in the way of — well, the horses and everything? When the music crashed and the doors opened into the ring, she was tense in her seat.

She found her throat tight as she watched him. Such a grotesque little figure in the baggy white pants, his face completely unrecognisable under the huge painted eyes, red button nose, and wide scarlet mouth.

She slipped out before the end and went to the reception room to get Billy. He wasn't there, but the publicity man rushed in. "Billy won't be long now," he told her. "He's scrubbing up — and then he wants to get autographs from the aerialists." He grinned at Linda. "He did remarkably well. I'd say your little boy is a born clown! Which doesn't mean he'll ever be one. More likely a doctor."

Linda stared. "A born clown! But he's always so quiet. And — well, he doesn't ever seem to kid around like other children. I've even felt that Billy was unhappy. You see, I'm only his stepmother —"

"He's happy all right," Mr. Crawley said. "But he has a comedian mentality. They're never gay and outgoing in private life. On the contrary, they seem sort of glum, though they're happy enough in their own way."

"Oh," Linda murmured. Then John was right, she thought. Billy isn't really unhappy with me. It's just his nature to be so quiet and serious — and maybe no little boy likes to be hugged?

Suddenly she remembered something. "Oh, Mr. Crawley," she cried. "What reason did Billy give for wanting to be a clown?"

"A good one! He said clowns made people laugh, and that made them happy, and it was good to make people happy." Mr. Crawley's face softened. "Billy's reason wasn't entirely selfish, like the other kids. Most of them bragged and told us what smart clowns they'd make!"

"I see," Linda said softly, as the back door opened and Billy came in. "Hi, Mom," he said anxiously. "Did you see me? Was I okay?" he was again the serious, rather sad-faced little boy she was familiar with.

"Sure you were," Linda said. "You were wonderful!" And his quick, shy smile told Linda that, deep inside, Billy was happy and content.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1962

who said
Christmas cake
was hard
to make
?

It isn't — if you use this recipe! It takes a little time and no trouble and gives you a real, old style rich fruit cake that will last for months and taste delicious to the very last crumb. Here's what you need to make it.

one 8 inch round cake tin
 1/2 lb. Sultanas
 1/2 lb. Seeded Raisins
 1/4 lb. Currants
 1/4 lb. Mixed Peel
 2 oz. Crystallised Cherries
 (or maraschino cherries)
 1/4 lb. Blanched Almonds
 4 tablespoons Brandy
 (or Whisky or Sherry)
 1/2 lb. Butter
 1/4 lb. Brown Sugar
 1/4 lb. White Sugar
 4 Eggs
 10 oz. Plain Flour
 1/2 level teaspoon Mixed Spice
 1/2 level teaspoon Baking Powder
 1/2 level teaspoon Nutmeg
 one good pinch Salt

Stage 1 Prepare the fruit the day before you make the cake, by chopping the raisins and almonds into uniform sized pieces. Remove the sugar from the cherries and

mixed peel. Combine the fruit and nuts, sprinkle with half the brandy and set aside until the following day.

Stage 2 Line the 8 inch cake tin with two thicknesses of white paper and two of brown paper — extending the paper one inch above the top of the tin.

Stage 3 Beat the butter and sugar to a soft cream, (this will be easier if you stand the bowl in warm water for a few minutes). Add the unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating the mixture well after each one. Add half the fruit and the remainder of the brandy, and stir them in.

Stage 4 Sift the flour, spices, baking powder and salt together and gradually add half to the mixture. Add the remainder of the fruit and then gradually the remainder of the flour. Stir them in.

Stage 5 Place the mixture in the prepared tin in the lower half of a slow oven, and bake at 300° gas or 325° electric for about three hours; test after two and a half hours.

Stage 6 Turn the cake out of the tin to cool. Then replace it in the same tin upside down. Completely wrap in brown paper for storage. Decorate about a week before the cake is to be cut.

P.S. You might like to try this icing on your cake. 1 pkt. Almond Paste, Egg White (or

apricot jam), 1 pkt. Soft Icing, Icing Sugar.

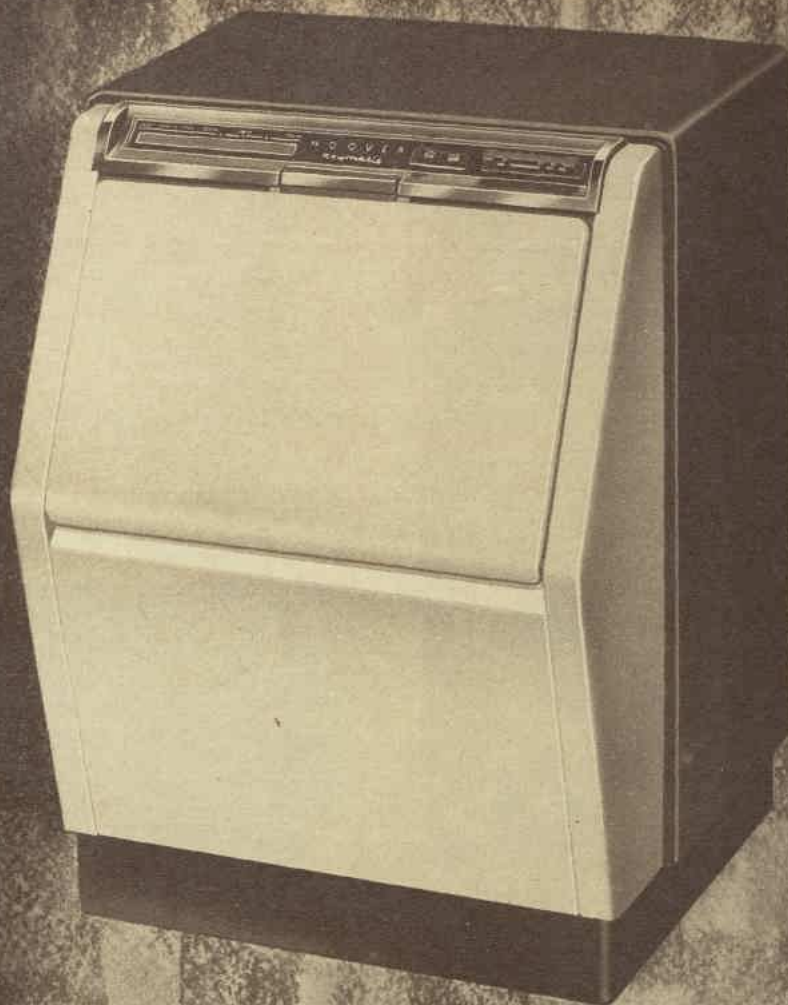
Roll the almond paste into a circle to fit the top of the cake. Brush the top of the cake with egg white (or sieved apricot jam). Place the almond layer on the cake and trim the edges. Allow this to stand for a day or two. Then take the soft icing and roll it out on a board sprinkled with icing sugar. Lift on to the cake and smooth with the palms of the hands. Trim the edges and pinch a frill around the edge. Decorate as desired.



We hope this recipe will make your Christmas merrier. With best wishes from the Australian Dried Fruits Association.



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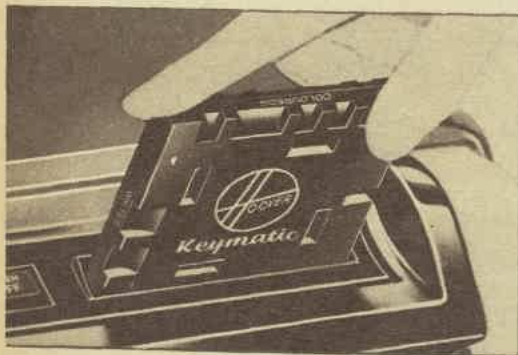


PRICE: 220 guineas.

HOOVER *Keymatic*

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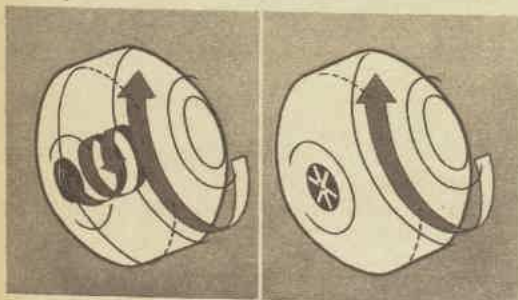
AUTOMATIC WASHER



It's so simple – just click in the KEY to select a perfect wash for each fabric from its 8 washing programmes

It's as easy as posting a letter! There are no confusing dials, no complicated settings—just a simple Keyplate marked with eight separate washing programmes. All you do is select the programme you want, click in the Keyplate and the whole washing

process is automatically controlled. Water temperatures at all stages, the correct washing action, rinsing and spin-drying times—the Keyplate does it all! No more guesswork, no fear of mistakes. Just click in the Keyplate and your washing is over.



1. Vigorous Action.
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Not just two speeds, but two entirely different washing actions. For robust, everyday washing (linen, cotton, etc.) Keymatic uses the famous "Boiling Action" pulsator that bubbles suds through every garment—getting out even the most stubborn dirt. For gentler washing, Keymatic has a unique "tilted tumble" action that gently rotates and flexes delicate fabrics as the tub slowly turns. Only Keymatic has these two separate washing actions—automatically controlled to suit the fabric.

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8 separate washing programmes. Every type of fabric gets perfect handling in its own individual washing programme. For example: heavily soiled clothes are vigorously washed by the famous "boiling action" pulsator—proved in over 500,000 Australian homes. After this they are specially rinsed and then spin dried. Delicate woollens get gentle "tilted tumble" washing in lukewarm water and are then given three reduced temperature rinses to avoid shrinkage. Keymatic has eight separate washing programmes to give a perfect wash to every fabric. Just match the

Keyplate to the fabric and Keymatic does the rest.

Compact design. Fits anywhere—kitchen, bathroom, under a bench. No special plumbing in or installation. Goes anywhere on easy-roll castors. Big capacity. Takes up to 10 lbs. of clothes and can't be overloaded. Easy to load. Wash-bowl is tilted up towards you. Open door makes handy shelf. Automatic heat control. Ensures exact washing temperatures for each fabric. Saves suds for the next washload and reheats them to the correct temperature. See Keymatic demonstrated now.

The amazing Hoover Keymatic—the washer that thinks for itself!

He must give his
best performance for
this unhappy child



Illustrated by Boothroyd

MAGIC OF THE HEART

A short story by **DOUGLAS RAILTON**

HARRY SEBASTIAN, theatrical agent, nodded vigorously at the telephone, at the warm lazy voice that spoke to him out of it, at the unseen owner of the voice who had a small problem on her hands.

"Yes, I understand you, Mrs. Kincaid . . . A children's party and you want some kind of an entertainer. Sort of the friendly uncle type . . . I think I have just the man for you, Mrs. Kincaid. Just the right sort of man. What does he do? He's a conjurer, Mrs. Kincaid. And may I say so, one of the best. One of the very best. I'll send him on over to you, if he's free, that is. But I think he only now got in from Chicago. He was a big success over there. A big success. No, not expensive, Mrs. Kincaid. Not for the type of engagement you have in mind. He's very fond of children, so he cuts the fee right down on these appearances. Yes, Mrs. Kincaid. As soon as I locate him. 'Bye, Mrs. Kincaid. A pleasure . . ."

Harry put the telephone back in its rest deferentially, tapped on a gold-inlaid tooth with a pencil, stared without friendliness at his secretary.

"If that lame-brained old drunkard O'Brien isn't in gaol or sleeping it off somewhere, get hold of him and send him over to"—he glanced at his memo-pad—"Mrs. Laura Kincaid, 7074, North Drive. And not a nickel advance before he puts his stuff over. That is, if he still knows how. Not a nickel, mind you . . . Cab fare, that's all . . . The payoff's fifty dollars, less the usual."

Harry Sebastian shrugged into his overcoat and went out as the plain, tired woman who was his secretary started to call over the bistros where out-of-work theatricals have been known to get credit if the proprietor was getting absentminded. Half an hour and a lot of small talk later, Robert Daniel Finnegan O'Brien was adjusting himself to the prospect of work.

"Fifty dollars, you say?" His ripe, ageless brogue formed the words lovingly.

"Less the usual, Mister O'Brien," the secretary cautioned him, "and less the cab fare and less the five dollars you owe me. Say thirty-eight dollars when it's melted down. Yes or no?"

"It's a bitter-tasting swindle, that it is," O'Brien judged, "but there's a darlin' Kildare nag runnin' tomorrow that couldn't lose even if the jockey sits on him backward—so it had better be 'yes'."

"You Irish are all the same, and Irish entertainers are the worst."

"It's a sad race we are," agreed O'Brien, and winked heavily at his rusted reflection in the long mirror behind his favorite bar. It was an amiable reflection. Amiable and undefeated, even after more than thirty years of daily getting to know the hard fact that he was a fifth-rate flop on any circuit that had ever made the mistake of booking him.

He bowed to the reflection with a slightly unsteady grandeur, and then winked again and smiled with a tender, joyous mouth and fearlessly affectionate smoke-grey eyes. O'Brien loved the world and wasn't afraid to show it.

Maisie the barmaid smiled with him. She had a soft spot for O'Brien.

"So it's work, Mister O'Brien . . ."

"Work, Maisie?" O'Brien twisted his heavy eyebrows with comic severity. "This is a charity performance, my girl. A labor of love for sweet innocents."

Maisie put out her delicately pink tongue as O'Brien fitted a worn but still noble soft black roll-brimmed matinee-hat over his thick silvering hair.

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Record Offer Repeated!

The response to the recent announcement of **THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOLIDAY ALBUM** has been so great that this offer is now repeated, under which an eight-record album is available for only £12 cash, or £4 deposit, and £1/10/- a month for six months. There are forty-four 12" L.P. records (listed below), from which you can choose any eight. Each record is in its own color jacket, and the full set is enclosed in a handsome grey and gold-embossed vinyl cover.

Listen to your choice of 8 records in your own home for five days—if not completely satisfied, return the set in good order and condition and your deposit (if you have purchased on terms) or full price will be refunded. If keeping them, and buying on terms, you have the choice of paying £8 balance immediately, or paying 30/- a month for 6 months. By keeping the set you automatically become a member of the Popular Record Club, and so entitled to make selections from amongst the 400 best-selling records in the popular and classical fields. And remember—there is no obligation to buy in the Popular Record Club.

Hurry! Make your selection now: Put a circle around the catalogue number of the eight records you wish to have in your Holiday Album. (Important note: Please mark with a tick AFTER the catalogue number two alternative choices to be forwarded in the event of depleted stocks.)

	Mono	Stereo
HANDEL—"The Messiah"	C48	SC48
MOZART "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and Symphony No. 40	C49	SC49
BEETHOVEN 5th Symphony and Schubert 8th Symphony	C53	SC53
OVERTURES: William Tell; Donna Diana; Zampa; Fra Diavolo	C60	SC60
BEETHOVEN Violin Concerto in D Minor	C61	SC61
TCHAIKOVSKY "Swan Lake" Ballet	C63	SC63
RACHMANINOFF 2nd, Tchaikovsky 1st Piano Concertos	C64	SC64
INVITATION TO THE WALTZ (Selection of Great Waltzes)	C69	SC69
SYMPHONY OF DANCE (Rimsky-Korsakoff, Bizet, Borodin, etc.)	C72	SC72
MY FAIR LADY	E12	SE12
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PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH

● I am, I suppose, one of the last of my kind, a fast-disappearing species, rapidly approaching fossilisation. Sixty years ago, when I began work, we were commonplace. Today we are to be seen only with the Royals and the very rich.

WHEN I was a boy no gentleman's house was complete without a butler.

I was born in Barnstaple, County Devon, about 1888. I never saw my birth certificate, but I am over 70 and have been the subject of six monarchs, from Queen Victoria to Queen Elizabeth II.

Two of those Sovereigns I came personally to serve, albeit after one had discarded his Crown and the other had yet to inherit it.

I remember going one day to the doctor for physic for my father and all the church bells were tolling. Next day we heard Queen Victoria was dead. My father died a week later and my mother had to go back to her needle, and I went to live with my uncle and aunt near Taunton.

I left school when I was 14½. I had the feeling my aunt had grown tired of an extra mouth to feed, so I went back home to my mother in Barnstaple and took a job with the "North Devon Herald" as office boy. My pay was 3/6 a week.

One day I came home and found my mother unconscious on the kitchen floor. I rushed for the doctor and he said afterwards my promptness saved her life. She had broken a blood vessel.

The doctor said she had been overworking, so I decided to become less of a burden to her.

A friend of mine was a footman in a family whose name to a West of England man spells nobility, possessions, and long lineage — the Chichesters. He said if I came to work for them I would get £10 a year, 3/10 a week instead of 3/6, with my clothes, laundry, and food all found. I might even get a few 5/- tips.

My only expenses would be my boots to mend and a few cigarettes to buy — five a penny. By being careful I could give my mother now and then a £1 or so.

I learn to be a footman, learn to bow and scrape

I told the editor I was going to work for the Chichesters and learn to become a footman. I can see his look of scorn to this day as he exclaimed, "Learn to be a footman! Learn to bow and scrape and always have your hat in your hand for the rest of your life!"

It took five years for the truth of that remark to sink in. There was a lot of unemployment then, and in London there were over a million domestic servants. After five years had passed

it was too late to change. "I'll go through with this," I said, "bow and scrape I must."

Chichester Hall was set in an enormous deer park in North Devon. The inside staff comprised a butler, two footmen, an odd man, a hallboy (me), a cook, two kitchen maids, five housemaids. Outside there were the farm workers, the coachmen, the grooms, gardeners, painters, plumbers, and plasterers in the workshops.

The menservants all had beer for breakfast. It would be drawn from a barrel in the cellar into a huge two-gallon copper jug and the jug placed on the sink in the pantry and they took a glass whenever they wanted it.

I was up at 6.30 a.m. and down on my hands and knees scrubbing out the pantry. My lord and master was the butler. "Yes, sir, no sir, three bags full, sir." I suppose I first learnt to be a servant by being a servant to the servants — the table in the servants' hall to lay, the staff cutlery to clean, and the staff meals to put on the table.

In the butler's pantry I spent most of my time at the washing-up tub. My hands and arms in winter were chapped to the elbow. My day's work also included all windows in the house to clean, all knives, and all

ERNEST KING in the uniform of a butler which he wore with pride for nearly half a century. Now retired, he lives in a cottage at Maidenhead, Berkshire, where he devotes his life to gardening. His autobiography, "The Green Baise Door," from which this series is taken, will soon be published by Messrs. William Kimber, London.



boots, the family's, the butler's, and any visitors'.

From the moment I put my foot out of bed till I got back into it at night I was hard at it. Time off? Every other Sunday after lunch and two afternoons a week — for a couple of hours.

No one resented the hard work and discipline. All my life I have found that the better the discipline the happier the servants. Lack of discipline breeds back-biting, jealousies, and slackness.

Our employer, Mr. Charles Chichester, we always referred to as "the Guv'nor," or the "old boy," or sometimes by his pet name, "Charlie."

Among the landed gentry, the aristocracy, the upper classes it was always the "Guv'nor," or the "old man," or, if he happened to be a marquis, an earl, a viscount, or a baron, as "Lordy."

My friend Edgar, the first footman, told me about his marriage. "You know when

he first met his wife? When she was a baby and he was her godfather and at the christening he said, 'If ever I marry I'll marry that brat.' And he did, when she was 17.

"He's 80 today and she's 58 and they've a son of 38. When they'd been married about a year she told him she was going to have a baby. He was delighted.

"But when she told him after another year she was

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Continuing—PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH



from page 41

going to have another baby he took himself off to the other end of the house and they've never met since, except, of course, for prayers and meals and church and drives."

There was no running hot water in the house, of course. All had to be taken up to the bedrooms in brass cans. Possibly because of this "Charlie" only shaved when the mood moved him or he was expecting guests. Then he would go to the kitchen, put an old iron saucepan on the range for his shaving water.

He liked doing things for himself, even cooking and shopping.

Whenever Mr. and Mrs. Chichester went out for the day, the moment their carriage was out of hearing, down to the cellar the butler would go and ring the bell to summon all stable-hands, gardeners, and workmen. "Come on, boys," he would cry, and the beer would flow.

There was a saying at the time, "Drink is the curse of the working classes and work is the curse of the drinking classes." I know that both the butler and a footman died of drink.

Many years later when I joined the household of Princess Elizabeth in 1947, I came across a silver salver that had been a wedding present from her father, King George VI. It was a beautiful Georgian tray, but it must have been many years since it had been properly cleaned.

It reminded me of a morning 40 years back, when Edgar said to me, "Come along, my boy, now I'll show you how to clean plate."

Clean plate? Surely everybody knew how to do that—just plate powder and methylated, let it dry, and then polish.

Edgar took some silver dishes and teapots from the strongroom and mixed some rouge, a very soft red powder, in a saucer with ammonia.

He dipped his fingers in the paste and began to rub it over the silver, telling me to do the same.

"Harder," he said.

"But it hurts," I said. "It'll blister."

"That's right," he said. "It's better when they burst."

Cleaning plate is hell. It's the greatest bugbear behind the green baize door, the hardest job in the house.

The rubbing of the rouge on the silver with the fingers and hands sets up friction, the friction sets up heat, which increases according to the amount of pressure and elbow-grease employed.

The result of this long, tedious, and rather painful procedure is that scratches become finer and finer, smaller and smaller until they finally close over and the result is a lovely mellow, mirror-like surface.

Polishing plate with bare hands meant burst blisters, pain

When I began this work my fingers grew fearfully sore and blistered. But in those days, if you complained you were just told to get on with it, and you did, and the blisters burst, and you kept on despite the pain and you developed a pair of plate hands that never blistered again.

In the old days a footman's duties compelled him to use his hands and they became as hard as boards.

When I went to work in France I found no footman ever hand-rubbed plate. He would put the rouge on with his fingers and then polish from a roll of good-quality cotton-wool. It was the next best thing to hand-rubbing, but it didn't impart that lovely lustre that comes with the continual use of rouge and bare hands.

Thirty years ago I would have three men working from 8 to 11 every morning, cleaning plate. Once the Duke of Windsor said to me, "I always admired the way you kept your silver, King." I wondered if he fully appreciated the labor it involved.

Silver and leather always fascinated me, trying to turn them out to near perfection.

Mr. Philip Hill, the millionaire financier, when I

SUNNINGHILL PARK, near Ascot racecourse, in which Ernest King served Captain Alastair Mackintosh after his marriage to American heiress Leila Emery. Ten years later he was again the butler in this stately home after it was bought by international financier Philip Hill. King tells of his life at Sunninghill in next week's instalment.

was working for him in 1941, said to a friend, "Take a look at those shoes, will you? They're not just cleaned, they're a miracle. They're the work of a specialist."

My first serious lessons in valeting and cleaning boots were given me by the butler to Mr. and Mrs. John Vaughan Colby, of Boncath, Pembrokehire.

Boots—there were few shoes then—had to be washed and treed, the laces taken out, washed, and hung on hooks to dry.

My first job at Colbys', from 6 to 8 a.m., was to polish the boots. Sometimes I would spend an hour or longer on one pair, then finish them off by ironing and replacing the laces.

Hand-made black boots and shoes 60 years ago were all of untreated, unpolished, dull calf known as blacking leather, and there was no such thing as boot polish.

You'd go to the grocer's or a cobbler and ask for a ha'penny cake of Day and Martin's blacking. You'd put it in a saucer, pour a little vinegar over it, mix it into a paste, and brush it on the boots. After that you "worked" or boned it into the leather.

The Colby butler gave me a tip in maintaining good leather that I've used all my life. "Use a touch of Mars oil," he said, "just sparingly and carefully. It's the rock-bottom secret of well-kept, well-polished leather."

When I was at Blair Castle, the Duke of Atholl's famous seat in Scotland, I asked one of the stalkers to give me two of the front leg bones of a deer, from knee to hock.

I sealed off the marrow in the bone with sealing wax, so that when boning a boot a little of the grease of the marrow would gradually work itself through and keep the leather alive.

Button boots, once the footwear of all ladies, used

to be made of a lightweight blacking leather around the sole, with kid above.

To show a contrast between kid and leather there was a preparation known as "kid reviver," which produced a matt surface that contrasted with the high finish on the blacking leather. So there were in effect four shoes to clean to every pair!

Another of my jobs was to keep Mr. Colby's buckskin breeches clean. He would be out hunting five days a week, and had as many as ten pairs.

In those days the well-dressed man to hounds always wore buckskin breeches, not Bedford cord as they do today, which only require brushing or washing and pressing.

Buckskin takes all but a week to put in condition. First the breeches had to be washed, then part-dried; then treed to shape; then rubbed and rubbed to keep them soft; then treated with a paste; then dried and rubbed again and put back on the trees; then a further dressing and drying.

From the chemist you bought gum-dragon, a fishy, glutinous mess. This you heated, strained, and applied piece by piece to the buckskin and rubbed in with talcum powder to produce a shine, the gum sealing the paste in case it rained. It was as bad as having to get your man ready for battle in a suit of armor!

There were also the hunting boots to be cleaned and boned, and the silk hat to be kept glossy and gleaming. To this day they still use a pad dipped in stout which, when dry, imparts the final glistening touch to the hat.

A manservant, to learn his business, had to move from job to job to widen his experience, but it was necessary to remain in each place for at least two years to obtain that precious passport—a reference.

Hence my appearance in the household of Mr. Robert William Llewellyn, of Baglan Hall, near Port Talbot, Wales, in my first livery as a second footman. I was just 18. With Mr. Charles Chichester, as the odd boy, and then with his son, Mr. Hamlyn Chichester, I had just worn a dark blue suit. Now in my livery I wore a dark blue tail-coat with silver-gilt buttons and a yellow and blue horizontally striped waistcoat.

Mr. Hamlyn's butler had shown me how to wait at table. "Lay up a place, sit down, and I'll show you," he'd ordered me. And I had done so and he had waited on me with empty plates and dishes.

"Now get up and try," he said and took my place at the table. "Not too high, not too low. And always from the left. Don't push it at them. You aren't in some damn chop-house. Gently, graciously!"

It was certainly easier than polishing the silver.

At Mr. Llewellyn's place I was certainly able to compress a lot of experience in a very little time—they had five butlers in nine months. Mr. Llewellyn was a testy old boy.

Angry butler collected moths "for the old boy's fur coat"

My first inkling that all was not going to be as I hoped was the strange behaviour of the butler there when I arrived. I used to see him catching moths and popping them into a matchbox which he kept in a waistcoat pocket.

I watched him goggle-eyed, and one day my curiosity got the better of me and I asked him what he was up to.

"As you've spotted me," he said, "I'll tell you, though I didn't mean a soul to find out. You know the old man's fur coat? Well, I'm leaving shortly, and I'm collecting all these moths to pop into the old boy's coat. The only way I can get my own back on him."

I was with the Llewellyns for one Christmas only. On Christmas Eve, when the servants were in bed, presents were laid out for them on the table beside the pantry.

With my livery I wore a stiff, white collar and a made-up bow-tie. The ties cost 2½d. each, and you made one last a week and then threw it away. It was not worth sending to the laundry.

When I found on Christmas morning a small packet addressed to me with Christmas Greetings I opened it with great excitement. It contained six made-up bow-ties.

Mr. Llewellyn never thought any butler capable of decanting a bottle of port. He would go to the cellar, pour the port into a decanter, and when the dregs appeared pour the remainder into the glass—a pretty muddy mixture, naturally.

Then he would pick up the decanter in one hand and with the other raise the glass and down the dregs.

At Baglan Hall we had the then quite exceptional mod. con. of a telephone. One day I took a call. "Hello?" I said, and from the other end a voice said, "Do you know who you are speaking to?" I said, "No," and the voice said, "You are speaking to your Master."

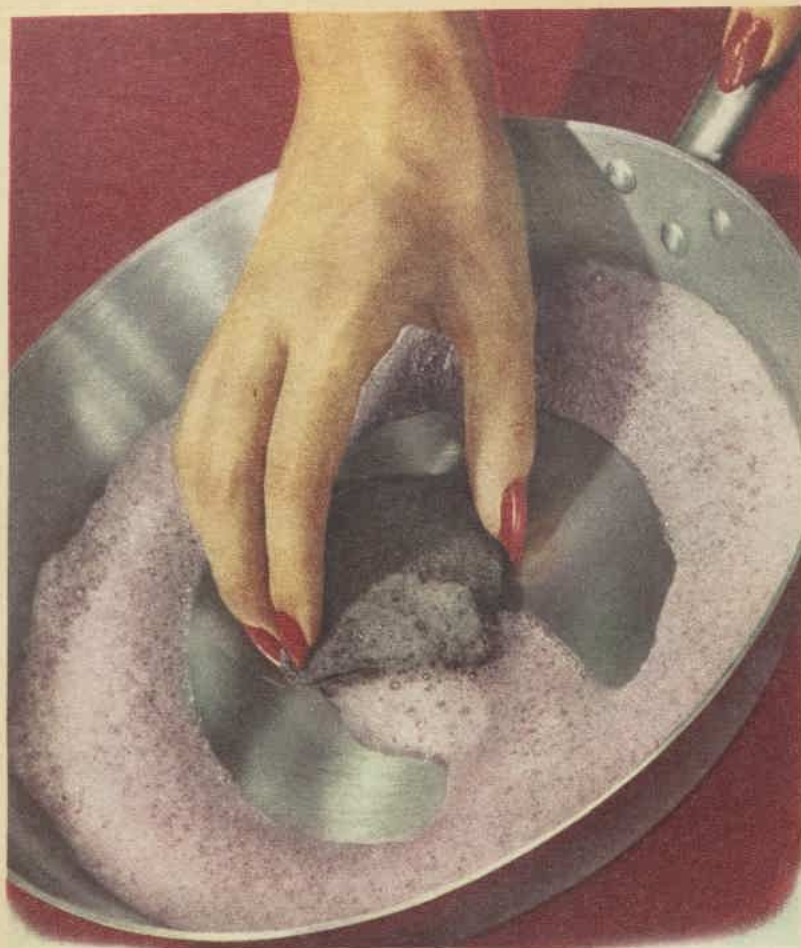
It was the first and last time I heard the word "Master" used in such a way. The expression was solely confined to houses of the middle classes.

Mr. Llewellyn required our daily attendance at morning and evening prayers. Sunday was rigidly observed.

In those days footmen had to wear their livery to church, the coachman his top boots and cape, even the chauffeur had to put on his driving coat, his breeches, peaked cap, and big leather gauntlet gloves.

The women servants wore dark costumes and black bonnets. How they worked, those girls! Up at 5 a.m. to clean and light the fires, to polish the steel grates, to whiten the hearths, and later to take up the brass

To page 68



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The first swirls get off all the burn and rough stuff. Billions of Steelo "scrub bubbles" cut grease so fast you scarcely need to scrub. Round and round with a few more swirls and there's that Steelo brightness. All pots and pans — old as well as your precious new ones — start looking better and brighter, inside and out, when you take to them with Steelo Soap Pads. There is extra coconut oil in every pad (and coconut oil is so kind to hands). Steelo Soap Pads are also rust resistant.

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2 "SANDRA": Bare-armed and barely fitted, the ruffled shift is available cut out ready to sew. With the garment come full making instructions, plus five pearl buttons and sewing thread. The material is crisp printed cotton. The color choice includes hot-pink and white (above), turquoise and white, autumn-gold and white, and black and white. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price, including postage, £1/19/6.

MATERNITY SUNDRESS: ready made and cut out ready to sew



3 "JANET": Maternity sundress is available ready made and cut out ready to sew. The material is printed cotton; the color choice includes sea-green, royal-blue, and gold (above); biscuit, bottle-green, and rust; and autumn-gold, bottle-green, and pink. Ready to wear: 32 and 34in. bust, £2/17/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/19/11. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, £1/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/14/6. Postage 4/- extra.

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Dress Sense

By
BETTY KEEP

● This afternoon dress
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design choice for a young
married woman who re-
quests a design for a
simple late-day dress.

HERE is part of the reader's
letter and my reply:

*"I have 4 1/2 yds. of black-and-
white printed silk to make
an afternoon frock, and
would be grateful if you would
suggest a simple style. I also
bought a rather nice black
leather belt with a bow front.
I will look for a reply in
your Dress Sense column.
Could you draft me a pattern
in 34in. bust size?"*

The dress I have chosen in answer
to your query is illustrated at right.
The plastron bodice is double breasted
to set off the full unpresed pleated
skirt. You can obtain a paper pattern
for the design in your size. Under
the illustration are further details
and how to order.

*"As I am a bit on the big
side, I wondered if I could wear
a fitted coat? The coat is being
made in a heavy silk rayon.
My measurements are 38
bust, 28 waist, and 39 hips."*

With your figure proportions a
lightly fitted coat is often more be-
coming than one with lots of fullness.

*"Do you think a cocktail
dress for an older woman
should be black?"*

Not necessarily. If black does a lot
for you, certainly wear it. My choice
would be a simple design in a color
that is flattering to your eyes and
hair.

*"Would it be bad fashion
taste to combine dark
red and pink?"*

No, you have a good color sense.
Pink and red can look quite sensa-
tional.

*"Please tell me whose job
it is to decide what
the bridesmaid will wear?"*

The bride usually decides what her
bridesmaid will wear. This is to
ensure that the dress is in harmony
with the design she has chosen for
her own dress.



**DS 509.—One-piece dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in.
bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.
Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088,
G.P.O., Sydney.**

*"Is an inch above the knee
too short for a plain
shift? The dress is for
town, not for the beach."*

Yes, it is. In my opinion the short-
est skirt permissible for town wear
just hits the kneecap.

*"My husband and I have been
invited to a special dinner
and theatre occasion. Would
I be correctly attired in a
dressy suit? My husband is
wearing a black dinner suit."*

It depends on your interpretation
of "dressy suit." A Chanel-type suit
made in satin or crepe is perfect for
dinner and a theatre.

*"Could I wear a bracelet
and earrings with slacks?"*

Yes. If you study fashion pictures
you'll notice that models are often
shown wearing earrings and bracelets
with slacks. Tailored gold jewellery
is the best choice.

*"Would it be correct to
have an afternoon frock
made without sleeves?"*

Perfectly correct, and new, too.
This season, sleevelessness has been
promoted in every phase of fashion.

*"Should a girl with fat arms
wear a sleeveless dress?"*

It depends on your age group. If
you're under 18, yes.



"How do you acquire the qualities of greatness?"

A message from **Clare Boothe Luce**
Playwright, Columnist, and Former U.S. Ambassador to Italy

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"And we know that the greatness of a man is measured by the amount of power he has been able to acquire and use in his lifetime—and the consequences of his exercise of that power.

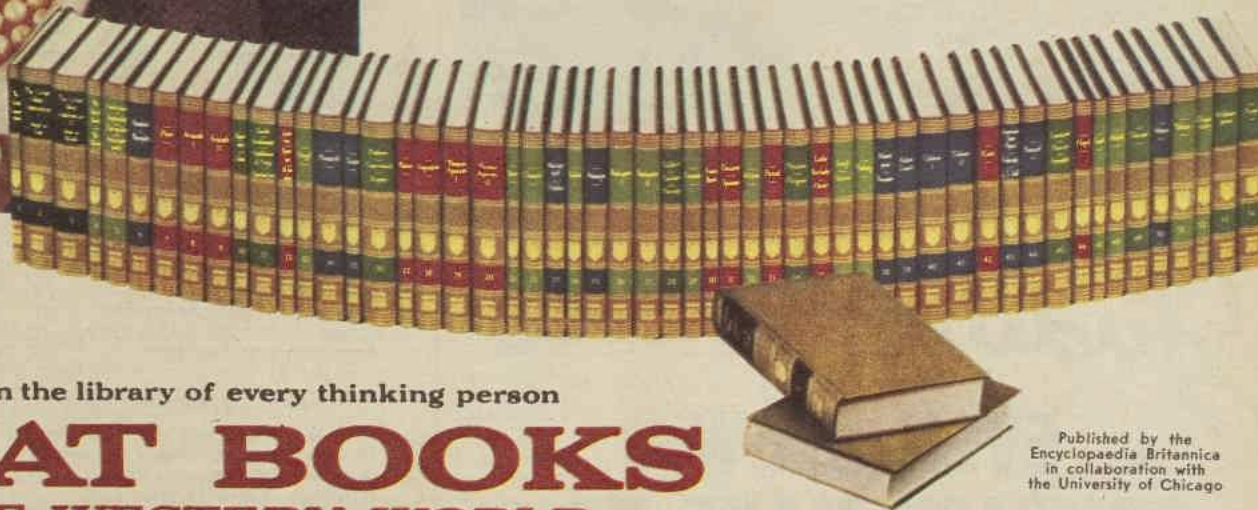
"Perhaps it is the combination of goodness and greatness in rising degrees that makes one man a fine citizen—another, outstanding in his profession.

"Certainly these are times that call for greatness in each of us—personal power to see and understand more clearly what life means, and what we can do about it.

"If you would seek to acquire your own personal greatness and summon the power and certainty within you, you must be willing to learn about things most of us let slide.

"You must be willing to make the effort to understand the basic and eternal thinking which has shaped and aimed our civilization for the past 3,000 years.

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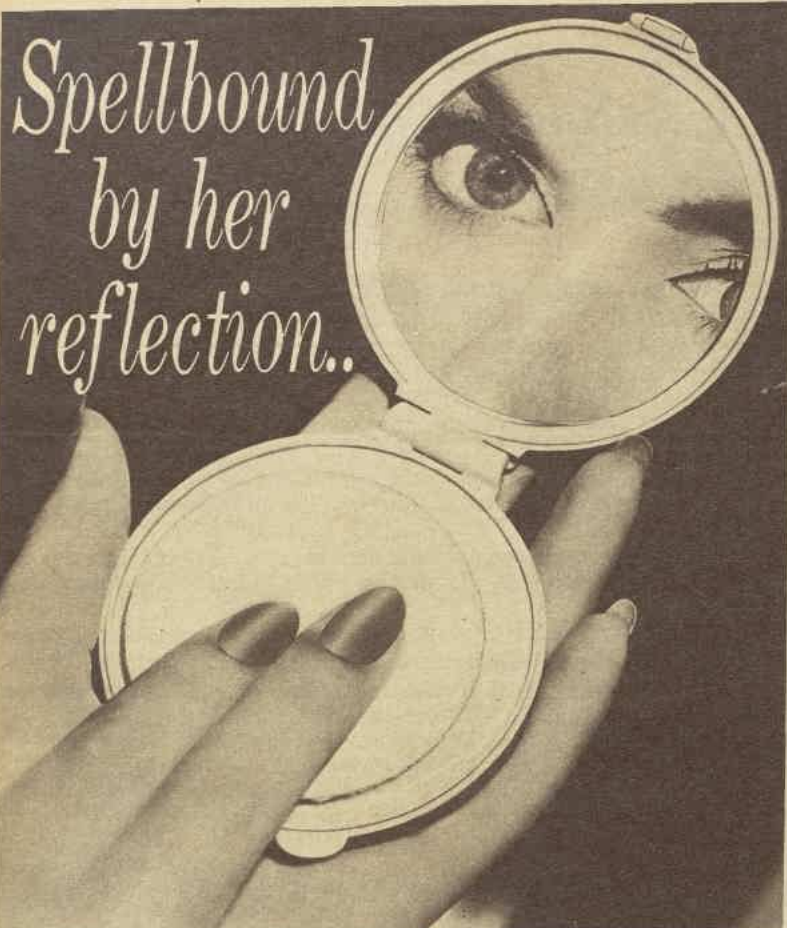
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ONLY AT WOOLWORTHS

Working couples tell...

How to prevent

V.I.P. (Very Important Point)

There must never be a breath of "we'd never have got anywhere if I hadn't gone out to work" from the wife. The husband must always be regarded as, and looked up to as, the dependable breadwinner. Once a wife starts acting "martyred" or feeling she can get along very nicely without her husband — well, there's not much joy left in marriage.

— Name and address supplied, S.A.

THE "LUXURY TRAP"

● My experience is that the most likely trap threatening a two-income family is the tendency to increase "luxury" spending all round.

FOR example, the very rare professional hair-do may become a weekly appointment, the occasional purchase of a costly magazine becomes a regular subscription to several.

The occasional drink is replaced by the habit of "shouting" more than a fair share, and the occasional cigarette turns into a packet a day.

Children's spending allowances increase almost unnoticed; outings become more costly.

The former very rare lottery ticket or small wager grows to an alarming number. There is a tendency to be over-generous with donations to every appeal — this extravagance seems to stem from a guilt-complex.

Snazzy cameras

If the neighbors, who have only father working, can donate £1 toward the new swimming-pool, then we naturally feel obliged to give £2.

The family acquires much more expensive recreation equipment:

Our family now owns four expensive cameras, all hardly used, instead of the old Box Brownie; four costly fishing lines and a collection of accessories have replaced the old handlines; and the children don't borrow Dad's tennis racquet any more; they each have a very good one of their own.

And all this in a family which isn't really photography-minded, seldom plays tennis, and rarely goes fishing! I have these practical suggestions:

1. Make a fairly comprehensive and accurate survey of your present living standard; write it down and keep it for future reference. You'll need it, because it's surprising how quickly you can forget that you used to have T-bone steak only once a fortnight, cream only on Sundays, wine only with Christmas dinner, and crayfish never at all!

2. Hold out firmly for the detailed recording of the day-to-day spending habits of all the family if expenditure becomes too high.

Don't be surprised, though, if you find in your day-to-day reckoning period that most members of the family are, in fact, spending nearly twice the sum that they themselves have agreed is a very fair share of the family income!

Five shillings a week pocket-money for a schoolboy and £2/10/- a week for his father may sound very liberal, but your detailed survey may reveal that they are both spending more.

3. If you must have several things on hire-purchase at once it is better to have the contracts all with one reputable firm. In the event of illness or some misfortune it is simpler to come to a satisfactory arrangement with one firm.

—Name and address supplied, Vic.

BUDGET!

(then there's no argument)

● The way to avoid quarrels is to use co-operation and common sense.

THE following idea will help considerably. Different couples can adjust it to their circumstances.

Take the yearly total of light, rates, insurances, £2 per week toward annual holiday, repairs to house, medical benefits contribution, dentists, telephone, radio and TV licences and add them together.

Divide the total by 52 (weeks per year) and put the answer (in money) into

a special bank account each week before anything else is done with the pay-packets.

Of course, some of these items such as light, dentists, etc., will need to be estimated. It should come to, say, £4/10/- per week for "expenses."

	£	s	d
Combined wages	40	-	-
"Expenses"	4	10	-
	35	10	-
Food, etc., for week	8	-	-
	27	10	-

Pocket-money, fares, etc., for both	10	-	-
	17	10	-
Payment on house	8	-	-
To be banked in general account	9	10	-

The important thing, to keep out of debt, is religiously to bank the £4/10/- for "expenses."

Couples who don't have to worry about the inevitable annual bills will find they do not have arguments about money.

—C. Bellgrove, Brisbane.



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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Strict office rules

I WONDER how today's teenagers would react to my experience in my first job. I was 14 and on being accepted for an office position I was given a printed pamphlet with office rules in it and told to go home and study them. They were: "No flesh-colored stockings to be worn. Make-up strictly forbidden. No high heels to be worn. Sweets or food of any description must not be consumed in the office. Chewing-gum most strictly forbidden." Any infringement of these rules would have led to instant dismissal.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Newby, South Perth, W.A.

Once upon a modern time . . .

I WAS telling my young grandchild, aged four, the story of "Old Mother Hubbard." She listened very attentively until I had said, "But when she got there, the cupboard was bare, and so the poor doggie had none." "Why didn't she look in the refrigerator?" she asked.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. George, Willoughby, N.S.W.

Athletics should be optional

AFTER visiting my children's schools for their sports meetings, I left wondering just what is achieved in making it compulsory for pupils to compete in the events, particularly in the case of senior students. I saw senior boys finishing a bad last in distance events for which they obviously had neither aptitude nor appetite. I saw senior girls embarrassed by their poor performances in races and high-jumps. Surely senior pupils could be excused from sport.

£1/1/- to "Eighty-Eight" (name supplied), Red Hill South, Vic.

"Cabbages" in the country

HOW do married women with several small children prevent their minds from stagnating? There are some stimulating outlets for the city mothers, but for the country mother it is rather more difficult. Even though spare time is always hard to find, I do try to read good, worthwhile books as much as possible, but, though I enjoy them, I seem to remember very little of them. Could anyone make some suggestions for raising my mind above children, recipes, and clothes without taking too much of an already crowded day?

£1/1/- to "Mother of Six" (name supplied), Roma, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE McMinns are a young couple we know.

They live in a new suburb called Totmore Park, which is full of young couples with growing families.

It is a pleasant place, but Prudence McMinn says there is a special problem in living there. She came up against it first in the local Dramatic Club.

They were planning to stage *The Women*, a play with an all-female cast.

Rehearsals were going well when Mrs. Melba Jones, who had a star part, backed out because she was going to have a baby.

Her understudy, Mrs. Marilyn Phipps, took over. But soon Marilyn, too, had to retire in the same condition. So did Mrs. Wendy Clotwood and Mrs. Myrtle Trilling.

At length *The Women* had to be abandoned. The husbands of the cast organised a night of ten-pin bowling instead.

GROWING FAST

Much the same happened in the tennis tournament.

The young wives of Totmore Park are keen on tennis, when they are able to play. Prudence McMinn was fancied to win the ladies' singles.

But approaching motherhood compelled Prudence to scratch from the event.

Soon three more of the best women players withdrew to knit tiny garments on the sidelines. The tournament was a flop except for the men's matches, which went ahead as planned.

The husbands at Totmore Park are considered lucky. Their wives are always resigning from committees, pulling out of ballet classes, and withdrawing from yoga groups. But the men carry on cheerfully with their fishing and other hobbies.

This spring a cooking class was arranged with Mrs. Yvonne Platt as instructor. Mrs. Platt is half-French, and knows interesting dishes such as lobster au naturel and apple pie à la mode.

Prudence McMinn started going

to the class as soon as her new baby Hugo was a few months old.

Several of the pupils dropped out, in expectation of happy events, but Prudence attended regularly. She was looking forward to the climax of the course—the demonstration of lapin en casserole.

But the final lesson was not given. The instructor, Mrs. Platt, had been rushed to the maternity hospital. As she was wheeled in, one of her pupils, Mrs. Bunting, passed her on another trolley and waved.

The Music Society has lately broken up. Mrs. Brenda Reilly, who plays the cello, resigned as secretary before little Shamus arrived. Nobody else could see far enough ahead to take on the job.

The ladies of Totmore Park just find it hard to keep social activities going.

It is not because there is any division among them. Their problem is multiplication.

• "Daddy, Are You Married?" a collection of Ross Campbell's writings, is now on sale at bookshops. Published by Ure Smith. Price, 17/6.

Heir-raising

TO Mrs. L. Smerdon (Qld.), who wonders whether her baby's first haircut at eight weeks is a record: I had to cut my son's hair when he was only three weeks old—it was always getting caught in the fasteners at the back of his clothes. After that he had it cut every three weeks by a barber. Now he is two years old he still has to have it cut once a month or he begins to look like a girl.

£1/1/- to "Long Hair, Too" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

MY daughter was born with grey hair two inches long. I had it cut at four months, when it was shoulder-length. It changed color from grey to auburn and eventually to blond. At two years it was waist-length and caused a lot of interest when we were out, done in a bun or a pony-tail. Now she is three and a half and I have just cut it short and have been sorry ever since.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. A. Stokes, Clayfield, Qld.

MY eldest brother had to have his hair cut the day he was born. It was so long it was growing down over his face and hanging down his back. My mother had eight children and we were all born with lots of hair.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. H. Low, Kingswood, N.S.W.

I FIRST cut my son's hair when he was about four weeks old—it was shoulder-length, fine and blond and continually getting in his eyes and caught on buttons. Now that he is six he has it cut by a barber once a month, but still needs a trim by me every week.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Freda Creighton, Elizabeth Vale, S.A.

MY son had his first professional haircut at the age of six weeks. While sitting under the dryer, having had my own hair set, I held the baby while the hairdresser cut his hair.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Wall, Alice Springs, N.T.

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MY COOKING SECRETS

Lella Howard of the Australian Women's Weekly Kitchen



FLAVOUR GUIDE. Flavours are meant to improve or accent a dish—not change or overpower it. Here are some flavours to complement canned fruits.

Apricots — almonds, prunes, apple, Curacao, Kirsch, Rum. Peaches — cherry, raspberry, Maraschino, Brandy, Port.

Pears — rhubarb, cinnamon, ginger, chocolate, Rum, Brandy. **PEARS 'N' RHUBARB.** My youngsters used to turn their noses up at "sour old rhubarb" until I tried teaming it with canned pears and adding a dash of ginger. Use the drained syrup for cooking the rhubarb, then add chopped ginger and

pears when it is cold. To quote my youngest, "It's fabulous!" **PARTY LUXURY.** Are you one of the lucky people who own a chafing dish? If so, you couldn't serve a more glamorous dish than Pears Flambe. Just sprinkle a spoonful or so of sugar into the pan and allow it to heat slowly until it dissolves, then turns a caramel colour. Add a good dollop of butter, swirl it around the pan, then stir in 1 cup of drained pear syrup and ½ cup apple or red currant jelly. Flavour with

a little lemon juice and arrange pears, cut side up, in pan. Dip pieces of loaf sugar in rum or brandy and place a piece in each pear hollow. Add a dash to the sauce for good luck—and as soon as it is heated through, set it alight! Ladle pears and sauce over ice cream and serve.

SIMPLE SWEET. Everyday fare can easily be turned into a meal to remember by serving a luscious dessert. Try this one. Place slices of sponge or plain cake in the bottom of individual

sweet dishes. Sprinkle with sherry or port wine and top with a spoonful of chopped canned pears. Pile a generous amount of whipped cream over the pears and sprinkle over some crushed peanut brittle. So simple—yet so delicious!

DIETITIANS SAY . . . "You need a serve of fruit, daily". And there are no calorie worries. Compare a 2 oz. serve of canned fruit, containing 73 calories, with, say, 2 oz. of steamed pudding — 400 calories!

PEAR GINGERBREAD SQUARES

INGREDIENTS: 1 can pears, drained; ½ cup pear syrup for sauce; 2 oz. butter or substitute; 2 oz. brown sugar; 2 tablespoons golden syrup; 1 egg; ½ cup milk; 5 oz. flour; ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda; 1 dessertspoon ginger; ½ teaspoon spice; 2 dessertspoons lemon juice; whipped sweetened cream.

Lemon Sauce: ¼ cup sugar; 1 teaspoon cornflour; ½ cup pear syrup; grated rind ½ lemon; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; 1 dessertspoon butter.

METHOD: Sift flour, ginger, spice and soda into a basin; rub in butter. Add sugar. Beat egg, add syrup and milk, pour into flour, mix quickly and lightly. Place pears in base of a greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle over lemon juice. Pour gingerbread mixture over, bake in very moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Cut into squares, decorate with cream and serve with lemon sauce. **Lemon Sauce:** Blend sugar and cornflour with pear syrup, stir until boiling, cook 3 minutes. Add lemon rind and juice, add butter; mix well. Serve hot or cold.



Easy! open a can of perfect pears



PEAR SURPRISE

INGREDIENTS: 1 can pear halves, rounds of sponge cake, sherry, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar. (Loaf sugar, lemon essence.)

METHOD: Drain pears. Cut sponge cake for the number of persons to serve, sprinkle with sherry. Place 1 pear half on each round of sponge. Make meringue by beating egg-white until stiff and gradually add the sugar and beat until smooth. Pipe meringue round base of pears. Place under grill until lightly brown. Place in individual dishes. Top with loaf sugar soaked in lemon essence and set this alight and serve immediately.

IT'S LIKE OWNING AN ORCHARD!
All the sunny, golden goodness of fruit fresh from the tree is yours — any time you want it! Just open a can. No work, no mess, no waste. And, mmm . . . just taste that healthy freshness! It's sealed into every can by pressure-cooking. You'll really enjoy making desserts like these with canned fruits. Pick up an extra can on every shopping trip.

For goodness' sake eat more canned fruit



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4 DOZEN DESSERTS

● This four-page feature of easy-to-make summer desserts is divided into four sections, and is designed to help the housewife who is busy with her Christmas preparations and shopping.

There are quickly made desserts; others to make well ahead of serving time; light desserts to follow a substantial first course; and substantial desserts to end a light meal such as a summer salad.

Prepared in next-to-no-time

RECIPES on this page take only a few minutes to prepare and can be cooking or chilling while the first course is being eaten.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes in this feature.

MERINGUE CARAMEL

Three-quarters pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, 2½ tablespoons water, 4 tablespoons sugar for caramel, 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue, vanilla essence to taste.

Caramelize 4 tablespoons sugar with 1 dessertspoon water. Add remainder of water, boil until caramel is dissolved. Add milk, beat. Separate eggs. Beat yolks with 2 tablespoons sugar. Add hot milk and caramel mixture, pour on to breadcrumbs. Flavor with vanilla. Pour into individual ovenproof dishes. Make meringue with egg-whites and sugar. Place spoonfuls or pipe in rosettes over custard mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes or until set. Serves 4 to 6.

PINEAPPLE VARIETY WHIP

Half cup pineapple cordial, ½ cup water, 1 cup marshmallows, 1 cup whipped cream, ½ cup dates, ½ cup coconut, ½ cup cake or biscuit crumbs, ½ teaspoon gelatine, maraschino cherries, walnuts.

Mix together pineapple cordial and quartered marshmallows. Add coconut, cake or biscuit crumbs, chopped dates. Lastly stir in gelatine dissolved in water and whipped cream. Chill in refrigerator while savory course is being eaten. Serve topped with maraschino cherries, walnuts. Serves 4 to 6.

NUTTY PRUNE WHIP

One and a half cups cooked prunes, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 egg-white, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup crushed, drained pineapple, 1 cup cream.

Combine prunes, cinnamon, and walnuts in bowl. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually adding half the sugar. Fold prune mixture into this. Blend remaining sugar with pineapple, then fold in whipped cream. Combine the 2 mixtures, then chill in refrigerator. Serve in parfait glasses. Serves 4 to 6.

BANAPPLE CUPS

Twelve thin slices fresh bread, melted butter or substitute, 1 cup cooked apple pulp, 3 bananas, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, squeeze lemon juice.

Brush fresh bread with melted shortening, press into greased muffin-tins. Place spoonful of apple pulp in each top with sliced bananas and sprinkling of brown sugar. Squeeze lemon juice on top of each, bake in slow oven 20 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

COUNTY JUNKET

One pint milk, 1 junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon rum or brandy, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Soften junket tablet in 1 teaspoon cold water. Mix brandy, sugar, cinnamon. Pour on to this the lukewarm milk, add junket. Stir well, set in individual glass dishes. Chill while first course is being eaten, decorate with whipped cream and fresh fruit in season. Serves 4 to 6.

APRICOT FOAM

One tablespoon flour, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, rind and juice 1 large lemon, 1 cup apricot pulp, 1 cup sugar, whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Blend flour and sugar with half the water. Soften gelatine with remaining water, boil the 2 mixtures with lemon juice 3 minutes. Add lemon rind and apricot pulp; allow to cool. Whisk until it thickens and sets. Serve garnished with whipped cream and chopped walnuts or toasted almonds. Serves 4 to 6.

ROSE SUNDAES

One pound rhubarb, ½ cup water, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, whites of 2 eggs, few drops each pink coloring and vanilla essence.

Cut rhubarb into dice-sized pieces, cook in water until tender. Add sugar. Blend cornflour in little extra cold water, stir in slowly. Cook few minutes, then allow to cool. Shortly before serving, whip egg-whites stiffly. Add coloring and vanilla to rhubarb, then fold in egg-whites. Pile into individual serving-dishes. Add cherry or any pink-colored fresh fruit as top garnish. Serves 4 to 6.

PEARS PARFAIT

Four pears, 2 tablespoons strawberry jam, 1 tablespoon brandy or water, ½ pint cream, juice 1 lemon.

Peel, core, and halve pears, place in deep glasses. Squeeze lemon juice over each to prevent browning. Mix strawberry jam with brandy and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Pour over pears. Top with whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

SPICE FRUIT TARTLETS

Six slices fresh bread, 6 apples, 3 teaspoons sugar, 3 cloves, 4 tablespoons water, dash of cinnamon or nutmeg, 3 tablespoons melted butter or substitute.

Remove crusts from bread, press slices into greased patty-tins. Brush with melted butter, bake in hot oven until crisp and brown. Peel, core, and slice apples. Make syrup of the sugar and water, add apples, cloves; simmer until tender. Remove patty-cases from oven, fill with apple sauce, sprinkle with cinnamon. Serve immediately with boiled custard. Serves 4 to 6.

PASSIONFRUIT LEMON CREAM

Two tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons passionfruit pulp, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add lemon rind and juices, passionfruit pulp. Beat egg-yolks well, mix with milk, add to butter and sugar alternately with flour. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into well-greased ovenproof dish, stand in another dish of water and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Serves 4 to 6.

GRAPEFRUIT SPECIALE

One cup fruit juice, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup wine, 6 grapefruit halves, glace cherries or mint leaves for garnishing.

Simmer fruit juice and sugar until it becomes of medium thickness. After syrup has cooled, add wine. Cover top of half grapefruit with syrup, decorate with half cherry or mint leaves. Serves 4 to 6.

SNOW CASKETS: Leftover sponge or chocolate cake can be used as the basis for this attractive dessert. Recipe is in color section overleaf.

COUPE DERBY

For each serving allow: One scoop ice-cream, 12 melon balls soaked in sweet white wine, 1 dessertspoon curacao, 1 dessertspoon shaved toasted almonds.

Put ice-cream into stemmed serving-glasses. Top with wine-soaked melon balls. Sprinkle with curacao, then shaved toasted almonds. Serve at once.

GRILLED BANANAS IN SHERRY

Four to 6 bananas, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon sherry or lemon juice, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, pinch salt, 1 tray ice-cream.

Peel bananas, cut into 1 in. slices, place in buttered pan. Dot with butter, sprinkle with salt, brown sugar, sherry. Grill until soft and golden-brown. Serve hot with ice-cream. Serves 4 to 6.

SWEET APPLE FLUFF

Crumb Crust: One and a half cups biscuit crumbs, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 4 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar.

Combine biscuit crumbs, cinnamon, and sugar in basin, add melted butter, stir until well mixed. Press three-quarters of mixture into greased dish. Prepare apple mixture.

Apple Layer: Three eggs, 1 can sweetened condensed milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 cups sweetened apple pulp, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons chopped brazil nuts (optional), ½ teaspoon salt.

Beat egg-yolks until thick, stir in condensed milk, lemon rind and juice, apple pulp, vanilla, nuts. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, fold into apple mixture. Fill mixture into prepared dish. Sprinkle remaining crumbs over top. Bake in a moderate oven until set. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

TROPICAL FOAM: An attractive dessert based on papaw, evaporated milk. See color section overleaf.

4 DOZEN DESSERTS

..... continued



MARSHMALLOW ROSE: A luscious special-occasion dessert which can be prepared ahead of time for your next party. Recipe at right.



MERINGUE CARAMEL: A simple but popular dessert which appeals to all tastes and would be ideal after a main-course dish which is hot and spicy. See previous page.

To make beforehand

● Desserts which can be prepared hours or even a day before they are needed are a boon to the housewife who does not have a great deal of time to spare before the evening meal.

MARSHMALLOW ROSE

One and a half cups pineapple pieces (canned or fresh), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned or fresh cherries, 1 cup peach slices (drained), 1 cup strawberries (halved and hulled), whole strawberries to garnish, 3 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon vinegar, pinch salt, 1oz. butter, 1 cup chopped marshmallows (bought or home-made), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped).

Drain pineapple, reserve 2 tablespoons syrup. Drain cherries. Place in top half double saucepan the egg-yolks (slightly beaten), reserved pineapple syrup, vinegar, sugar, milk, salt, butter. Place over hot (not boiling) water; cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly (this takes 12 minutes). Cool to room temperature. Combine well-drained pineapple, cherries, peaches, strawberries, marshmallows. Pour cooled custard over, mix gently. Fold in whipped cream. Fill into serving-bowl. Cover, chill 24 hours. Garnish with whole strawberries. Serves 6 to 8.

SUGAR PEACHES WITH CUSTARD

Eight to 12 small peaches, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 4 dessertspoons butter.

Make syrup of water, sugar. Add butter, nutmeg. Add peeled whole peaches. Cook over low heat until peaches are tender, using tightly fitting lid on saucepan.

Butterscotch Custard: Two cups milk, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, few drops caramel, few drops vanilla.

Heat milk, stir in cornflour blended with little cold milk. Bring to boil, stirring well. Simmer 5 minutes. Cool slightly, add beaten eggs. Cook over low heat or over boiling water until custard coats spoon. Add sugar, caramel, vanilla. Serves 4 to 6.

SUNNY TREASURE

One pint boiled custard, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 4 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 pint clear pineapple jelly, 1 cup fruit salad (bananas, passionfruit).

Soften and dissolve gelatine in water. Add to custard and fresh cream, whisking well. Set half custard mixture in bottom of wetted mould. Make pineapple jelly, set half in shallow dish for garnishing. Pour remaining jelly in layer on top of custard. When nearly set, scoop out long groove from centre of jelly. Mix this jelly with fruit salad, replace in hollow; allow to set. Pour remaining custard mixture over top; chill until firm in refrigerator. Unmould on large glass dish, garnish with pineapple slices, sprigs of mint. Decorate with chopped jelly, whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

RHUBARB AND RAISIN MOULD

Half cup seeded raisins, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold water, 2 cups rhubarb (chopped), 1 cup sugar, 1 orange (rind and juice), 2 dessertspoons gelatine, coloring if required.

Soak raisins in 1 cup cold water. Cook gently over low heat until very soft. Remove raisins, add rhubarb, sugar, orange rind and juice to remaining liquid. Cook until rhubarb is tender. Measure liquid and add, if necessary, enough water to make 2 cups. Soak gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, dissolve over boiling water. Add to rhubarb mixture. Cool; when commencing to set, add raisins; color if desired. Pour into wetted mould; chill in refrigerator. Unmould, serve with cream. Serves 4 to 6.

BISCUIT TORTONI

Two cups dried crushed macaroon crumbs, 2-3rds cup sherry, 2 cups cream, 1 cup sugar.

Soak macaroon crumbs in sherry 1 hour. Whip cream, adding sugar a little at a time while beating. Fold in macaroon mixture. Freeze without stirring in freezing-tray of refrigerator. Serves 4 to 6.

TROPICAL AMBROSIA

One large can tropical fruit salad, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, strawberries, strawberry syrup.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil steadily 10 minutes.

Allow to cool. Add lemon juice, vanilla, lemon rind. Beat until white and thick enough to hold its shape. Spoon fruit salad into serving-glasses, top with heaped spoonful of cold marshmallow. Chill until marshmallow is set. Decorate with strawberries and strawberry syrup or fresh whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

FRUIT SUNDAE

Quarter pound stoned dates, 4 or 6 chopped canned peaches, 3 tablespoons sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. figs, 1 tablespoon peach syrup, 1 pint prepared vanilla custard, lemon juice, whipped cream, extra dates or cherries.

Place chopped dates and figs in saucepan with sufficient water to cover. Cook gently until soft, turn out on enamel plate to cool. Add squeeze of lemon juice, peaches, and syrup; chill. Divide among 4 or 6 sundae glasses or sweets dishes, sprinkle each with sherry. Pour thin layer of custard over each, decorate with whipped cream and half stoned date or cherry.

PEACH COFFEE CREME

One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold strong coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 8oz. cream cheese, 2 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.

Soften gelatine in half the coffee; add boiling water, stir until gelatine is dissolved, add remainder of coffee. Beat cream cheese until soft, add to gelatine mixture. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, continue beating until mixture stands in peaks. Fold into coffee mixture. Pile into mould; chill. Unmould, serve with spiced peaches. Serves 4 to 6.

Spiced Peaches: Canned peach halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peach syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1-8th teaspoon nutmeg.

Place peach syrup, cinnamon, and nutmeg in saucepan, bring to boil. Pour over peach halves; chill.

ROCKMELON MOUSSE

Half pound marshmallows, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cream or substitute, 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups mashed rockmelon pulp, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, nuts, cherries.

Place chopped marshmallows and milk in basin over hot water (or in top half of double saucepan). Stir until melted and well mixed, but avoid overheating. Allow to become cold. Turn into refrigerator trays, freeze until just firm. Return to basin, beat until smooth. Fold in rockmelon mixed with lemon juice, then whipped cream. Return to trays, freeze until firm. Serve in tall glasses, decorate with nuts and cherries. Serves 4 to 6.

CHOCOLATE POMPADOUR

Half cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 2 beaten egg-yolks, 1 beaten egg, 2 cups milk (scalded), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Combine sugar, flour, salt, egg-yolks, and whole egg. Add small amount milk, blend. Stir in remaining milk. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly. Cool and add vanilla. Pour into sherbet glasses; chill. Top with chocolate fluff. Serves 4 to 6.

Chocolate Fluff: Half cup icing-sugar, 2 egg-whites (stiffly beaten), 1oz. unsweetened chocolate (melted), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1-8th teaspoon salt.

Beat icing-sugar and egg-whites together until stiff. Slowly add melted chocolate, vanilla, and salt; chill.

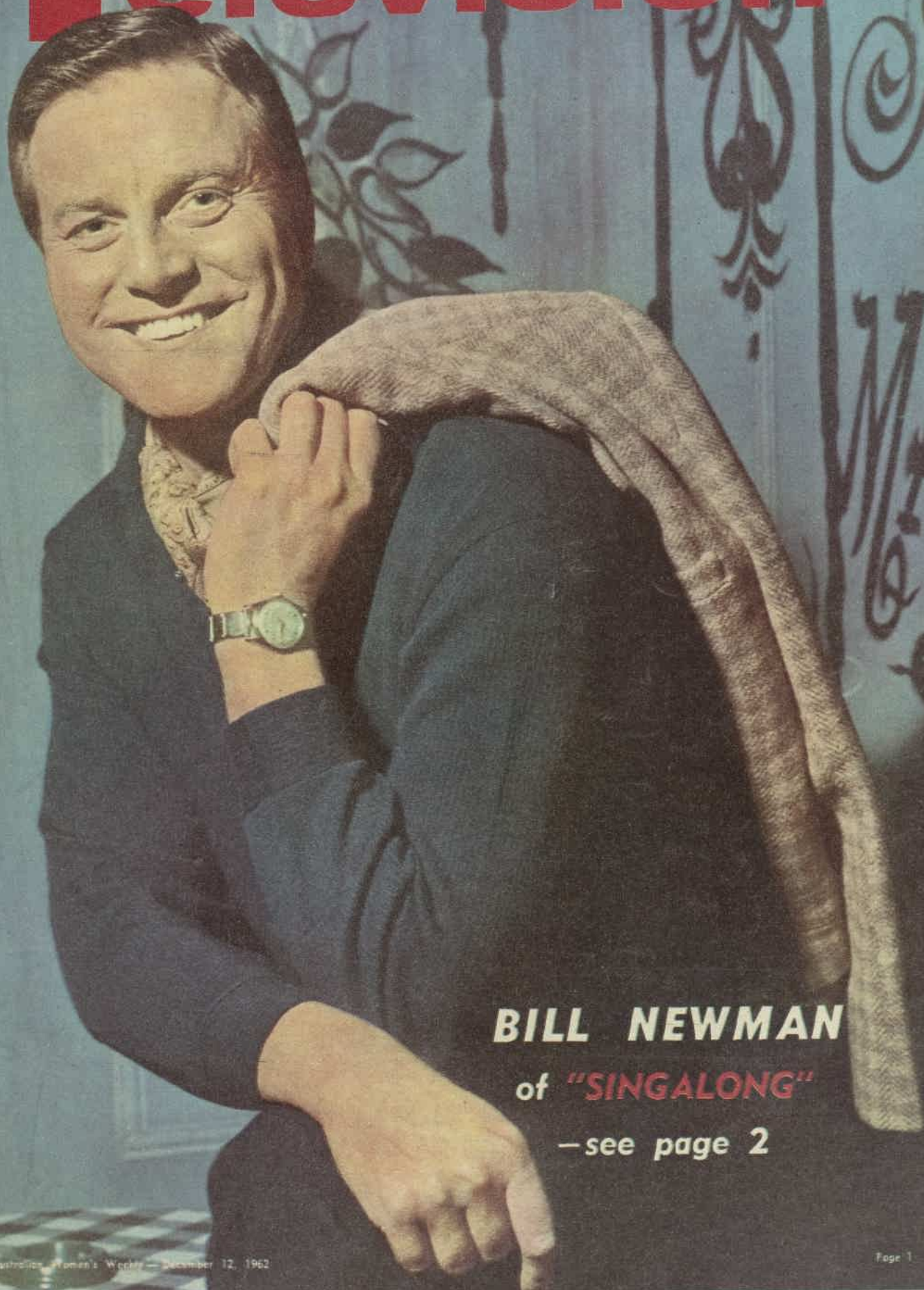
ALMOND TOFFEE CREAM

Four ounces almonds, 8oz. loaf sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine, 2 dessertspoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint semi-whipped cream, extra cream and almonds to decorate.

Blanch and dry almonds. Put sugar, water, lemon juice in saucepan; cook until pale amber color. Add almonds, cook few minutes longer, turn on plate to cool. Then break up into small pieces. Warm milk, add beaten egg-yolks and sugar. Cook as for custard. Cool, add gelatine dissolved in little extra water. When mixture begins to set, fold in whipped cream and powdered almond toffee. Chill in wetted mould in refrigerator. Turn on glass dish, garnish with cream and almonds. Serves 4 to 6.

Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



BILL NEWMAN

of **"SINGALONG"**

—see page 2

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this. Spread little whipped cream in hollow of meringue, fill with prepared strawberries. Serves 4 to 6.

spoon into individual dishes, top with passion-fruit pulp. Serve with wafer biscuits. Serves 4 to 6.

whites. Put in wetted mould, allow to set. Turn out, garnish with almonds and whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

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By DAWN JAMES

● The Newman women, from left: Debbie (holding Julie), Lynne, Eunice, Jenny. Oh, and Bill's there, too.

● Once upon a time there was an old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children that life was a bit difficult . . .



Life with the Newmans

BILL NEWMAN, compere of Australia's TV "Singalong," is a young man who doesn't have the too-many-children problem. But he lives in a shoe — no, sorry, a house with so many women that . . . he has no difficulty in managing at all.

There are five women, to be exact, in Bill Newman's life: his pretty wife—Eunice Beyege, presentation announcer at TCN9, the Sydney channel that produces "Singalong"—their three daughters, Jenny (7), Debbie (4), and Lynne (2).

... And Julie (four months), a tiny silky terrier who submits to being carted round by the three little Newmans with resigned good humor.

Bill and the harem moved into their house in the Sydney suburb of Dover Heights about six months ago. He and Eunice have enthusiastic renovating and rebuilding plans ("a patio here, knock that wall down . . .") when the younger members of the family aren't so interested in scribbling on the handiest wall.

The house is perched high on a hill. Clambering up to visit the Newmans for the first time you begin to hope (quite fervently) by the 40th step that you're at the right place.

Staff photographer Ron Berg

and I arrived, puffing slightly, to be greeted at the front door by "I'm Jenny, she's Debbie, and that's Lynne. Hello. Mummy and Daddy are coming."

"Hello," we said.

When Mummy and Daddy came, Ron proceeded to have a go at taking the picture on this page, which was harder than it looks.

Busy household

Bill was taping one of his radio shows being broadcast at the time. Eunice was comforting Lynne (who'd tripped over Julie, who scuttled off and hid under a bush), Jenny was wondering aloud about school (she's up to running writing next year). Debbie was conducting a determined conversation with me:

"Will you play dominoes with me?"

"Yes."

"How do you play dominoes?"

"Oh, well, uh . . . can you count, Debbie?"

"Count?"

"You know, one, two, three, four, five, six . . ."

"Oh. Nooooooooo."

There was a slight delay here while we built a farmhouse out of the dominoes. It seemed to be the next best thing.

Pictures finished, Jenny and Debbie left for school and Ron collapsed into a big easy-chair with Julie stretched out on his knees. She snored happily.

Lynne gazed at the puppy. "Julie rattling," she said with scientific interest. Then she yawned herself and went off to have a morning siesta.

Eunice began making some coffee and talking about Life with the Newmans.

She and Bill have been married for eight years; they met when they were both in the cast of "South Pacific" during its Australian run.

Bill later appeared in "Can Can." "We have two 'Can Can' babies," remarked Eunice. "Jenny was born in the first week of the Melbourne season and Debbie in the last week of the Sydney run."

All the time the Newmans were saving hard, and early in 1959 they set sail for England.

"We'd saved enough to stay there for 12 months, not working, so that we could look round, and if there wasn't any work, well, that was all right," said Eunice.

In England they blithely got off the ship and into a taxi—Bill, Eunice, Jenny (then a three-year-old), Debbie (seven months), and 20 pieces of luggage—and began looking for somewhere to live.

"It's much harder with children, and we didn't know anyone," said Eunice, "so we spent the whole morning going from hotel to hotel."

"We ended up in a room at Euston—with two beds for the four of us."

Finally they found a flat in the elegant Eccleston Mews, near Eaton Square in London. "It was twice as much as we wanted to pay, but we thought, well, we'll just stay six months instead of 12. Oh, but the Mews were wonderful," said Eunice nostalgically.

"And our neighbors! We had the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Chandos and Michael Wilding. Dear old Mike. He helped me find Jenny when she was lost one day."

"We wrote home and told my father all about the flat we'd found and how the Mews were converted stables and Dad wrote back to Bill and said couldn't he find anything better than stables for his daughter and granddaughters to live in."

"Bill had to think about work, too, and finding an agent. It's terribly hard; what you've done in Australia just doesn't count."

"So Bill walked and walked and flogged his photos and Press cuttings and he found an agent. A month after we arrived he'd signed a contract with the B.B.C."

"But his first job wasn't for six months, so we had to fill in that time looking at ourselves and the sights."

Became compere

The Newmans stayed in England till a combination of circumstances brought them home to Australia early this year.

"There was the Actors' Equity strike and Jenny was sick and the lease on our flat had expired. We thought, 'we'll have to settle down somewhere and the children have to go to school.' So we packed up and came home."

Home again, Bill became one of the featured singers in "Singalong" when it began last April.

In October he took over as compere when Leonard Teale left to rejoin the cast of the "Mobil-Limb Show." Bill's also

doing a weekly radio show for the A.B.C. and has been making guest appearances in ABN2's "Lorrae Desmond Show."

Eunice, who took up her modelling career again in Britain (till Lynne was born), has given all that away and, apart from her presentation announcing, she's "being a housewife."

Judging by the cakes she didn't have to force on Ron and me, she's a good cook, too.

So I practically refuse to believe all the stories—told by both Newmans, with considerable relish—about the early battles Eunice had with the oven. When she lost . . .

Table was door

Like the time she carefully stuffed a chicken, put it in the oven, cooked it—and then tried to sew it up. Or the time she set the turkey on fire. Or the time she baked a cake which rose magnificently and then—"Bill and I just watched while it SANK and all the middle oozed out."

While Eunice is cooking and housekeeping these days, Bill—in his spare time—is being a handy handyman.

Proudly, Eunice showed us their dining table: a smart, black-lacquered job with gold-tipped round legs.

"Bill made it," she said, "out of a door."

"When we moved in here, we didn't need one of the inside doors. So Bill took it down and sawed off the top panel (he made a coffee table out of that) and we bought some legs and painted it . . . look, you can see it was a door."

You can, indeed. Underneath the table, to convince any sceptics, the key is still in place.

Visiting the Newmans, in fact, could never be described as dull. If you aren't looking at door-tables or playing with the kids, you're enveloped in a flow of effervescent talk about everything in general or nothing in particular.

Bill and Eunice say, and they are obviously sincere, that being a happy and contented family is more important than anything else, money included. They're first-class examples of people who do practise what they preach.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said as she talked over the backyard fence (which beats any modern form of communication yet discovered): That the man who lived down the block got tipsy and didn't come home to his wife for two days, the little boy who lived next door while looking for his ball tramped down three rows of a neighbor's best tomato plants, Mrs. Jones, who liked to talk on the phone, was talking to her best friend and forgot the dinner in the oven. It consequently was burnt to a crisp, and then she showed up the next day at the supermarket with a black eye, to which mother replied, "Well, dear, nobody's perfect."

Momma's moral: The only people who are perfect are bachelors' wives and old maids' children . . .

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 12, 1962

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**THE NEW
PRESLEY
— page 2**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Essential subjects for girls

SHORTHAND and typing should be compulsory subjects for girls at all secondary schools. As a Leaving Certificate student last year, I had to apply for a job with no qualifications except a pass in the Leaving, and girls who had shorthand and typing instruction at school were given preference over me.

Even prospective university and teachers' college students would benefit from shorthand and typing — think what a boon this would be for taking and copying out lecture notes.

Most girls find they have to have some knowledge of these subjects with almost every job. What a lot of time would be saved if they were covered at school. — S. Bustamente, West Ryde, N.S.W.

Beards for boys

I AM 18 and have started to grow a beard. This distresses my parents, as they consider it makes me look scruffy and unkempt, and they feel it is better to present a well-groomed appearance to the world.

While realising their anxiety is for my welfare and not intended to be interfering, I feel I should take a firm stand on what I regard as a personal matter.

Am I right? What do others think of boys with beards? — "Right or Wrong?" Geelong, Vic.

Glamor wives

PARENTS who want their daughters to marry well socially should not oppose their entry into the glamor professions, because many professional men choose their wives from these circles rather than from among their female professional colleagues.

A glamor girl isn't necessarily a nitwit. A good basic education and training in social graces enable a girl to set up as a socially acceptable wife, a greater asset to a professional man than a knowledgeable know-all. — "Glamor Puss," Geelong, Vic.

Next week

• Our cover girl next week is a most unusual one—a crack rifle shot who recently beat 170 men in a big competition, and she's only 17! ALSO, for girls keen to be in the latest fashion we show six holiday frocks, each priced at less than £10.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Presley grows up

OUR COVER shows Elvis Presley with his two co-stars in the Paramount release "Girls! Girls! Girls!" On his left is Stella Stevens; on his right Laurel Goodwin, who is making her film debut.

In this film you'll see the new grown-up Elvis. He has shaved off his side-locks, become more conservative in his dressing, and is showing that he has a fine straight singing voice. His 14 songs include romantic ballads and folk songs.

Dream over

ARE you a dreamer? I once was. I'd sit and dream while the world whizzed by until I realised I was left alone with my dreams while my friends went out.

My dream world suddenly crashed about me and I woke up! Now I am no longer left with a fading dream, because I have realised dreaming is no substitute for reality.

So, if you're a dreamer, WAKE UP! — J.N., Albury, N.S.W.

Armchair travel

DURING the past few months my brother has written to tourist agencies all over the world, obtaining maps and information about various towns and countries.

It is very interesting to read all this literature, and although he is not going overseas for years yet he will have a very good knowledge when he does. — "Wanderer," Camp Hill, Qld.

Boy-shy

I AM a young girl who is fairly popular with both sexes. When talking to girls I talk freely and interestingly, but when I talk to boys I can never find anything interesting to talk about.

I feel shy and awkward. This has only happened recently, and could anyone please help me? — "Dumb," Mitcham, S.A.

Bike holiday

I COMPLETELY agree with Alexander Frazer (T.W., 7/11/62) about going around and seeing Australia. Earlier this year two 18-year-old friends and I flew to Tasmania and rode our bicycles from Launceston to Hobart via the Lake Highway.

We rode through some beautiful country, including the rugged Great Divide, which reached a height of over 4000 feet, and for most of the way up we had to get off and push our bikes.

On four occasions people gave us a lift in a truck or bus (bikes and all) and drove us for a few miles.

Along the way we were shown over the Hydro Electricity Station at Lake Echo. Later tours of inspection included the ruins at Port Arthur and a trip to a chocolate factory.

We spent a fortnight doing this, living well but cheaply, and thoroughly enjoyed seeing one of Australia's most scenic places. — Ian Benparath, Clayton, Vic.

Speaking ill

"LET no one speak ill of the absent" is a good rule which we have all been guilty of breaking at some time or another.

Each time you begin to criticise someone, ask yourself these questions: Am I justified to speak ill? Do I know the circumstances clearly? Am I just looking for some idle gossip?



Am I so infallible that I have the right to speak ill of him?

You will fail often, but as time goes on you can break yourself of this habit, and by doing so you will make a lot more friends who can trust you in their absence. — Margaret Owens, Clovelly, N.S.W.

Teen libraries

MOST libraries have one section for young children and another for adults. I am sure libraries would become much more popular if a section was devoted entirely to teenagers.

It is really tiring spending hours going through dozens of adult books to find one suitable.

Parents would also feel much happier about the books chosen by their teenage children if they

knew that libraries selected them as suitable. — Veronica Lewinski, Hobart.

Homework

THE dictionary defines "holiday" as a "period of cessation from work," so school holidays should be a break from schoolwork, a time for going out and enjoying yourself.

However, many teachers think a holiday is a good opportunity to pile on extra homework.

Homework is definitely a necessity, but a holiday is a holiday, after all. I know that if I was not tied down with homework during the holidays I would return to school looking forward to hard work once again. — "Overworked," Earlwood, N.S.W.

Weak links in chain letters

• R. Rogers (T.W., 17/10/62) said his mother would not let him join in chain letters because they were "a waste of time and money." Most readers agree; here are some of their experiences:

IT is not worth the effort of joining in these chain letters. I received one last year saying how I would receive 24 recipes if I kept the chain going.

I did my part and I know two out of four of my friends did theirs, but that's about as far as it went. I didn't receive any recipes and neither did they. My advice is to take your mother's advice. — K. Fielding, Elwood, Vic.

I HAVE received several chain letters in the past, too. The first one promised a collection of postcards in the future. I answered, sending a postcard as required, but long as I waited I didn't receive any in return myself. After that my enthusiasm waned, and now I do not join in chain letters any more. — N. Givalski, Clayfield, Qld.

IF you are interested in obtaining postcards, it would be better to take up writing to penfriends, who are usually willing to send them in return for those sent by you. — Mrs. V. Hodges, Yenda, N.S.W.

I RECEIVED a series of chain letters asking to send postcards or tea-towels. I did so, expecting to receive 36 of each. But none arrived. I agree that chain letters are a waste of both time and money. — Pauline Trappell, Heather Brae, N.S.W.

THE first time I joined in a chain letter I received four postcards when I was supposed to receive 1000. The second time I received none. Ever since I have returned them. — Christine McDougall, Beaumaris, Vic.

WHEN a friend asked me if I would join the chain letters, I felt doubtful, but now I am glad. I sent one postcard and received many from Canada and from other parts of Australia.

Interesting letters accompanied most postcards and resulted in my obtaining many penfriends in Canada.

If you don't join, you will be missing out on a lot of fun. — Nancy Learoyd, Clayfield, Qld.

THERE is no harm in chain letters and it is fun and not expensive to join in.

Once I received a lovely pair of white daisy earrings and my mother once received a tea-towel through such letters. Even if you receive nothing or hear nothing more from your letters, it is fun to keep the chain going. — M.P., Whyalla, S.A.

At 14 he has his own museum

By KERRY YATES

● When Ian Nash last year was given an ancient flintlock pistol and the key to an old oak chest which had been in his family for five generations, he began an unusual hobby — collecting antiques.

A SYDNEY schoolboy, Ian is now 14 and has a whole room in his Punch-bowl home just to display his collection.

Painted boldly on the door of the room is the word "MUSEUM" and a notice which reads: "Strictly no smoking allowed!—by order of the manager, Ian Nash."

Ian has redecorated the room and it really looks like a miniature museum.

He made special display-cases for his most prized items by cutting the doors, sides, and tops out of old cupboards and replacing these with glass.

"To save buying glass," said Ian, "I scraped the mercury off the back of all the old mirrors I could find."

He has built wooden shelves around the walls and lined these with felt. Old photographs and paintings hang on the walls.

On carefully printed cards he has recorded all the information he can get on every item in the collection.

The flintlock pistol which started all this was left to Ian by his grandmother. Made by Lacy of London in 1820, it originally belonged to his great-great-grandmother and has been in the family ever since.

After receiving the pistol, Ian stopped collecting rock-'n'-roll records and began to spend his pocket-money on old ornaments, papers, and books—anything, in fact, which was antique.

His mother helped by giving him the key to the old chest, stacked with family keepsakes of the past 160 years.

"It was terrific fun to be let loose in the past," said Ian, "and most of my collection comes from things packed away in that old chest."

"For the past year I've spent most of my spare time at weekends and after school sorting, cleaning, and displaying them and tracing their history."

"I've traced my family tree on my mother's side back five generations by questioning relations and friends, reading old letters I found in the chest, and by studying the inscriptions on the backs of old family photographs."

There were some old British newspapers in the chest, the oldest an 1827 issue of "The Edinburgh Gazetteer." These papers were brought to Australia by Ian's great-great-grandparents, who were early settlers in The Rocks, Sydney, now a crowded residential area at the southern end of the Harbor Bridge.

The nozzle of an old-fashioned powder-horn stands with his flintlock pistol. The pistol is a prize collector's piece, according to Sydney antique expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.

A leather bookmark, commemorating the marriage of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to Princess Alexandra of Denmark on March 10, 1863, is still in perfect condition.

One of the most interesting items is an early Edison, one



IAN NASH in the room he has turned into a museum to house his antiques and family heirlooms. At right, with some of his 200-year-old books.

of the first record-players ever made—in 1890. It can still be wound up to play a faint waltz tune.

Ian has about 130 pieces of glassware and crockery which are 80 to 90 years old.

"Kitchen glassware used to be very decorative," he said. "Some of the glass jars and bottles used to store pickled onions look like expensive perfume containers."

Apart from the family heirlooms, Ian is very proud of his book collection. "These I have gathered myself," he said, "by hunting around old Sydney bookstores. Most of them are more than 200 years old."

His oldest possession is a 1550 Psalm Book which he picked up in a Sydney bookshop for 4/- a few months ago.

"Experts have told me that the Psalm Book would probably bring only about 30/- on the Australian market," he said, "but it is very well preserved."

Dreaming of his future, Ian said, "I want to start my own museum, preferably in one of Sydney's old historic homes."



THE FLINTLOCK PISTOL, made in 1820, which inspired Ian to start his unusual hobby.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — December 12, 1962

FIVE

● Candy Hardy has chosen five delightful summer frocks for those holiday parties ahead. She has prepared easy-to-follow patterns for each one. The contrasting red-and-white (with a touch of blue) is terrific—you can, of course, choose your own colors.

No. 7754—White frock with red embroidered scalloped edge. Requires: 6½yds. 14in. to 18in. embroidered material (scalloped one side); 3yds. 36in. matching lining. Teenage sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 4/6.



No. 7757—Red frock with braid trim. Requires: 4yds. 36in. material; 1½yds. 18in. matching lining. Teenage sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

No. 7755—Red frock with white trimming. Requires: 3½yds. 36in. material; 2½yds. 8in. embroidered trimming; 2½yds. of matching backing. Teenage sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 4/6.



No. 7758—White frock with sailor collar and blue trimming. Requires: 4yds. 36in. material; 2½yds. ribbon; 10yds. navy braid for collar; 10yds. navy braid. Teenage sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

No. 7756—White frock with cherry embroidered and green scalloped edge. Requires: 3yds. 36in. border embroidered material with double scallop one side. Teenage sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 4/6.



7757

7758

HOW TO ORDER: Write to Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, clearly stating your name and address, size required, and number of the pattern. Enclose postal note for 4/6 for each pattern ordered. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

DRESSES FOR THE HOLIDAYS



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — December 12, 1962

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5

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lock with
ble trim-
4y. 6in.
ribbon or
1yd. 1/2yd.
32 34
1/4yd 4/6

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Parents are people

"WE are two average girls aged 16 who have what seems to be a very common problem. Before we start let us state that we love our parents dearly and wouldn't change for the world, but we find that because they are older than most parents of 16-year-olds they have old-fashioned ideas. Our parents are between 50 and 60, so naturally do not fully understand the problems confronting the teenagers of today. We are allowed to go out with boys, but we have to be home by 10.30 sharp. We think this is a little unreasonable for Saturday nights, which is the only night we're allowed out, anyway. If ever we bring boys home our parents completely ignore them and say as little as possible. This is very embarrassing for the boys and for us, and we wondered if you could tell us how to ask our parents to treat our friends

and us more as adults than children."

"Babs" and "Dell," S.A.
Teenagers often think they are more adult and worldly wise than their parents, but they're always wrong. Parents are people, just like teenagers, but there is one difference—they're wiser in experience and know from good hard fact what life is about.

Teenagers who are really clued-up watch their parents and learn as much as they can from them, obeying them cheerfully even when parents seem like regular old fogies.

When you're parents yourselves, and you, too, could be the middle-aged mothers of teenage children, you'll say, "I'd like to be 16 again and know then what I know now, and life would be so easy."

Your parents want you home at 10.30 because they love you and know what's best for you, and I think they're right.

As for treating you and your friends in a more adult way, you will have to behave as adults to warrant it, you know. Maturity means respect and politeness to your parents at all times. Give them this and in return they will realise you are gradually becoming adult.

Luv, luv, luv...

"WE are three 15-year-old girls desperately in love with a 22-year-old boy. He has taken each of us out and has told us all that he loves us, but can't make up his mind which one he really does love. Please do not ask us to forget him, as we have tried and failed. He has asked each of us to marry him and we have our parents' permission, but the only hold-up is that he can't make up his mind which one to choose."

"Three Damsels," Vic.
I can't imagine that you're serious, but suggest that you all read the "Judgment of Paris" in any mythology book. At least this will keep you out of mischief.

Farewell gift

"I HAVE some friends who are leaving Australia soon after Christmas and I was wondering if it would be correct to give them a small farewell gift, and if so what would be suitable. I am 15, my friends are a middle-aged couple and a son about my age. Also, could you please tell me if it is correct to shake hands with a person (male or female) the first time you meet, and, if so, is it correct to do it with your gloves on or off?"

"Etiquette," N.S.W.
Why not buy just one present for the whole family instead of three small presents? Get them something to remind them of Australia—something in Australian wood, a tray with Australian motifs on it, or ashtrays painted with a bush scene. A browse through the souvenir department of a big store will give you lots of ideas.

It is quite correct to shake hands when introduced to people, although

Beauty
in brief

YOUR POSTURE

TO have a good-looking figure you don't HAVE to be tall, slim, and long-legged in the model-girl way.

You may be of medium height and weight or even thickset with shortish legs and still look trim and shapely. You see, any one of these three general figure types comes under the heading of a "good figure" if you know your type and make the most of it.

But, tall, medium, or short, plump, thin, or "just right," good posture not only makes a good figure look better it really helps to correct small body defects.

For good posture your weight should be evenly distributed on both feet, your tummy tucked in, your abdomen supported by your hipbones. This keeps the stomach muscles from sagging forward and, at the same time, prevents a hollow back.

Walking can be treated as a postural beauty treatment, and, as advocated by all beauticians, "walk tall" with your head held UP.

Take strides in proper proportion to the length of your legs, walk from the hips rather than from the knees, with your feet straight and not turned out in a Chaplinesque way.

Once you have achieved good posture, you'll have a healthy and relaxed body.

— Carolyn Earle



not many Australian girls do. The Queen leaves her gloves on, so why not you?

Silly Sue

"I AM an 18-year-old girl who works in an insurance office full of men. I could have my choice of any of them, as nine out of the 10 are eligible bachelors, but I have fallen madly in love with the other man, who is married and has six children. He is smaller than me and going bald, but somehow I am attracted to him. I know we are destined for each other because my stars tell me so. Please don't think I am crazy, because this is the first time I have ever fallen in love and I know it will be the last. What can I do to let him know I love him?"

"Sweet Sue," Vic.
If you're not pulling my leg, you're being childish. Get yourself another job, preferably in an office full of women, and leave this poor man alone with his wife and children.

Wedding drama

"I AM 19 and have a girl-friend the same age who was married earlier this year. We have been very good friends for years and I was her bridesmaid — as we have promised each other for years. I did everything I could for her before the wedding, gave her a kitchen-tea and a wedding present and helped at the reception. Since then I have become engaged myself. My parents gave me a party and my girl-friend, her husband, and their relatives were asked. When they arrived they said they would wait and see what other gifts I received before deciding what to give my fiancé and myself. That was five months ago and still no gift has arrived. I am deeply hurt by this. Not because I didn't get a gift but because I did so much for them and they haven't given me some little thought in return. I have been making excuses to my parents, who are rather sour about this apparent slight. But my main problem is this. My girl-friend is expecting to be my matron-of-honor. She paid for my dress at her wedding, so I will have to pay for hers if I ask her to be in

my wedding party. My mother does not want her to be asked, and my sister will be bridesmaid, anyway. I would like your opinion. Should I ask my girl-friend to be my matron-of-honor, as I really would find it rather difficult to pay for her dress, but will it hurt her terribly to be left out?"

"Distressed," W.A.

As you've been good friends for years I think you should ask your girl-friend if she would still like to be your matron-of-honor. However, as she has been such a good friend and will understand, I think you should say that you really won't be able to afford to pay for her dress. If she can afford it and still wants to attend you, she'll be glad to accept. However, if she can't afford it, and perhaps doesn't want to, anyway, she can gracefully refuse.

Do try not to be hurt about the missing present. Perhaps they are planning to give you a special wedding present. Lots of people don't give engagement presents nowadays, and newly married couples often aren't able to afford them, no matter how much they'd like to.

What will I say?

"I AM 14 and like a boy two years my senior. He has a good personality, mixes well with boys, but is very shy with girls. At a school social he once said 'Hello' to me, but that's all. How can I start talking to him, as I'm sure he won't talk to me first? Please help me, because our school ball will be held soon and I want to know if he's going."

L.G., W.A.

Smile and say "Hello" whenever you see him. If he stops to talk, ask him about the beach or the summer holidays, then ask him, oh so casually, if he's going to the school dance, too.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

Unusual pop artist prefers to sing jazz

● The lanky, elegant looks of Danny Cole, plus his vocal styling, caused quite a bit of interest when he was singing on the old "Johnny O'Keefe Show," "Bryan Davies Show," and "Sing, Sing, Sing" just a while back.

SINCE then Danny has been out of town and away from TV, doing a three-month engagement at the southern N.S.W. town of Cooma, just down from the snow country.

Born in the Middle East and educated in England, he started off doing stage work with a singing quartet, then changed to singing solo in New Zealand, where he did some work for the N.Z. Broadcasting Commission before coming to settle in Australia early this year.

One of the big attractions about Australia, he told me, was its sunshine, for Danny just loves to soak it up.

Instead of accompanying himself on a guitar or piano when he's singing, Danny thumps away at a great big bass.

His other musical talents are a bit different, too. He specialises in Latin American instruments and bongos drums.

Though he sings commercial pop when that's what's wanted, Danny's a jazz singer by inclination and has only jazz singers in his record collection.

Favorite song? "Stella By Starlight"—he has five different versions.

LITTLE Carolyn Young gets her first taste of performing in a real theatre when she appears in a two-night stand of the "Melody Fair" musical spectacular at Sydney's Elizabethan Theatre on December 7 and 8.

Promising young singer Sandy Scott is also in the large cast headed by Dig Richards and Patty Markham. The lively Steeds are turning on the music.

Patty's new Festival single is "Hands Across The Sea," sung in a warm adult way and without gimmicks. There's probably more teen appeal in the country-style flip, "I'll Never Stand In Your Way," which is something quite different for Patty.

Local talent: If you've wondered what has been happening to John Chapman, the young doctor who composed a top-seller in "Southern Rora" among other things, he has been working on "Xmas Guitar," played by the Joy Boys on a Festival 45.

It's a simple little tune, cute, but no knock-out. The side

that really impressed me was lead guitarist Norm Day's dramatic "Oh, Those Flashing Eyes" on the flip.

AN old Doris Day number, "I Wanna Love You," has been dusted off and polished up and now is Judy Stone's Christmas single, backed by a track from her LP "Where Are You." (Festival.)

Pops: If you liked "Hawaii Tattoo" as well as I did, you'll be glad to hear that The Waikikis have made an EP, "Hawaii Tattoo" (Festival). The three numbers this dynamic new instrumental group play in addition to the title-tune are "Aloha Parade," "Song of the Islands," and "Waikiki Welcome."

POPULARITY of the Bossa Nova numbers and Bobby Rydell's "The Cha Cha Cha" are beginning to win some teenagers over to the Latin beat for the first time.

Numbers given a lively cha-cha treatment by the Enoch Light outfit on "Pertinent Percussion Cha Chas" include "Enjoy Yourself," "Travel Now, Pay Next Year," "The Night Is Young." This Command stereo LP is full of bright sound.

AS a show of versatility it would be hard to beat The Four Seasons' new Festival single, "Big Girls Don't Cry"—"Connie-o." They're the guys who went to the top with "Sherry" only a few months ago, and this time they do a trick high-register teenage job with "Girls," and slow down to show real feeling in the soft, cha-cha-backed "Connie-o."



DIG RICHARDS, who heads the cast in a stage show, "Melody Fair," this week.

ANYONE who likes to think back to last year will probably remember Jimmy Elledge and his first big hit, "Funny How Time Slips Away." Time has slipped away to the extent of Jimmy now being 18 and having his first LP, "Meet Jimmy Elledge" (R.C.A.).

Though he uses a high falsetto voice, Jimmy's singing manages to be warm and sincere. He's a real stylist, and gets a lot out of his phrasing. As a sample of what you'll hear, there's "Blue Moon," "A Golden Tear," "Send Me a Letter."

SONGS from his films of the 'thirties are sung by Bing Crosby on the Festival LP "Pocketful of Dreams." He's heard with the Jimmy Dorsey band in "In a Little Hula Heaven," the John Scott Trotter band in "The Moon Got in My Eyes," and with the Victor Young band in "Sweet is the Word for You."

Other tracks are with the Lani McIntire Hawaiians, and composer Johnny Mercer teams with Bing on one occasion. Interesting if you like to hear past greats in their prime.

THOSE with tastes toward a mature, well-sung romantic ballad will surely be pleased with Sergio Franchi's "Once" (R.C.A. 45). It's sung without any trace of accent, though on the flipside, the slightly Mediterranean-styled "I Mustn't Say I Love Her," Franchi takes a chorus in Italian.

THERE seems to be a run on South Sea Island music at the moment, and one of the discs likely to give lasting enjoyment is "The Best of Alfred Apaka, Vol. 2," with the Hawaiian Village Serenaders. Included in Apaka's songs are "Ebb Tide," "Bali Hai," and my old favorite, "Princess Poo-Poo-ly Has Plenty Papaya," one of the swaggiest numbers in the island idiom.

GIRL singer Skeeter Davis scored a big hit with her answer song, "My Last Date With You," a while back, and now she's out on an R.C.A. single with a sympathetic slow ballad that could do well for her again. It's "The End Of The World," and Skeeter handles it as though she knows what heartbreak's all about. The flip, "Somebody Loves You," has appeal, too.



DANNY COLE, who plays a bass as he sings.

PROTEIN-AGERS WEAKLY (AND WIG-LY)

● I see that an English girl was sacked recently for eating sandwiches in the office.

IT seems that the girl's boss had banned eating in the office because he reckoned the custom attracted mice and pigeons.

Now, I've never known a boss to put his foot down on a sandwich (perhaps that's a clumsy way of saying it), but I know the trouble eating in an office can cause.

Yes, if any one person hates a surreptitious sandwich more than that English boss it's the female office worker who's On A Diet!

Hell hath no fury like a woman who has to scorn food while others around her wallow in it.

While her strength lasts, a girl who is thick (and tired of it) and who goes on the exotic food of the dieter—everything's under glass (magnifying-glass!)—jealously bores the heck out of a normal consumer of cream-puffs or some other Forbidden Tutti-Frutti.

Like people trying to give up smoking, dieters make the mistake of talking a lot about their problem.

They give regular reports of how many pounds they've lost and are hurt when boys are either disinterested—or find the information hard to swallow.

These lasses ought to know that sylph-praise is no recommendation!

All in all, most damsels on diets have more heartburning than when they were straying from the straight and narrow.

Perhaps they'd be happier if they took the old advice: "Waist not, want not."

For all my fun-poking, of course, I admire the spirit of lasses who stick to starvation.

Shakespeare did, too. For he wrote, roughly, "A coward diets a thousand times, a brave (wo)man but once."

Which is food for thought—for any girl not on a diet, that is! ★ ★ ★

I ALSO see that a London wigmaker claims that many more men are wearing wigs.

Even teenage boys are wearing wigs, he says—for decoration as well as to cover premature baldness.

For poor teenagers there's apparently an instalment plan. You know the idea:

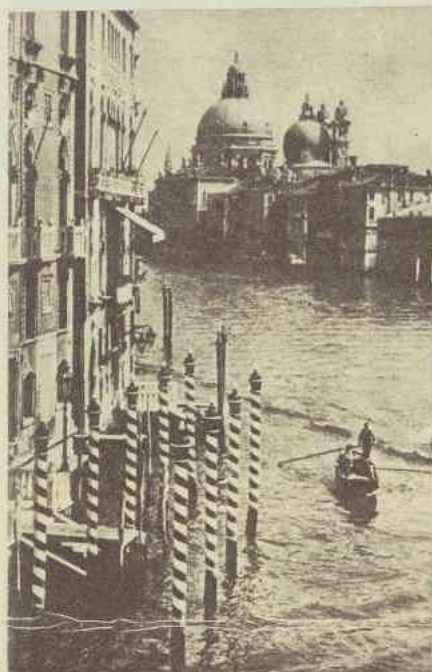
Low deposit and an (y)ear (to ear) toupee.

—Robin Adair

ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman

No. 22. BAROQUE



SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE Church, on the Grand Canal in Venice, is an example of early Baroque architecture. (From "Italy," by Martin Hurliman, Thames and Hudson.)

A new spirit of fun

DURING the whole of the Renaissance period architecture had been governed by very rigid rules, but by the middle of the 17th century a reaction against such discipline set in and many architects designed their buildings in a spirit of playfulness and even fun.

This was called the Baroque style of architecture, meaning irregularly shaped and whimsical.

Venice, the city on the water in Northern Italy, welcomed the Baroque, and it was in this style that architect Longhena designed, in 1631, the important church of Santa Maria della Salute alongside the Grand Canal.

The whole church is a dome surrounded by curly buttresses and carved figures that give the building



THE CURVED STAIRCASE of Fontainebleau Palace in Paris is a perfect example of the pompous Baroque style. (Photograph by Jean Roubier, in "Renaissance Europe," Batsford.)

the decorative and fanciful appearance so much liked at that period.

All this ornament has no purpose other than to attract the eye, and the resultant effect, if not very church-like, is, nevertheless, very striking.

At the same time as Santa Maria was being built in Venice the great palace of Fontainebleau in Paris was gaining an external staircase.

Although a simple flight of steps

would have been sufficient, architect Jacques Lemercier designed a pompous double stairway, which loops and curves up from the courtyard to the first floor.

Avoidance of the straight line and the use of as many curved lines as possible was the mark of the Baroque architect.

NEXT WEEK: A Baroque abbey in Switzerland.

TEENA by Linda Terry



JACK BENNY:



The genius behind the clown's mask

● Jack Benny, star of television, concert hall, radio, films, the Broadway stage, and vaudeville, is in his 13th consecutive season on television.

"THE Jack Benny Programme" is seen throughout the world each week, Benny having successfully met the challenge of those who warned him two seasons ago that a pure comedy show might not survive.

Benny has been a first-line performer longer than any other regularly active show-business figure, and for most of that time has encouraged a public image of himself as a self-loving cheapskate, an unspeakable violinist, and a harsh and demanding employer.

On the other hand, the private Benny is held by his friends to be an easy mark for other comedians, a fair-to-middling musician, a generous boss, and a big tipper who worries secretly about being considered a real-life skinflint.

Benny was born Benjamin Kubelsky, the first child of a moderately wealthy Waukegan, Illinois, merchant.

Waukegan is Benny's hometown but not his birthplace. He was born in Chicago, which Waukegan is near. Benny's hometown recently honored its favorite son by naming a new junior high school after him. Benny was guest of honor at its dedication.

Though Benny long has feigned ineptness on the violin, he actually was considered something of a child prodigy by his early teachers.

Musical ambition

Despite the fact that he gave up long ago the hope of becoming a first-class solo violinist, he still studies and practises with enthusiasm for the many benefit concerts he gives.

Had he not decided to go into vaudeville when he was young, Benny says he probably would have stuck it out with the violin and be playing today in some symphony orchestra.

"Isaac Stern told me once," the comedian recalls, "that I still have a perfect bow arm."

As for his concerts, Benny, being Benny, clowns around on stage a great deal. But when he puts bow to strings he is serious.

"Of course," says Benny, "the orchestra and the audience don't always realise it. But I play the best I can."

Benny has played in concerts with some of America's outstanding symphony orchestras. All have been for the benefit of the musicians themselves or for other music charities.

In 1959 the American Composers' Alliance recognised Benny's efforts by presenting him with its Laurel Leaf and a citation for the vast sum—more than £1,500,000 to date—he has raised for the cause of good music.

As a matter of fact, the violin was responsible for introducing Benny to show business. As a grammar-school youth he got a part-time job as an usher at the Barrison Theatre in Waukegan.

Then, encouraged by his music teacher, he applied for and won a place as violinist in the theatre orchestra.

Toured in teens

Benny continued during high school to play at the theatre, and he also joined the school orchestra.

In his middle teens Benny and Cora Salisbury, the Barrison Theatre pianist, put together an act and toured in vaudeville throughout Illinois and Wisconsin.

Later Benny—his violin still an important part of the act—joined a Chicago pianist, Lyman Woods, in an act which toured the United States and played in London.

The act broke up in the early days of World War I when Benny joined the Navy. He was assigned to a naval training centre, where he became a member of a servicemen's show which toured the American Midwest to raise funds for Navy relief.

This show was a turning point in Benny's career. In it he discovered he could entertain an audience without his violin and soon developed a comedy monologue which ultimately set the style for the opening of most of his television shows today. The violin became merely a prop.

Benny met his future wife, Mary Livingstone, in Los

Angeles while on tour with one of these musicals.

The scripts of many of Benny's radio and television shows are based on the fact that he actually did meet Mary at the May Company, a Los Angeles department store where she worked. They were married in Waukegan in January, 1927.

Left Hollywood

Benny left the musical company in 1920 to make a number of movies for M.G.M. But he became restless and impatient at the traditional holidays between pictures and left Hollywood to return to vaudeville and the New York musical stage.

Benny made his radio debut on Ed Sullivan's programme in March, 1932, after an introduction as "vaudeville headliner and master of ceremonies Jack Benny." His first words on radio were: "Hello, folks. This is Jack Benny. There will be a slight pause for everyone to say, 'Who cares?'"

Within a short time Benny developed his unique format, though to this day he insists his programme has no "format" as such.

Whatever it is, he established continuing characters and situations which have long-term comedy value.

Benny also was among the first to poke fun at commercials and was the first star comedian to play straight man to other characters on his show.

Explaining his willingness to accept the barbs of his supporting players, Benny says: "Who the audience laughs at doesn't matter, as long as the joke fits. The show itself is what counts. As long as people think the show is funny it doesn't matter to me who gets the punchlines."

That has been Jack Benny's philosophy down through the years. It hasn't failed him yet.

His television show has been nominated for the "Emmy" award by the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences during 11 of the past 12 years.

Benny himself has won "Emmys" as television's No. 1 comedian and for the best continuing performance by an actor. This seems to be proof of his motto: "The show is what counts."

No, Jack is NOT...



... A SKINFLINT. The 1916 Maxwell he drives is part of the act. He's really generous.



... A BACHELOR, as in his show. Mary Livingstone (above) has been his wife for many years.



... A BAD VIOLINIST. He has played with famous orchestras (above, with conductor Alfred Wallenstein).



... THIRTY-NINE! Here he is with his daughter and granddaughter.



"GUNSMOKE" STALWARTS

● Family portrait, "Gunsmoke" style: Doc (Milburn Stone), Kitty (Amanda Blake), and Chester (Dennis Weaver) have been working together for so long they feel almost like a real family—the popular TV Western series has been chronicling their Dodge City adventures with Marshal Dillon (James Arness) for nearly eight years in America and since TV began in Australia six years ago. Like a family, the "Gunsmoke" crew pitch in and help one another. For example, Milburn Stone is an expert amateur carpenter and made a lot of the furniture for Amanda Blake's ranch-type home (35 miles from Hollywood), where she lives happily with her three dogs and five cats. Talking admiringly about her furniture, Amanda says, "I had to make Mil take some money for his supplies; he just wouldn't think of taking anything for his work. The furniture he made would have cost many thousands of dollars to buy."



STRAWBERRY MARGUERITE: Easy to make but so glamorous to look at and luscious to eat. See recipe for this dessert overleaf. Picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

Light, airy, and delicious

● Light, airy sweets, perhaps with a slight tangy touch added, are most popular after a hot substantial main course or on humid summer days.

SNOW CASKETS

One sponge-cake layer (make in lamington-tin), grated rind 1 orange, pinch salt, good pinch cream of tartar, 4 egg-whites, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 box fresh or 1 packet frozen strawberries, sugar to taste, 1 to 2 tablespoons kirsch or other liqueur, ½ pint whipped sweetened cream.

With 3in. round cutter, cut 7 rounds from sponge cake. Carefully hollow out centres a little, sprinkle with orange rind. Arrange on greased oven-slide, well apart. Add salt, cream of tartar to egg-whites, beat stiffly, add sugar gradually, beat until dissolved. Carefully spread meringue round edges of cake, making fairly thick wall, and spread thin coating over tops. Pipe remaining meringue in border round each, bake in very slow oven 1 hour or until set. Allow to cool. Hull and wash strawberries, sweeten to taste, pour kirsch over, cover, and chill. To serve, spoon about 1 tablespoon liquid from strawberries on each serving-dish, put meringue-shell on this. Spread little whipped cream in hollow of meringue, fill with prepared strawberries. Serves 4 to 6.

PINE WAFER FREEZE

One cup unsweetened pineapple juice, ½ cup orange juice, dash of salt, 24 marshmallows (quartered), 1 cup cream (whipped), 20 vanilla wafers.

Combine fruit juices and salt; bring to boil. Add marshmallows, stir until dissolved; cool. Fold in whipped cream. Put alternate layers of marshmallow mixture and wafers in refrigerator-tray, using wafers for bottom and top layers; chill until firm. Cut into squares. Serves 4 to 6.

TROPICAL FOAM

One cup evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ cups papaw pulp, ½ cup sugar, passionfruit pulp, and 4 to 6 wafer biscuits.

Pour milk into refrigerator-tray. Chill until ice-crystals form through milk (about 20 to 25 minutes). Whip until just beginning to thicken (about 1 minute). Add lemon juice, whip until very stiff. Combine papaw pulp and sugar. Fold into whipped milk. Chill 2 to 3 hours in refrigerator. To serve, spoon into individual dishes, top with passionfruit pulp. Serve with wafer biscuits. Serves 4 to 6.

PEACH CHIFFON CREAM

Two dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup scalded milk, 3 eggs (separated), ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup crushed peach pulp, ½ cup whipped cream.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks and sugar, add to milk, and cook over hot water for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Dissolve gelatine over hot water and, when cool, add to custard mixture. When slightly thickened, fold in peach pulp, vanilla, lemon juice, and whipped cream. Chill again until thickened. Beat well, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites, and turn into a wetted mould. Chill. Serves 4 to 6.

PASSIONFRUIT AND BANANA WHIP

Two cups water, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons gelatine, juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon, 3 passionfruit, 3 bananas.

Blend sugar, water, gelatine, and flour and simmer about 10 minutes, cool and add lemon juice and whisk well until thick. Chill in refrigerator and whisk in the sliced bananas and passionfruit pulp. Chill in refrigerator. Serve with custard. Serves 4 to 6.

COFFEE FLUFF

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup clear black coffee, almonds, 1 cup milk, ½ cup sugar, 3 eggs, whipped cream, 1 teaspoon rum.

Dissolve gelatine in little hot coffee. Heat remainder with milk, sugar, slightly beaten egg-yolks until mixture just coats spoon. Cool slightly, add dissolved gelatine and rum. When beginning to set, add stiffly beaten egg-whites. Put in wetted mould, allow to set. Turn out, garnish with almonds and whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

CARAMEL ALMOND CLOUD

One tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, ½ cup hot water, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup hot milk, 1 cup cream, ½ cup toasted slivered almonds, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve in hot water. Add sugar (caramelised and blended with hot milk); chill until partially set. Beat until frothy. Fold in whipped cream, almonds, vanilla. Serves 4 to 6.

STRAWBERRY SUPERBE

Ten marshmallows, 1-3rd pint crushed strawberries, ½ cup cream, ½ pint sliced strawberries, 2oz. sauterne.

Quarter marshmallows, melt in double boiler with crushed strawberries; cool. Whip cream, combine with above mixture. Place in refrigerator-tray; freeze. Pour sauterne over sliced strawberries and, before serving, spoon over frozen mixture. Serves 4 to 6.

BERMUDA APPLES

Four to 6 apples, 4 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice, 1-3rd cup water, 4 tablespoons chopped dates or sultanas (or any dried fruit), 1 tablespoon or less rum, 2 egg-whites, 6 extra dessertspoons sugar.

Wash and dry apples, remove cores. Cut skin in several places to prevent splitting while cooking. Place in ovenware dish, fill centre cavities with half sugar and lemon juice. Place remainder of sugar in dish, add water. Bake in moderate oven until apples are soft. Fill centres with fruit soaked in rum. Make meringue from egg-whites and extra sugar, spoon on top of apples. Return to moderate oven until meringue is set. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

4 DOZEN DESSERTS

... Concluded

Substantial sweets course

LIGHT salad meals are not always sufficiently filling for keen appetites and are best teamed with the more substantial type of dessert of which small, large, or double helpings can be served as required.

VERSATILE FRUITY CRUNCH

One can apricot pulp or halved apricots (drained and pulped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, 1 tablespoon chopped crystallised ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 egg.

Crunchy Crust: Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut.

Combine apricot pulp with dates, ginger, sugar, cornflour, egg, and 1 cup apricot syrup. Cook over low heat until thickened, stirring frequently. Set aside to cool.

Crust: Cream butter and sugar together. Fold in sifted flour, salt, oats, and coconut.

Crunchy Squares: Spread half crunch mixture in base of well-greased shallow pan. Spoon filling mixture over, crumble over with remaining crunch mixture. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cool cut in squares, serve on individual dishes with topping of rich creamy custard.

Bar Cookies: Prepare as for crunchy squares but use $\frac{1}{2}$ quantity filling with double quantity crunch mixture and add 1 egg. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to become cold before cutting into finger-sized pieces.

Apricot Ginger Parfaits: Spoon apricot mixture into ovenproof dish, crumble over crunch mixture, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. When cold spoon into parfait glasses in alternate layers of pear mixture, crunch, then ice-cream. Repeat layers. Top with swirl of cream, glaze cherry.

STRAWBERRY MARGUERITE

Eighteen sponge lady-fingers, little oil, 1 cup hot water, 3 tablespoons gelatine, 6oz. sugar, 3 tablespoons arrowroot, 2 pints milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons sweet sherry, 4 eggs (separated), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, extra sugar and vanilla, 2 boxes strawberries.

Arrange lady-fingers in attractive pattern round outside of lightly oiled mould. Prepare filling: Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Blend sugar and arrowroot with little milk, add remainder. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 3 minutes. Add vanilla, sherry, beaten egg-yolks, dissolved gelatine. Cool slightly, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and half one box strawberries, crushed. Pour into cake-lined mould. Chill until set. Unmould on large platter. Whip cream until stiff, flavor with sugar and vanilla, fold in remaining half box strawberries (which have been washed, hulled, and chopped into small pieces). Pile this mixture on top of mould and round base. With remaining strawberries decorate as desired (leave whole or cut in halves). Chill sweet until serving-time. Serves 10 to 12.

FRUITY GRIDDLE CAKES

Half pound self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup milk, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 cup fruit salad, whipped cream, 1 tablespoon melted butter, chocolate sauce.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar. To well-beaten egg add milk and butter, slowly beat into flour, making into thick batter. Have ready hot greased frying-pan or griddle. Drop spoonfuls of mixture into it. Turn carefully as the bubbles form on top, cook cakes until golden-brown. Spread with fruit salad, top with cream, serve with chocolate sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

CHERRY CRUNCH

One pound cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 teaspoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine white breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Wash cherries, remove stones (if desired), cook until tender with water, sugar, lemon juice. Pour into greased ovenproof dish. Heat milk, butter, and breadcrumbs until breadcrumbs are swollen. Remove from heat, add beaten egg-yolk, lemon rind. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour over cherries, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

PINE-GINGER TRIFLE

One layer sponge cake, 1 small can pineapple, 1 pint custard, sliced preserved ginger, whipped sweetened cream and strawberries to decorate.

Cut sponge into cubes, arrange in shallow glass dish. Place slices of ginger and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pineapple between cake-cubes. Moisten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, pour custard over top. Cut pineapple rings in halves, arrange round edge of dish with slices of preserved ginger. Decorate centre with swirl of whipped cream and strawberries. Serves 4 to 6.

GOLDEN-SPUN RICE

Half cup uncooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey or golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup cold water, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, almond essence, cooked or canned apricot pulp, almonds and cherries to decorate.

Wash rice thoroughly, place into large quantity of boiling salted water, cook quickly 15 to 20 minutes. Strain through colander, pour cold water over, drain well. Mix with honey or golden syrup. Place sugar and cold water in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved, cook until mixture forms soft ball when tested in cold water. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add syrup, beating well. Flavor with almond essence. Mix half of this mixture with the honey-flavored rice, pour into ovenware serving-dish. Cover with apricot pulp, then remainder of egg-white mixture. Place in slow oven until top is set and lightly browned. Decorate with almonds and cherries. Serves 4 to 6.

ROSY RICE FLUFF

One and a half cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup uncooked rice, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sweetened stewed rhubarb (drained of syrup), 1 cup evaporated milk (thoroughly chilled).

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Wash and drain rice, add to milk, cover and cook (still in the double boiler) until rice is tender. Remove from heat, mix in sugar, salt, and rhubarb. Chill. Just before serving, fold in whipped evaporated milk. Pile lightly into sweets dishes or sherbet glasses. Top with strawberry for decoration. To vary the flavor try adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup well-drained crushed pineapple or sliced strawberries to the rhubarb. Serves 4 to 6.

SAN FERNANDO SUNDAY

One sponge sandwich, 2 egg-yolks, 2 egg-whites (stiffly beaten), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons pineapple syrup, 2oz. butter, crystallised pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained, crushed pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped and sweetened), angelica, chopped nuts.

Split each half of sponge sandwich into 2, making 4 layers of cake. Beat egg-yolks, add gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Add pineapple syrup, cook over boiling water until thick. Cool. Cream butter and sugar, add cooled pineapple cream, beating well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and lastly the crushed pineapple. Spread between layers of cake,

RHUBARB LAYER PIE: Apples, peaches, bananas can be added to the rhubarb to give a variation in flavor, or use up not-so-fresh pieces of fruit if desired. See recipe this page.



VERSATILE FRUITY CRUNCH: An easy-to-make dessert which can be prepared in triple amounts and served for three separate occasions. See recipe on this page.

chill in refrigerator overnight, if possible. Spread top and sides with cream, cover sides with chopped nuts. Make design of pineapple with small squares of crystallised pineapple and strips of angelica. Serves 4 to 6.

MADRID SWEET RICE

One pint milk, 2oz. rice, 1 egg, grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 2oz. sugar, 4 tablespoons orange marmalade, 1 extra tablespoon sugar.

Wash rice thoroughly, cook in boiling salted water until almost tender. Strain off any surplus water, add milk and grated orange rind; continue cooking until rice is tender. Beat egg-yolk and sugar together, add with orange juice to rice. Spread marmalade in greased pie-dish, cover with rice mixture. Beat egg-white stiffly, add extra sugar, pile on to rice. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 minutes or until meringue is set and golden-brown. Serves 4 to 6.

RHUBARB LAYER PIE

Half pound rhubarb, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 small sponge cake.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Wash and peel rhubarb, cut in 1in. pieces. Add sugar, orange rind, and salt, mixing well. Cut sponge cake in thin slices. Line bottom of greased dish with sponge, cover with one-quarter of rhubarb mixture. Continue adding alternately until both are used up. Prepare meringue by whipping egg-whites stiffly, gradually adding the sugar. Pile on top of rhubarb, bake in moderate oven about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, or until rhubarb is cooked and tender. Serves 4 to 6.

THREE-WAY SUMMER SWEET

Four tablespoons rice, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, pinch salt.

Cook rice in top half of double saucepan with milk, sugar, butter, and salt until rice is soft and milk is absorbed.

1. Mix 1 cup cooked rice with 1 cup drained and crushed or diced pineapple. Fold in 1 cup whipped, sweetened cream or evaporated milk. Chill before serving.

2. Flavor the cold cooked rice with syrup from bottle of maraschino cherries, add chopped cherries to taste. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup whipped, sweetened cream or evaporated milk.

3. While rice is still hot, beat in 1 egg-yolk. Cool, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, flavor with vanilla, almond essence.

Each of the three variations above serves 4 to 6.

LIGHT, AIRY, AND DELICIOUS from previous page

RASPBERRY ICE

One can raspberries, 1 sliced banana, juice of 1 orange, whipped cream.

Mix together fruit and juice, place in freezing-tray of refrigerator; freeze. Cut into blocks, serve with cream. Serves 4 to 6.

CARAMEL DELIGHT

Six dessertspoons cornflour, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold milk.

Blend together cornflour, salt, sugar, and cold milk. Make caramel syrup by dissolving the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, then boiling until caramel is dissolved. Add caramel syrup to scalded milk, pour on to other blended ingredients. Cook over hot water until thick and smooth. Add vanilla essence, pour into individual dishes which have been rinsed out with cold water. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Serve with a fruit syrup. Serves 4 to 6.

CHERRY FESTIVAL

Two egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maraschino cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maraschino syrup, whipped cream.

Beat together egg-yolks, sugar, lemon juice. Add milk, blended cornflour, maraschino syrup. Pour mixture into top half double saucepan; place over low heat, stir until thickened. Add cherries; spoon into serving-dishes, chill. Garnish with whipped cream. Serves 4.



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TABLETS



Mulberry pie wins prize

● A recipe for a colorful and delicious
three-layer tart wins the main prize of
£5 this week for an N.S.W. reader.

THE consolation prize
has been awarded for
a recipe for a Christmas
cake that needs no baking
—just mix it up a few
days before required and
chill. There is no worry
about the cake sinking or
burning.

All spoon measurements
are level.

MULBERRY MARSH- MALLOW TART

Pastry: Six ounces butter or
substitute, 2oz. icing-sugar,
6oz. flour, 2oz. custard
powder.

Sift icing-sugar and add to
butter; beat until creamy. Add
well-sifted flour and custard
powder; mix well. Press
pastry evenly over base and
sides of 8in. pie-plate, prick
well and pinch frill round
edge. Bake in moderate oven
approximately 12 to 15
minutes or until browned
lightly and cooked through.
Cool.

First layer: Three table-
spoons sweetened condensed
milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1
egg-yolk.

Second layer: Two cups
mulberries, water, 1 packet
lemon jelly crystals.

Third layer: One pound
sugar, 1 cup water, ½ cup
pineapple juice (canned), ½
cup crushed pineapple, 1 egg-
white, pinch cream of tartar,
1oz. gelatine, whipped cream,
a few glace cherries to
decorate.

Beat egg-yolk with sherry
and blend thoroughly with
condensed milk. Fill into base
of cooled pie-case. Cook
mulberries with water until
tender, measure liquid, make
up to 1½ cups with water.
Dissolve lemon jelly in this
and add to the fruit. Set
aside to cool; when beginning
to thicken fill into pie-case
on top of condensed milk mix-
ture; chill. Prepare marsh-
mallow: Place sugar and
water on to boil with lid on
saucepan. Dissolve gelatine
in heated pineapple juice.
When sugar has dissolved in
saucepan add cream of tartar
and dissolved gelatine mix-
ture. Boil 20 minutes with
lid off saucepan. Cool syrup.
Beat egg-white until stiff, add
cooled syrup and crushed
pineapple; beat until thick.
Pour on top of tart, leave to
set. Finally decorate with



FRUIT TART that will certainly win you praise from family and
friends alike. It's made up of a layer of custard, a layer of cooked
mulberries set in lemon jelly, then a fluffy marshmallow layer, and
lastly a piping of whipped cream and a few colored glace cherries.

whipped cream and cherries.
First prize of £5 to Mrs.
N. Nelson, "Clare View,"
Gerrigong, N.S.W.

NO-BAKE CHRISTMAS CAKE

Half cup evaporated milk,
½ cup orange juice, ½ cup
raisins, ½ cup chopped dates,
½ cup walnut pieces, ½ cup
mixed candied fruit, 1 dozen
marshmallows (chopped), 1½
cups crushed sweet biscuits,
½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon
cinnamon, pinch ground

cloves, 1 tablespoon sweet
sherry, 1 tablespoon chopped
ginger.

Soak marshmallows 1 hour
in milk and orange juice.
Mix biscuit crumbs with cin-
namon, nutmeg, and cloves.
Combine with milk mixture
and sherry. Add fruits and

nuts; mix well by hand until
crumbs are thoroughly mois-
tened. Press into loaf-tin
lined with waxed paper or
aluminium foil. Cover, chill
at least 3 days before serving.

Consolation prize of £1 to
Mrs. B. Dick, 27 Shirley
Street, Inverell, N.S.W.

NEEDLEWORK OFFER

WALL PANELS, COT COVER

● The two lovely ready-to-work wall panels shown below,
one patterned with bamboos and the other with chrys-
anthemums, are available to readers.

THE panels cost 15/- each. To obtain
one or both, send a postal note or
cheque to "Wall Panels," Box 5252,
G.P.O., Sydney, with your name and
address, including State.

Each panel comes complete with the
embroidery needles necessary to complete
the design and full directions for work-
ing.

Each panel measures 25in. by 7in. and
is made from tightly woven furnishing
fabric in heavyweight cotton.

The bamboo design is embroidered
in grey, black, and tangerine wool on
off-white cotton, and the chrysanthemum
panel is worked in pink wool on a french
rose background.

Another needlework offer is a charm-
ing ready-to-work cot-cover for a nursery,
with a colorful figure of Humpty-
Dumpty as the centre design.

The cot cover costs £2/2/-, which in-
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white cotton ready quilted on nylon pad-
ding, the stamped applied patches to
make the Humpty-Dumpty figure, the
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You can obtain the cot cover by send-
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your name and address, including
State.

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BAMBOO wall panel is ready to
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CHRYSANTHEMUMS and leaves
are on a pink background.

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Readers' household hints

● The practical hints below were sent by readers who have tried them in their own homes. Each hint wins £1/1/- prize.

KEEP a cloth sprinkled with talcum powder at hand when ironing and rub the iron over it now and then. It makes the iron glide over any material.—Miss P. Carter, 11 Graham Ave., Wangaratta, Vic.

Here's a tip to remember for your next barbecue. To prevent scorched fingers when toasting bread or sausages on a long fork use a cardboard plate as a shield at the handle end of the fork.—Miss T. Parker, The Pinnacle, Avalon Beach, N.S.W.

When hammering small nails or tacks hold them in the prongs of a bobby-pin. Fingers are kept well out of hammer's reach.—Mrs. P. Tesoriero, 135 Wellington Rd., Sefton, N.S.W.

Even in the hottest weather babies must be securely tucked into bed. If you substitute mosquito net for the sheet, baby will be much cooler; the net will hold him in position and allow free air circulation at the same time.—Mrs. Mavis Starling, 118b Jetty Rd., Glenelg, S.A.

A small pincapple top grown in water in a suitable container will last for at least eight months, is very decorative, and blends well with either flowers or foliage.—Mrs. E. Hardy, 876 Wellington St., West Perth.

A child's playground makes a splendid emergency bed for a visiting baby. Open playground out and fill with cushions—four lounge cushions fit perfectly. Make the bed with an extra blanket under the sheet and baby has a safe, comfortable bed.—Mrs. A. George, 9 Battersea St., Abbotsford, N.S.W.

When the chain breaks on the kitchen plug tie on a piece of strong string and on the end of the string tie a small cork. It doesn't get in the way and saves fishing for the plug in hot greasy water.—Mrs. Maxwell, Cambridge, Tas.

Screw a cup hook on to the wall over the bathroom basin to hang rings on when washing your hands.—Mrs. F. O'Brien, 45 Derwent Park Rd., Moonah, Tas.

After setting a rat trap, sprinkle a few drops of vanilla on the bait. No rat will ever pass the trap.—Mrs. G. Eyears, 53 Ferndale Rd., Revesby, N.S.W.

Sending a wedding gift? Write on the back of the card what the gift is, then if card and gift are separated newlyweds will be saved confusion and possible embarrassment.—Mrs. H. M. Salmon, 65 Flinders St., Monto, Qld.

Stitch a narrow tape down each side of muslin curtains. When the curtains are washed they keep their shape and not stretch.—Mrs. F. Peacock, Boyanup, W.A.

Fruit will not break up in stewing if it is put into a hot syrup made by boiling one cup of sugar and two cups of water. Simmer very gently until almost done. Leave fruit in saucepan with lid on and cooking will be completed as syrup and fruit cool.—Mrs. K. Howard, 87 Auckland St., Gladstone, Qld.

Cotton will not keep knotting when you are handsewing if you thread the needle with the end which first comes off the cotton reel.—Mrs. B. Gratz, 62 Sycamore St., Inala, Brisbane.

Cracked eggs can be boiled without breaking if held over steam in a sieve for a few minutes. This builds up a skin over the crack.—Mrs. L. Allan, Tarakan Ave., Broadview Gardens, S.A.

If indoor plants become infested with worms stick seven or eight matches in the pot with heads pointed down. The sulphur in the matches will soon get rid of the worms.—Mrs. Elizabeth Bettelley, 33 Vary St., Morwell, Vic.

If tacks pull out of the webbing underneath chairs, replace them with small screws and you won't have any more bother.—Mrs. G. Lampard, P.B. 25, Edenhope, Vic.

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Women love the ★ 'Peek-in' Glow . . .

★ A translucent look which the hair takes on, enabling the eye to look below the surface into the true colour tones.



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THE "Peek-in" Glow is a kind of new hair beauty—not a glitter—not a shimmer—not a polish, but something far more beautiful. It is the effect you get when you look into the translucence of amber. You look into the hair and see its colourful loveliness at depth. It looks more youthful, clearer, cleaner and more radiant.

Grandma tried to promote the "Peek-in" Glow by a daily hundred strokes of the brush, but now a certain type of vinegar and lemon in shampoo form dissolves those surface particles on the hair, lets in the light and gives you the "Peek-in" Glow in just one shampoo. The combination of special lemon and vinegar in shampoo form that gives the hair translucent beauty was discovered by Delph of London and is now being used by Australian hairdressers.

Ask your hairdresser to give you a Delph lemon and vinegar shampoo, or you can obtain a supply from chemists or cosmetic counters for home shampoo needs. Whether you be blonde or brunette, you will find the "Peek-in" Glow will give your hair new beauty.

(A HINT: To get an even distribution of shampoo over the hair, mix first in a little warm water.)



THELMA
(Salon Receptionist)

"My hair was really alive after using the lemon and vinegar shampoo just once. It left the hair with a lovely lustre and natural beauty and depth."



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(Housewife)

"I was delighted with the look of my hair after the first application of the lemon and vinegar shampoo. My hair took on a lovely new beauty and sheen. I think the 'Peek-in' Glow is really lovely."



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MISS DALE
(Fashion and TV Model)

"In my work as a fashion model, I have used many shampoos, but the Delph lemon and vinegar is one of the best. The 'Peek-in' Glow reveals the true, natural beauty and brings out the highlights and sheen."



MISS TINA
(Ladies' Hairdresser)

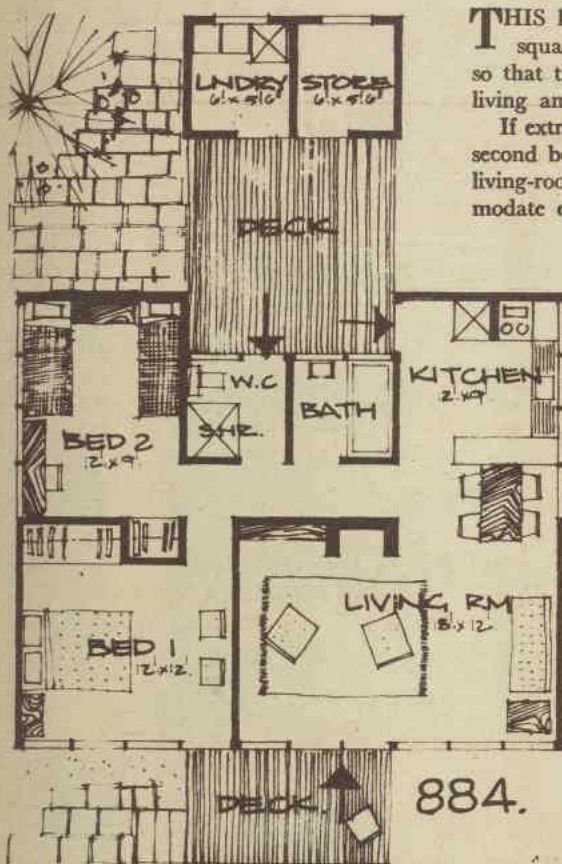
"This lemon and vinegar shampoo is ideal in every way for all types of hair. It cleanses away dullness, giving the hair a natural true colour and glow. It works wonders in clearing dandruff."

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FLOOR PLAN. Note the spacious living-dining room and the large bedrooms.

THIS house, although only eight squares, is efficiently designed so that there is plenty of space for living and sleeping.

If extra bunks are included in the second bedroom, and divans in the living-room, the house will accommodate eight people.

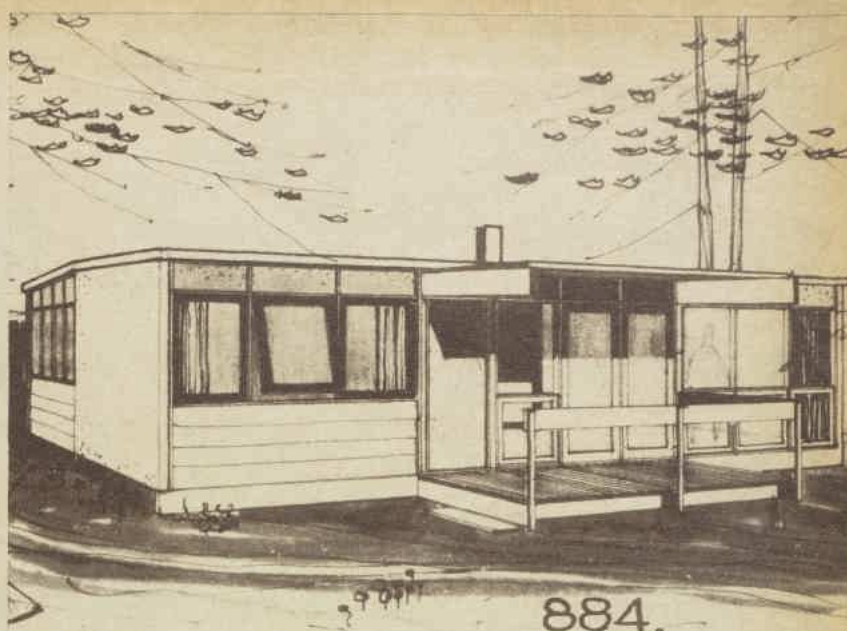
Plan No. 884 is roughly square, with a deck leading to a separate laundry and store. There are two spacious bedrooms with built-in cupboards and benches, and there's ample room in the second bedroom for two double bunks to accommodate four people.

The living-room is a spacious 18ft. by 12ft. An open fireplace in the inside wall of this room heats the whole house in winter.

A small dining-nook opens from the living-room (this could be partially screened off if desired) and is separated from the kitchen by a servery. The kitchen leads outside through the deck.

The bathroom has been designed to cope with as many people as possible. The toilet and shower are separate, and are accessible from the hall and the deck.

Another small deck leading from the living-room makes the front porch and gives extra outdoor living space.



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IT'S a neat little story, published by Methuen and Co. in London, which begins . . .

Ecce Eduardus Ursus scalis nunc tump-tump-tump occipite gradus pulsante post Cristophorum Robinum descendens.

Translated—I didn't translate it, I cribbed it by ringing Alison and making her hunt up the copy we shared when we were children—it reads: "Here is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now bump-bump-bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin."

This is A. A. Milne's immortal Winnie-the-Pooh, translated into Latin by Alexander Lenard. The title page reads

A. A. Milne

WINNIE ILLE PU

and it has a bust of Pooh, wearing a laurel wreath and doing his best to look like one of the Caesars.

But after the title page we are back on more familiar ground, and the Latin text is illustrated with those charming drawings by E. H. Shepard which graced the English editions of all the Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh books.

What fame for A. A. Milne, and what fun for people whose Latin is so good that they can make jokes in it!

Apparently the translation was made some years ago as a sort of donnish joke, and it was printed in Brazil for private distribution.

In 1960 the Latin version was printed in England with such success that there have been several reprint editions issued since.

I wish I was game to give it to poor Mike, who is struggling with elementary Latin, as a Christmas present. The trouble is I think it would be a waste of money—I don't think Mike would appreciate the joke in the very least.

Here's a man

I don't agree with

THE end of the year always seems to be the time when educationalists, fed up with a year of struggling with their pupils and with examinations and speechdays and results and failure rates, make pronouncements about the sweeping changes that are needed in our education system.

The one I have in the gun this year is the very eminent scientist who has said that much more attention should be paid to mathematics and much less to the teaching of spelling.

"I do not think a mistake in spelling is of any consequence, so long as the word is recognisable," he is reported to have said.

Dere perferer, I disagree with you absolutely.

The argument, of course, is that this is a technological and scientific age and that if we're to keep up with it, and indeed to hold and develop this country, we must have more and more of our young people trained in mathematics and the sciences.

But must we do it at the expense of our literary heritage? And must we become a race of illiterates in doing it?

Scientific writing is pretty ghastly, with few exceptions, as it stands today.

The average scientific worker may think with beautiful accuracy, but he expresses himself in tortuous sentences that are long, muddy, and overweighted with unnecessary words.

And, come to think of it, is it even possible that he is really thinking clearly, if he can't write down his thoughts with any clarity?

Other Australian university professors with different views have complained during the year that their students, coming to them from secondary schools and with good Leaving passes, are "illiterate" and need training in grammar and simple sentence structure to enable them to express themselves adequately in examination papers.

Muddled spelling

in Merrie England

LET'S follow the idea to its logical conclusion.

Suppose we give up bothering too much about teaching children to spell and accept the idea that if a word's recognisable it's good enough.

How long would the words stay recognisable?

Wouldn't we, after two generations, be back at the stage the English were in during the 15th century when there was no standard spelling and you could change your spelling of any word from day to day as the whim took you.

One of the arguments used by people who believe that Shakespeare didn't write Shakespeare's plays is that sometimes he signed his name Shakespeare, sometimes Shakspear, or Shakespere, or Shakesper.

So what? Margaret Paston, who left behind her volume upon volume of letters which have told historians more about ordinary daily life in the 15th century than any other writer and who was a most clever, well-informed, and cultivated woman, signed her name Margaret, Margret, Margrete, Margit, or Margrite, apparently for no other reason than that that was the way she liked the look of it on that particular day.

And it wasn't only her name—practically every word in her large vocabulary was subject to these whimsical changes of spelling.

Maybe her contemporaries found them "recognisable" and could puzzle them out, but it certainly made things a bit difficult for later students.

Will long words

become a worry?

ONCE let things get to that pass and the obvious next step is to give up teaching people to read anything but the most simple sentences which will allow them to obey the State's laws and fill out their income-tax returns.

In no time the old profession of Scribe will reappear, and Great Brains who can both read and write will make a living reading and writing letters for technicians who are wizards with figures but absolutely useless with words.

Like Pooh, who said, "I am a Bear of Very Little Brain, and long words Bother me," people will expect public notices to be simple and "recognisable," and we'll probably see signs like the one on Owl's house in Winnie-the-Pooh which reads:

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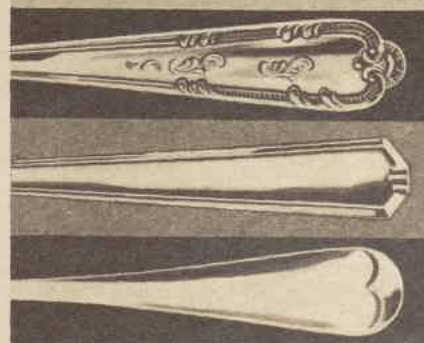
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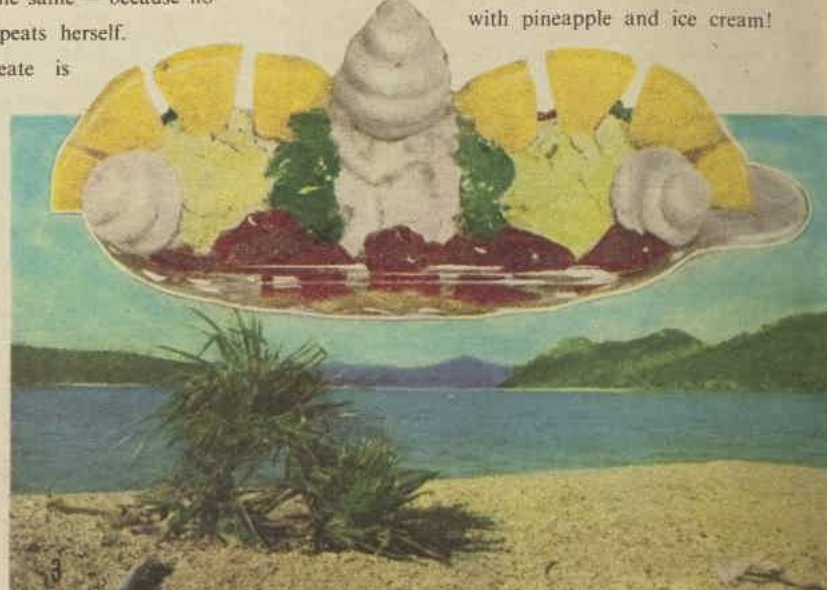
here are 8 ideas for the dessert that offers most scope for your own originality and artistic ability. No two Sundaes are ever the same — because no true artist ever quite repeats herself. Each one you create is

an 'original' — and an enticingly gay and colourful way to serve vitamin-rich tropical pineapple. Whatever you do, good sundaes start with pineapple and ice cream!



Island Romance

View from Lindeman Island,
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



Day Dreamer

View from Daydream Island,
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



Sun Worshipper

Buchan's Point,
Cook Highway, North Queensland



Smuggler's Surprise

Main Beach at South Molle Island,
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

1 Fill sundae dish close to rim with crushed pineapple. Place scoop vanilla ice cream in centre, surround with broken rainbow cake. Dust scoop with crushed nuts and decorate with palm tree of angelica strips on toothpick. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 1 tray ice cream, garnishings.

2 Fill parfait glass with alternate layers crushed pineapple, chopped marshmallows mixed with red jelly, and chocolate ice cream — finishing with jelly and pineapple. Top with swirl of cream and a cherry. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 1 tray ice cream flavoured chocolate, one 1 pint red jelly. Garnishings.

3 Place 2 small scoops lime ice cream either side large scoop vanilla on crushed pineapple. Surround scoops with red and green jelly, decorate with pineapple pieces and button meringues. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 2 trays ice cream — 1 vanilla, 1 lime, 2 one-pint jellies — 1 red, 1 green. Button meringues: 2 egg whites and half cup sugar make approx. 24. Garnishings.

4 Place scoop vanilla ice cream on pineapple pieces. Surround with red jelly. Dust ice cream with finely-chopped nuts then quickly press pieces of pineapple on ice cream to make pineapple 'skin'. Make top with angelica strips. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE PIECES (cut half thickness for pineapple 'skin'), one tray ice cream, one 1 pint red jelly. Garnishings.

ISLANDS!



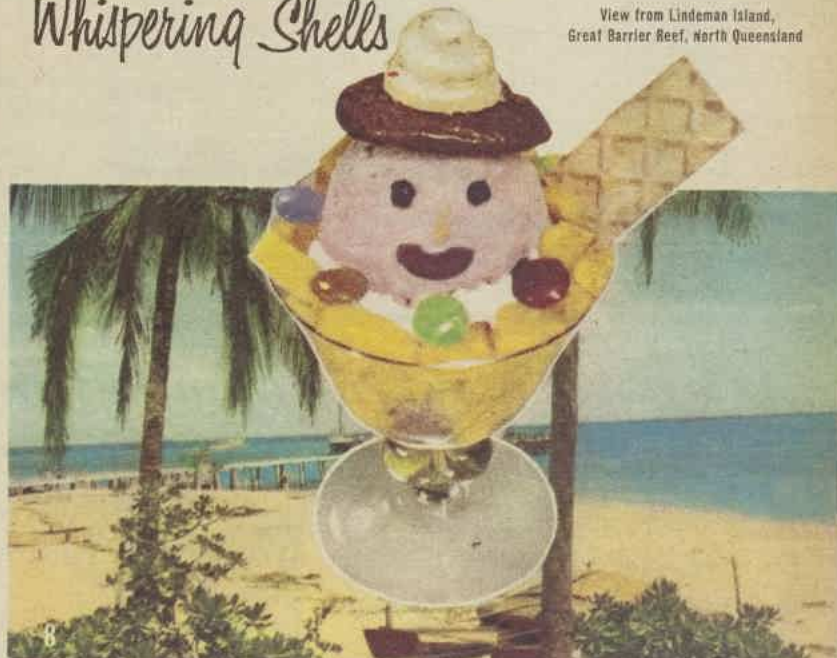
Moon Time

A view of Brampton Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



Whispering Shells

View from Lindeman Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



Sea Jewels

A view of Royal Seaforth Island from Lindeman Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

5 In parfait glass place alternate layers crushed pineapple, orange jelly and vanilla ice cream. Top with ice cream scoop 'crowned' with pineapple pieces, place cherry in centre and lace sides with angelica strips. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 2 trays ice cream - vanilla, one 1 pint orange jelly. Garnishings.

6 Surround scoop of chocolate ice cream with mixture of chopped marshmallows, pineapple pieces, chipped orange jelly. Top with scoop orange ice cream. Place 'fan' of wafer, top with swirl of cream, cherries, dusting of chipped toffee. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE PIECES, two trays ice cream (one flavoured orange, one chocolate), one 1 pint orange jelly.

Little Islander

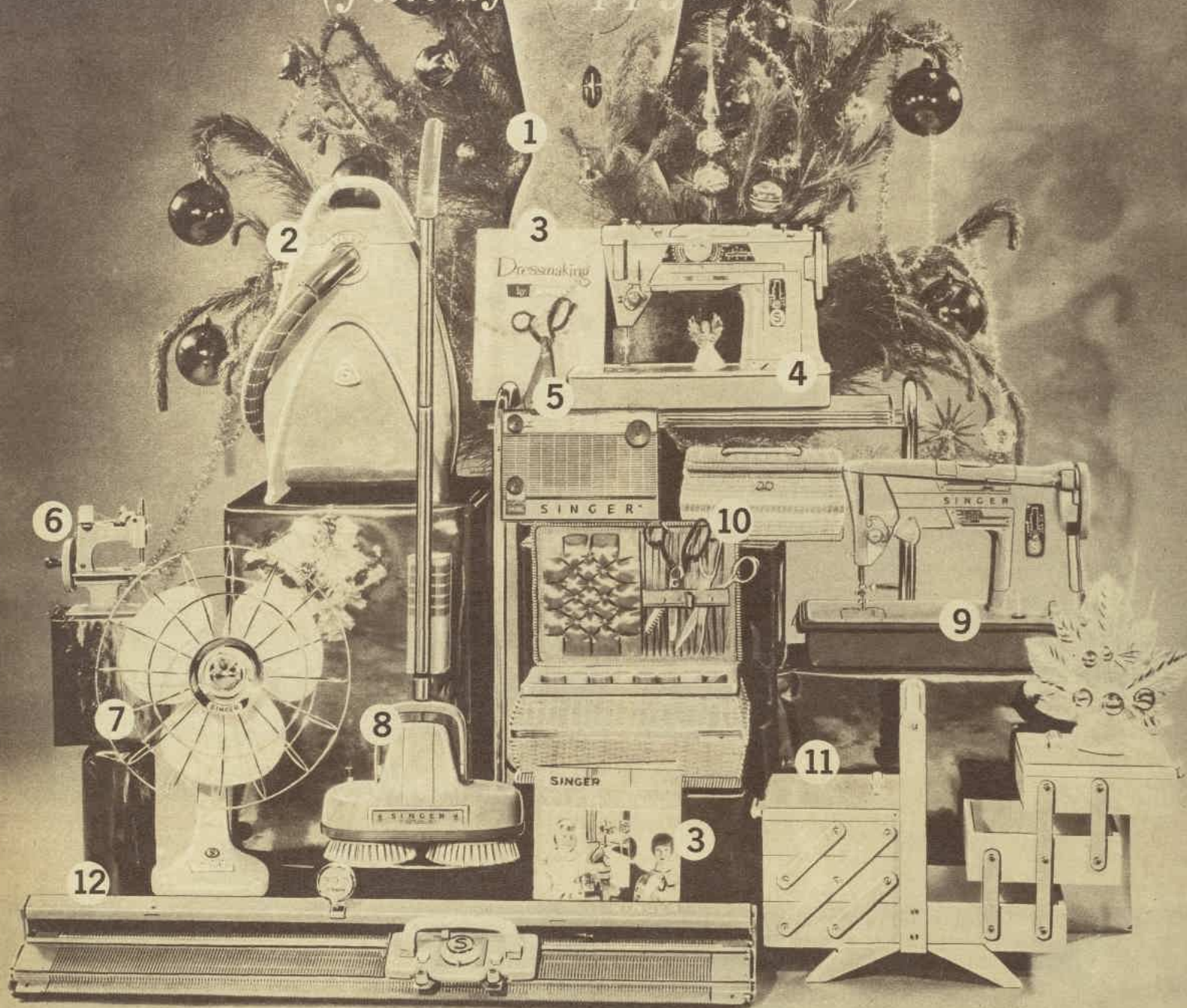
View on Green Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

7 Spoon crushed pineapple into a shallow dish. Place large scoop strawberry ice cream in centre, surround with button meringue 'shells', dust over with green shredded coconut and place 'seagull' jube on top. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 1 tray ice cream flavoured strawberry. Meringues: 2 egg whites, half cup sugar make approx. 24. Garnishings.

8 On mixture of broken macaroon and crushed pineapple place scoop of strawberry ice cream with currant eyes and cherry mouth. Make hat from chocolate biscuit with button meringue or cream swirl crown. Decorate shoulders with fudge buttons. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, six macaroons, one tray ice cream flavoured strawberry, one 1 pint red jelly. Garnishings.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1962

CLIMBERS

GARDENERS often seek quick-growing climbers that will provide shelter and privacy as well as fragrance, flowers, and decorative foliage.

Prominent among those available here are half a dozen or more honeysuckles (sold under their botanic name of *Lonicera*), which vary from yellow to yellow, white, and red, and yellow varieties with carmine and buff markings.

Jasmines (*jasminum*) also number about half a dozen, the best being *J. poicoicum*, which has extra large white scented flowers. The winter-flowering gelsemium (Italian jasmine) has bright yellow blooms, and is a very vigorous grower needing support, as its laterals do not twine like the honeysuckles.

Antigonon leptopus (coral vine) needs an open, sunny position and should be set out well after any risk of frost has ended.

Bauhinia scandens, which bears pale pink flowers striped with red, is in the same category—a frost-hater and needing warm weather before being planted out. It is a very vigorous grower.

The Japanese bell vine (*Akebia quinata*) is tougher and may be planted out during July or any time in spring. The flowers are white at first, changing to purple, and are very attractive. A most vigorous grower.

Gardening Book—page 61



BIGNONIAS grow dense and heavy, and need to be given strong support. This example is *Bignonia lindleyana*.

Bignonias have to be grown on strong fences or trellises, as they become very woody and heavy. They mostly sucker freely and should be planted where this weakness can be controlled. There are about 13 varieties; one, *B. venusta*, is a winter-flowering type.

Bougainvilleas should be planted out in warm districts and sunny positions, otherwise they don't flower well. The old *B. traillii* (purple) is still a favorite, but the newer *Mrs. Butt* (carmine), *Louis Wathen* (tango), *Trailli Improved* (the best of the purples), and *Turley's Special* (cherry red) are very beautiful.

Clematis is best suited to cool dis-



GOLDEN GLORY vine (*Thunbergia gibsonii*) survives light frosts. There are also red and blue varieties.

Gardening Book—page 62

tricts, where these lovely climbers have a chance of blooming without being scorched on fierce days. *Clematis montana rubens* (pink) and its white variety produce small blooms on vigorous vines.

Cobaea scandens is a hardy vine with cup-and-saucer-shaped blooms, which are purple in summer and green in winter. It does well in all districts but the very coldest, and grows easily from seed sown in spring.

Hardenbergia (false sarsaparilla) is a native of Australia. It does not climb very high, but blooms for months in spring—the purple flowers are very attractive. *Sollya* is also a native vine with blue flowers, which eventually produce purple berries. Sow seeds in spring or set out small plants by early summer.

A passion vine which produces beautiful blooms but no edible fruit is *Passiflora Empress Eugenie*, a vigorous vine that needs control. A more recent introduction, *Passiflora racemosa princeps*, is the best of the flowering passion vines. This is a rare and beautiful variety.

Rhynchospermum jasinoides has sweet-scented, tiny white flowers and good shiny dark evergreen foliage. Does well everywhere, except in the very coldest districts. There are also two variegated-leaved types.

Thunbergia gibsonii, or golden glory vine, does well along the coast in warm areas, but flowers well on the lower mountains of New South Wales. Needs some support for its slender growths. There is also a red variety, and *T. grandiflora* produces large-flowered blue blooms.

Wisteria vines may be planted in late winter or early spring. Seedlings should be avoided, but cuttings taken and rooted during winter will bloom well in two or three years.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



BUTTER CRACKERS

"You'll know when you try them
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For a party, supper, snack or just a nibble there has never been a biscuit so desirable as a Butter Cracker — the only cracker made with rich dairy butter. The texture is so fine and the flavour so delicate. Butter Crackers never crumble — you'll love them all the time.

IT'S THE BUTTER—MAKES THEM BETTER!

Continuing—PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH

from page 43

cans of hot water to the bedrooms.

We men only started at 7 a.m. and could sit down in the afternoons, but the girls had no rest at all.

Because of the unhappy atmosphere of the house, I gave in my notice, and by luck a few days later I saw an advertisement for a second footman.

I wrote for it and got it, and so came to work for the Colby family. After the misery of the Llewellyn household it was a happy place to work.

During the autumn Mr. Colby would give a series of house parties for the shooting, and the dining-room on these occasions was quite a spectacle.

For two or three hours the head gardener and a couple of under-gardeners would bring in and arrange flowers and foliage, filling shallow, oblong vases that could be built into a variety of patterns.

On the mahogany table we laid four lengths of felt and on top of these four of the finest linen slips, leaving the centre of the table bare, whereon were four magnificent candelabra, flowers, and silver ornaments.

The savory finished, we footmen would clear the table. Keeping felt and linen taut, we would lift it over the guests' heads, praying we didn't catch a tibia on the way. Dessert, coffee, port, and liqueurs would follow.

Disappearance of the tablecloth and the coming of "bare boards" and mats was largely due, I think, to the disappearance of laundry maids during World War I.

Newspapers ironed each day—to dry the print

Though in the years ahead I was to become steward successively to the Duke of Windsor, Mr. Philip Hill (the millionaire financier), King George II of Greece, and Queen Elizabeth II, when she was Princess Elizabeth, I never had a Groom of the Chambers on my staff, although in all the Stately Homes a Groom of the Chambers was once indispensable.

In order of precedence they came second. First, there was the steward, then the Groom of the Chambers, then the valet, the under-butler, and 3, 4, 5, or 6 footmen.

The Groom of the Chambers' first duty of the day was to iron the newspapers to dry the print, and so leave the reader's hands unsullied. He would also sew the pages together to keep them in place.

He would deal with the post, one private Post Office mail bag being delivered to the house and another then collected for dispatch. He would attend to the writing-tables in days when every time a nib was used it had to be wiped clean.

He would attend upon all visitors arriving and escort them to their rooms, and on departure he would see that their baggage was correctly labelled.

During lunch he would tidy the reception rooms, refold newspapers, restock writing tables, clean ashtrays and make everything ship-shape for the return of the hosts and their guests.

The Groom of the Chambers was always responsible for serving afternoon tea.

Dressed like a butler in tailcoat and striped trousers, he was the only servant permitted to wear a ring, presumably because he never served at table.

Toward the end of my second year with the Colbys, Mrs. Colby decided to take a house at Porthleven, in Cornwall, where I became first footman.

There I met the mates of several tramp steamers and they would tell me what a great life a life at sea could be, and eventually I decided to go to sea.

I gave my notice and Mr. Colby, who always travelled by the White Star Line, helped me get a job.

I signed on as a steward in the second class saloon of the Cedric. Pay was 15/- a week, plus tips, less 1/6 a week for breakage money. We sailed from Liverpool to New York and it didn't take long to find out that life at sea could be a dog's life in those days.

At 5.30 a.m. you started to clean the brass-work around the portholes with bath-brick and vinegar. You scraped the bath-brick into a powder, mixed it with the vinegar, dipped in a handful of waste and began to rub and polish. As laborious as cleaning silver!

We then served the passengers' breakfast, two sittings. Our own breakfast consisted of margarine, tea, bread and jam, until I found out that by giving 2/6 a trip to the second class galley chef, I could have two eggs and bacon every morning.

This we smuggled back to our quarters, bunks in tiers for 300 men. Finished with, we tossed the plates out of the portholes; to return them ran the risk of running into the chief steward.

After nine months I could stick it no longer and headed home to Barnstaple and mother, still industriously working away with her needle.

Then I went to London and became first footman to a Mr. and Mrs. Lea, of Princes Gardens.

Mrs. Lea, when she engaged me, laid great stress on the fact that she trusted I was a member of the Church of England, a regular church-goer, and a good Communicant.

I fear the Church in those days was used as something of a stick to urge on the laggard, and as insurance against misdeeds. And Hell, of course, at that time was always just round the corner.

Actually, during the 12 months I was at the Leas' I never had one single chance to go to Church. There was too much work to do.

My room at the Leas' house went right under the pavement. I shared it with the gas meter and the electric light meter and as I lay in bed at night I could hear the clip-clop of the horses passing overhead. The second footman slept in the pantry on a folding bed.

Smoking was forbidden to the servants, so every evening when finished the second footman and I would plug the bottom of the pantry door with a towel and light up.

One morning Mrs. Lea complained that the pantry "reeked like a public house," and a few days later said, "How disgusting," when she saw me smoking in the street, so I thought it was time again to give notice. That was at the end of 1911.

A day or so later I went to see Lord de Vesci, who required a first footman. There were at least 40 smart fellows there, but I glibly told my teeth and decided to wait my turn.

Lord de Vesci, who was about 30 then, told me he spent much of the year on his estate, Abbey Leix, in Ireland. Three days later he engaged me and sent me to Myron Mortimer, the tailors, to get a livery and a dark suit.

My first job as butler—and "Ernie" becomes "Mr. King"

Lord de Vesci had been married five years before I entered his employment, but his wife had left him after only four months. He later married with great happiness the widow of his old friend and neighbor in Ireland, Lord Rosse, who died of wounds in the 1914-18 war.

This is perhaps the moment to trace the path of coincidence that led both the Rosse family and the de Vesci family close to the Royal family.

Lady Rosse had a son by her first marriage, the present Earl of Rosse, who in 1935 married the former wife of the barrister Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones.

She had been Miss Anne Messel, and her son by her first marriage is now Lord Snowdon, Princess Margaret's husband.

Also, when "my" Lord de Vesci died in 1958 he was succeeded by his nephew, the present Lord de Vesci, who married Lord Snowdon's sister Susan Armstrong-Jones.

Toward the end of 1913 Lord de Vesci's butler having decided to go to America—it was a sort of two-way traffic then, the English butlers going to America to work, the rich American heiresses coming here to marry—Lord de Vesci asked me to take his place. "I want to promote you to be my butler," he said.

I started to argue, thinking I was too young, at 24, for the job. Lord de Vesci retorted sharply, "Very well, if you don't carry out my wishes we'll have to part."

And so, against my wishes, I became his butler. No longer to be called "Ernie" or "Ernie," but, in future, "Mr. King."

However, because of world events, it didn't last long.

When war broke out in August, 1914, I was agog to get into uniform. Lord de Vesci, who was a major on the Special Reserve of the Irish Guards, released me "for the duration" on the condition that I returned to him after the war.

I wanted to go to sea again, so on September 1, 1914, I joined the Royal Navy. I was posted to H.M.S. Drake, a cruiser, and the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Grant, who commanded the Fifth Cruiser Squadron. Captain of the Drake was Captain Aubrey Smith.

I joined the Drake at Scapa Flow and became the Captain's steward.

At sea the Captain was on the bridge most of the day and after dark he never left it. A most punctilious man, he never failed to look immaculate. Even in the heaviest seas he turned out perfectly dressed, as if he were going down Bond Street to his club.

With bone and blacking I spent an hour on his boots every day and when heavy mists were around they'd cloud over almost at once.

I carried the Captain's meal to the bridge—his food, his wine, his coffee—in fish baskets. To reach the bridge from the deck I had to go up a rope and wooden ladder, and to keep my hands free I had to rope the fish baskets over my shoulder.

When it was rough it was pretty tough going, and there came the day when a heavy sea flung me against an ammunition case on the main deck and painfully injured me.

For some time I was in the sickbay, and when I returned to duty the Chief Fleet Surgeon told Captain Smith I would have to be discharged.

The Captain looked at me. "Is that what you want?" he asked.

"No, sir," I said, "I would like to stay in the Navy." At which he turned to the Fleet Surgeon and said, "You will forward his papers as fit."

And the Captain being the Captain, that was that.

When we arrived at Portsmouth for a refit I was given leave and planned to go home to Barnstaple.

Captain Smith said to me, "I want you to get your railway pass made out for St. Germans, Cornwall. I want you to collect my civilian clothes, my riding things from my house there and bring them to London. Later you can have your leave and I'll pay your fare."

I never did get that leave. Back in London with his trunks, I found myself no more than his land-based steward, in short, his valet.

While in London he was appointed to the Admiralty as Assistant-Director of Naval Intelligence to Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, later renowned for his anti-espionage service.

A strange coincidence for me was that Captain Smith stayed at 15 Manchester Square, which belonged to the Dowager Marchioness of Bath.

Captain Smith's mother-in-law and Lady Bath were sisters. Both before marriage had been the Misses Vesey, aunts of Lord de Vesci, who had promoted me to butlerdom.

And 15 Manchester Square was no more than a few minutes' walk from Lord de Vesci's house in Great Cumberland Place where he had interviewed me and given me a job. I was almost back where I started.

Immaculate at sea, Captain Smith was equally so on shore. He also had a fetish for fitness. He spared himself no effort to keep slim and trim, an effort that kept me padding along pretty energetically, too.

At 5 a.m. my alarm went to rouse me in time to call him at six o'clock for his ride every morning in Hyde Park at six-thirty. Before that he'd put in 15 minutes' P.T.

He was turned out, of course, far more smartly than most of those who ride there today at a later hour, with his jack-boots agleam, breeches and hacking jacket freshly pressed.

Back from his ride he'd change into grey flannels and white sweater for a run around the park. Back from this he shaved, took a bath, changed into a lounge suit, and had breakfast.

At eight he would set off to the Hammam Turkish Baths in Jermyn Street where he would sweat off an ounce or so. I would go there by bus every morning in order to dress him in his uniform.

When finally he went to the Admiralty, I would have to follow him, "to see that my writing desk is tidy and to give my working jacket a brush."

He would then tell me to meet him that evening at the Travellers' Club, or Boodle's, at 7.15 with his dress-clothes. I would then hasten back to Manchester Square and get down to my daily work.

After two months of this, without a day off, I asked one Sunday if I might have the day to myself.

Captain Smith shook his head. "Not today, King," he said. "I want you to be at Hurlingham with my tennis things at 2.30. Then I shall want you to be at the Travellers' at 7.15 in time to dress for dinner. No, not today, King."

I stood it for a short time longer, then I rebelled. I told him I couldn't go on, that I'd joined the Navy to be afloat and not to be on shore.

The Captain was extremely annoyed, but I stuck to my intention, and he had to release me. I went back to Portsmouth, where at Ware Island I was put to cleaning plate and silver, of all things!

Shortly after I was told to report to the sickbay. The Navy had no further use for 1st Class Petty Officer E. King. I was given my discharge on medical grounds.

I headed for home and Barnstaple, but the moment I put on civilian clothes again I felt every female eye upon me, as much as to say, "Why aren't you in khaki?"

After a fortnight I went to the local recruiting office, but they turned me down as unfit. As the country had no use for me and I could see no earthly chance of getting into the Services, I set off for London.

Unfit for Army—but passed fit by order of "Lordy"

Dropping my suitcase at digs I found near Baker Street, I thought I'd pay a call on the staff of Lord de Vesci's house. As I opened the gate I heard a sharp tap-tap on the sitting-room window. I looked up and there was "Lordy."

He beckoned me to come to the front door and let me in himself.

He knew I had been in the Navy, he did not know I had been discharged, so I told him my sad story.

"Well," he said, "how about joining my regiment and coming to France as my servant? Would you like that?"

I most certainly would; I even had visions of being in action at the front.

"Right," he said, "be at the Orderly Room of the Irish Guards at Wellington Barracks at ten tomorrow morning and I'll leave a note for the Medical Officer."

When I saw him the next evening I had to say that they had refused to pass me for the Army.

"Then that's that," Lord de Vesci said, "you've been discharged from the Navy, the Army doesn't want you, so you better come back to your old job here."

As a butler? With the war on? No. "I'll have a crack at a hospital ship or a trans-



port," I said. "They might take me."

"Persistent, aren't you?" he remarked. "All right, be at the Orderly Room again tomorrow morning and I'll have to write another note to the M.O."

And I was passed fit! I became a private in the Irish Guards and I was sent to the depot at Caterham to learn to be a soldier.

The normal training period was three months, but after only five weeks Lord de Vesci claimed me and I became his servant. In the Brigade of Guards, incidentally, officers' servants are not referred to as batmen.

As he was stationed in London and living in his house in Great Cumberland Place, there I took up my quarters.

In those days a senior Guards officer could easily pull the strings to keep his servant with him, and there now began for me a game of Box and Cox with my medical category so that Lord de Vesci should not lose my services.

I had been passed fit, Class A. Then came out an order that all officers' servants in A category should return to normal duties, a result, I think, of the terrible casualties in France.

At once Lord de Vesci sent me to his brother, Colonel Vesey, commanding the Reserve Battalion of the Irish Guards at Warley Barracks, Brentwood, in Surrey.

After the Medical Officer there had examined me, he turned to Colonel Vesey and said, "Undoubtedly, sir, I rate him as B2." So down I went from A1 to B2, from fit to unfit for active service.

A few months later Lord de Vesci was ordered to France. Troops for active service had to be Class A. Once again Lord de Vesci had my medical category upgraded, and over with him to France I went.

We got our first home leave 18 months later. On arrival in London I spent the night at Lord de Vesci's house at Great Cumberland Place.

I'd hardly been there two minutes when a manservant called me and said a gentleman wanted to speak to me on the telephone.

A gruff voice I recognised only too well said, "Is that you, King?"

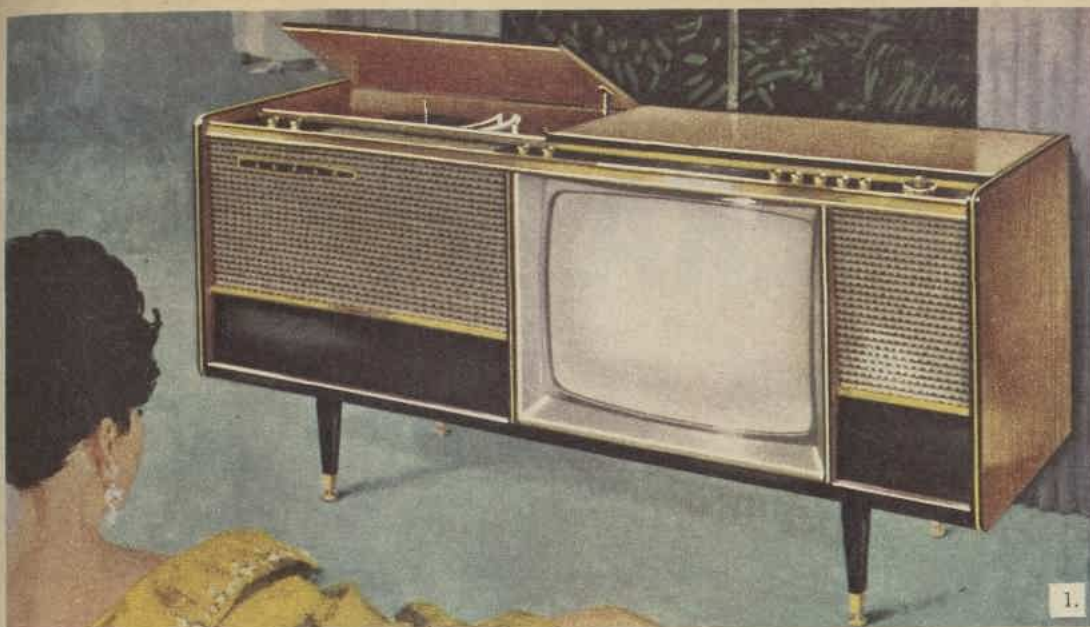
"Yes, sir." "This is Admiral Aubrey Smith speaking. I'm glad I've got you. Now, King, I've a proposition to make. I'm going to fly my flag on the new light cruiser, H.M.S. Glasgow. I'd very much like you to come back to me as my steward."

I very nearly dropped the telephone. "I'm afraid, sir, that would be impossible," I replied. "I'm in the Army now and have just returned from France on leave."

But that was no answer for Admiral Smith. "Don't worry about that, King. We are the

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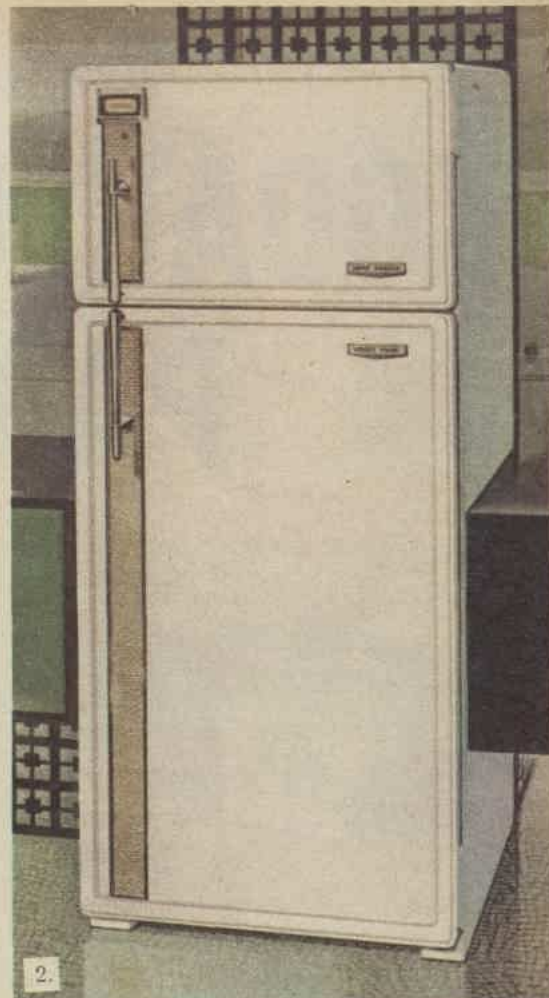
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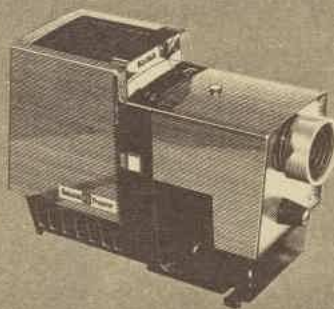
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Senior Service and if you are willing I can claim you."

I would have seven men under me, always ready to lend a hand. Did I waver for a moment? I did not. Between ourselves, I had seen service enough with Admiral Smith. I respectfully declined his offer.

Shortly afterward he sailed for the Pacific, later he became Naval A.D.C. to King George V, Head of the British Naval Mission to Greece, and afterwards British Naval Representative to the League of Nations. He retired in 1926 and was knighted for his services.

There was another very excellent reason why I did not want to go to the Pacific as a naval steward. When I became Lord de Vesci's butler, one condition he had insisted on was that I get married. "I never have any confidence in a single butler," he told me.

True, I was no longer his butler; I was now his soldier-servant. Being on leave together was a convenience for him and a hidden blessing for me, for we went to Ireland, to his home at Abbey Leix, where lived my fiancée.

So when I said to him, "Excuse me, my lord, I would like to ask your permission to get married," I thought in the light of his earlier request he would be only too pleased. I was wrong, he seemed both puzzled and displeased, telling me he must think about it. Two days later I again broached the subject. Again he demurred. Why did I wish to marry?

I replied that I thought it had been his wish, that I hoped to marry after the banns were published, and that I should do so with or without his approval.

I don't know why, but immediately his attitude changed. He gave his permission and I arranged to marry on June 21, 1916, in the local church.

And then, the very evening before the wedding (so did our lives hang on an employer's whim!) Lord de Vesci said to me: "Oh, King, I believe you're getting married tomorrow. I want you to be married in my private church."

When I pointed out that to alter it all at this last moment might prove difficult, he said, "You go off and find Archdeacon Bor and tell him it's my wish."

So I cycled off to the Archdeacon's home. He was out, trout fishing, and it was 9.30 at night before I found him and told him what "Lordy" wished.

The Archdeacon looked dubious. "This is most difficult," he said, "most difficult. I don't know whether Lord de Vesci's church is licensed for marriages. However, as it is his wish it should take place there, there it will have to be. I'll make inquiries, of course, and if it's not licensed we'll just have to go through the ceremony again."

However, the chapel was found to be licensed, and it was found, too, that the last marriage solemnised there had been in 1872, between the 8th Earl of Wemyss' daughter and the former Viscount de Vesci.

Indeed, my marriage set a fashion. After the war several local couples were married there by permission of Lord de Vesci.

Shortly after our return to France, Lord de Vesci was

ordered out of the line and posted to Le Touquet, and I accompanied him.

His transfer from the Irish Guards was at the request of Lord Lovat, who was Director of Forestry and head of the Forestry Corps, largely occupied with felling pine trees to provide pit props for the trenches, and for re-afforestation.

Already, before 1914, Le Touquet had become a favorite and fashionable casino resort with the English, and after war was declared an officers' hospital was opened there by the Duchess of Westminster.

Le Touquet was also the headquarters of various rear-echelons and army units. At Etaples, nearby, was an enormous base hospital and a reception-centre for troops proceeding up the line.

Sound of the guns at the front, especially those of the 1918 March offensive, were fairly constantly in our ears. You could hear them on the golf course on the dunes.

Other ranks weren't supposed to play, of course, but a friend and I took a chance and shared a bag of clubs lent to us by Miss Marigold Forbes, whose mother, Lady Angela Forbes, a daughter of the 4th Lord Rosslyn, had a villa almost alongside one in which I was billeted.

First footman out all night, leading the Irish rebels

One day, after several holes, I suddenly spotted officers on the tee behind. We signalled them through, fearing the worst when our rank was discovered, but they signalled back to go on, so we did so.

At the end of the round, as we carefully vanished, we recognised one of the officers. Do you know who it was? The Commander-in-Chief, Earl Haig. Later we learnt he often came over from his quarters at Montreuil and stayed in a villa at Le Touquet under the pseudonym of Colonel Fletcher.

Six months after the Armistice I was demobilised and so ended the career of King, Ernest William, as a Guardsman of the First Battalion Irish Guards, No. 9073. The date was May 17, 1919.

Having been with Lord de Vesci through part of one war, I found myself immediately afterwards in the thick of another—the Sinn Féin struggle to found the Irish Republic.

I can tell you I was far nearer the fighting in Abbey Leix, his home in Queen's County, than ever I was at Le Touquet, in France!

It wasn't even a question of the enemy being at the gates, he was right beside me in the house, for the first footman was the local company commander of the Irish Republican Army.

On many occasions he asked my permission to leave immediately after dinner, to go to a dance. Several times I saw him on return at 7 a.m., his eyes bloodshot and plastered from head to foot in mud. I knew he'd been to no dance, but to war, "to droive the doity English from the sacred soil of Oireland."

Every servant in the house was a Sinn Féiner, with the exception of myself, the housekeeper, and the chauffeur.

Finally, the Irish situation grew so serious that Lord de

Vesci decided to close Abbey Leix and move to London.

It was a bad day for me. I lost not only my house on his estate but a generous free allowance of coal, logs, milk, vegetables, and electric light, and I had to take a small flat in London.

My tips in Ireland had almost doubled my pay; in London no guests stayed and tips were negligible.

After a year, and for the first and only time in my life, I asked for a rise. I was given an extra £12 a year, less than 5/- a week. I felt I had to earn more and gave in my notice.

When Lady de Vesci heard of it she offered to increase my wages by 30/- a week out of her own pocket and allow me use of the garage flat. But when I make up my mind to move, I move.

At the back of my mind, too, was a wish to make a break from the environment I had known for the past 20 years. I wanted to have done with the landed gentry, with the peerage of the old school.

I wanted to break out into something entirely new to me, the rich. Not the old rich, but the new rich, the new and very rich. It would be an adventure.

And I found one very soon—Mabelle de Wichfeld. She was by no means the richest American woman in the world, but her income must have been well over £300,000 a year.

She had a house in Boston and another in New York, No. 1 Sutton Place, a house in Paris in the fashionable Rue de Lille, and when I joined her staff she had just taken a seven-year lease of Blair Castle from the Duke of Atholl.

Once one of her secretaries, stung by a colleague's question as to why she had presented the accounts in such a shocking mess, spat back: "Perhaps because I don't happen to be a meat-packer's daughter."

Meat-packer's daughter Mabelle Swift certainly was. It always pleased me to think that, in leasing Blair Castle, the British were seeing back a fraction of the money we had spent on that constant stand-by ration of World War I—tinned bully beef!

I went to Blair Castle not as a butler but as valet to her second husband, Count Axel de Wichfeld.

Heiress had crowns on everything she owned

The Count, who migrated from Denmark to America, had first worked in a taxi garage in America and then in a clerical capacity on the Swift estates in Massachusetts.

Good looking, with all the social graces, he must have had quite a knack for marrying a rich woman. Although many might have thought the opposite sex would take little interest in him, his second wife was no less than "Fifi" Widener, the daughter of the millionaire American racehorse owner and art collector Mr. Joe Widener.

Though she was never addressed as "Countess," large crowns were embossed on all Mrs. de Wichfeld's luggage and labels, engraved on her gold, silver, and plate, her writing paper and envelopes, and embroidered on all her linen.

It is surprising that Mrs. de Wichfeld was not entered for the American Matrimonial Stakes, from which the English peers had captured so many glittering prizes at the turn of the century.

She had been the right age, in her early twenties, in 1900, when the Anglo-American market in "dooks for dough" was booming.

I can only suppose her father allowed her to marry an American for love, and that when her first husband died she again followed her own inclination.

Like many an American woman, she liked to pay the piper, call the tune, and be the boss. She left no doubt as to who wore the pants in her house.

I could hardly have found a better introduction to the flesh-pots of abounding riches. Stories about her wealth and extravagance were legion, and she did spend much of her time trying to sprinkle salt on the tail of every title.

Her guests were lavishly entertained. They had but to touch the bell and ask for anything they wanted.

They always had the choice of Indian, China, or Russian tea, but it wasn't true, though I know it made a good story, that they were also asked if they preferred Shorthorn, Friesian, or Jersey milk.

She entertained royally, much more royally than most royalty could afford to. She never had fewer than 36 guests staying at Blair Castle. The majority were American, but there was also a cosmopolitan collection of Italian, Scandinavian, South American, Spanish, French, and some eight or nine English guests.

Breakfast trays, carried upstairs every morning, were laden with orange juice, porridge, cream, a hot dish, tea or coffee, toast, croissants, brioche, marmalade. Also, being an American householder, iced water.

So much cream was consumed we had to get an additional daily supply from Perth.

On each butter-dish would be laid four thick pats of butter. Much of it was unused and later would be thrown into the pantry fire.

There were six women in more or less constant attendance on Mrs. de Wichfeld, two maids—one French, one Belgian—a personal laundress, also French, and three secretaries.

Because the arrival of one guest had once been overlooked, two Rolls-Royces went daily to meet the train from London in case anyone had been forgotten and omitted from the secretary's guest list.

Consignments of Turkish cigarettes and cigars arrived regularly from Robert Lewis, of St. James's Street. I had to place, and replace when necessary, an unbroken tin of these cigarettes in every bedroom. In the reception rooms the cigarettes were placed in silver or china boxes.

I found I usually had to pack some 20 or 30 cigars and a tin or two of cigarettes in the luggage of departing guests, especially the English, who seemed to find it hard to resist the temptation of getting something for nothing.

"For a chop or a cheque," Americans say, "the English will do anything." That probably goes for a lot of other nationalities, too, but I do think it is an English fault to bite the hand that feeds them.

While quite happy to accept Mrs. de Wichfeld's boundless hospitality, eat and drink of the best, shoot over the moors she paid for, her English guests never failed to ridicule and sneer at her behind her back. I think they were jealous of her American wealth.

Only one thing at Blair Castle did guests have to pay for; bills for their personal laundry were presented to all guests. I am sorry to say only the English left without paying them.

Jewellery and gold were two of Mrs. de Wichfeld's pet extravagances. Up to 1939 jewellery was a badge that many women wore like a sergeant's stripes or a Field-Marshal's baton; it showed achievement, rank, position.

I think a woman looks better dressed-up, and not undressed in public as has become the fashion set by modern film actresses and models. But when is magnificent jewellery to be worn now that evening dress is so seldom worn? Tiara-times are past and gone.

Costume jewellery, and an age when crime pays, keeps most jewellery in the safe-deposit. You might almost say there is only one woman in the world who is given the chance, and the security, and the occasions to wear any jewellery she pleases—and that is the Queen of England.

From ashtrays to shoe-horns—all were solid gold

Mrs. de Wichfeld loved gold. All her ashtrays in her private sitting-room were of massive gold.

She had 175 toilet bottles and jars on her dressing-table and in her bathroom, and all the tops were solid gold. She had a gold-handled button-hook and a gold shoe-horn. Hair-brushes and clothes-brushes were backed with gold. She had gold cigarette boxes and gold match boxes.

This gold was no paper-thin covering, no coating, no leaf, but heavy, as I well knew when it came to be carried to the pantry to be cleaned, a load requiring two full butler's trays.

Had you slung one of those bottle tops across the room it would not have dented. They were made by Keiller, the Paris goldsmith and silversmith.

Mrs. de Wichfeld, too, travelled in very real state. In all, she had some 170 trunks, many big enough to hold a man. She usually took seven or eight with her, and some 30 pieces of hand-luggage.

All these trunks were specially built, with or without drawers. One contained nothing but her stationery, several only contained underclothes.

There were special shoe trunks, fitted with trays, each tray subdivided into baize-lined compartments.

First the shoes were put into matching bags, black in black, brown in brown—whatever the color of the shoe it had a corresponding bag made of moiré silk and lined with fine chamois leather, and these, of course, were further divided into day shoes, evening shoes, town and country shoes.

Plumpish, of medium height, and middle-aged when



I knew her, she had a great fondness for plastering herself with jewellery. In full rig, her diamond bracelets would flash from wrists almost to her elbows, her neck and bosom would be aglitter.

The only thing that slightly marred her display was the quite gigantic proportions of her bust.

How this jewellery travelled to and fro between England and Scotland, Paris and America I do not know. I think some of the trunks contained safes, and there was one bag which, on trains, never left her Belgian maid's hand.

When she crossed the Atlantic she was always accompanied by a staff of at least 29—ladies' maids, secretaries, footmen, chauffeurs, housemaids—ready to take up their duties when they arrived in New York, Boston, Paris, or Blair Castle.

I wouldn't say she was exceptionally vain, but I think she liked to be, or to be thought of as, one of the biggest fish in the pond.

Once another American woman airily boasted that she had reserved the Royal suite for her return to New York on one of the White Star liners. What accommodation had Mrs. de Wichfeld reserved, she sweetly asked.

Mrs. de Wichfeld at once rang up the company and said she wanted the Royal suite. The White Star apologetically explained that it was already booked, and offered alternative accommodation.

Mrs. de Wichfeld replied that unless the suite were made available she would never again travel by their line. Such a threat from so important a client—she and her husband and their vast entourage travelled to and from New York at least five or six times a year—they could not afford to ignore.

The suite was made available. Mrs. de Wichfeld never used it, but neither did the other woman. Mrs. de Wichfeld cancelled the reservation at the last moment.

Normally she was very charming, though she took time before she liked and trusted you. On occasion, and after a drink or two, she could behave like a first-generation meat-packer's daughter.

Once, when the Ritz Hotel in London had failed to give her her usual rooms, the very wallpaper blistered with the fury of her temper. Down went her 40 trunks and over we tramped to Claridge's. But only for two days, by which time the Ritz had juggled their reservations around to make her rooms available.

She had a curious weakness for smuggling. She had

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already been caught by the Customs at Victoria Station when one trunk got badly bumped and champagne and brandy began to leak all over the platform.

She blamed her husband's Danish valet and abused him so violently that he gathered up his things and left on the spot. The duty and fine amounted to £1000.

That didn't cure her. On another occasion when going to Paris she only just caught the Golden Arrow at Victoria as it was about to pull out. I had previously had a fierce argument with the Pullman official, who refused to accept 29 pieces of luggage. However, I got by with all but three of the bulkiest, which had to be registered.

Of course, the first thing Mrs. de Wichfeld asked was, "Where is my black case?" When I told her it had been registered she went into hysterics, haranguing me at the top of her voice. She hadn't told me it was full of brandy.

At Calais the Prefect of Police, no less, came to her rescue, and the 29 pieces, less the three registered to Paris, were swept through without Customs examination. A telegram to Josef, then the head chasseur at the Ritz Hotel in Paris, summoned him to the Gare du Nord to meet us. He cleared the outstanding three.

I think she must have paid in tips as much as she saved in duty. I don't know why she wanted to smuggle brandy into France, of all places; she never smuggled cigarettes, which always arrived from London in bond.

For her 36 guests, never fewer than 80 servants

Like most of us she hated paying more for something than she thought it was worth. The price charged for an orange brought to her sitting-room in the Ritz Hotel, London, used to madden her, so every time she wanted one I had to pad over to Solomons, the fruit and flower shop opposite, and buy a couple of oranges and squeeze them. It saved her 2/9.

She did not go to Blair Castle only for the view from her bedroom window, or for the reflected glory of entertaining in the Duke of Atholl's home; she also went to shoot.

She would start with the grouse, stay for the partridge, and often remain for the pheasant. She had a beautiful pair of guns made for her by the famous London gunsmith Purdey that must have cost £500.

During my first season at Blair Castle the American guests turned out one morning rather more suitably dressed for parts in those old Gaiety musical comedies than for a grouse shoot. The checks of their tweeds seemed more suitable for a game of chess or draughts, rather than to gently harmonise with the heather.

And because the day was sunny and fine, many wore brown and white brogue shoes.

However, somebody must have dropped a heavily weighted hint; they only appeared once like that.

They had an excuse. They don't shoot grouse in

America, and they do tend to dress rather conspicuously for "hunting" as they call it, as though the first objective was to avoid shooting each other.

Mrs. de Wichfeld had turned into quite a reasonable shot by taking lessons at a shooting school near London. Having gained confidence in the man who instructed her, she had him to stay at Blair Castle every season to load for her.

He had just returned to London when she collected her most unorthodox bag. She was motoring back from a pheasant shoot through the dusk in her open Rolls when they passed one of the keeper's lodges.

She called to the chauffeur to stop. "Look at that pheasant up there," she said, slipping a cartridge into her gun. She stood up and let fly, and down from a tree, where it had been peacefully roosting, fell—a chicken.

The Duke of Spoleto, who became the Duke of Aosta on the death of his brother, who had conquered Abyssinia for Mussolini, was an occasional guest at Blair Castle.

He was much in love with a married American woman, but by the time she had divorced her husband for his sake the Duke had married the sister of King George II of Greece.

Once the Duke asked me to send a telegram for him. It was in English and addressed to his brother. It said, "Having hell bloody fine time." Proof that Mrs. de Wichfeld's guests enjoyed themselves, though I was rather surprised some strait-laced Scotswoman at the post office didn't promptly return it.

Mrs. de Wichfeld's retinue of servants was headed by the steward, Reeley, who had been with her for 26 years, both in America and England. Before that he had been with the former Viceroy of India, Viscount Milner.

Several times he had left, but each time she had induced him to return. He was always paid in dollars, the equivalent then of about £100 a month. He only worked for her while she was at Blair Castle the rest of the year was his own.

Perhaps I can best show the numbers of staff employed by listing them according to where they had their meals.

The French chef and his kitchen-maids took their meals in the kitchen. The 10 house-maids had a room to themselves.

Those who had their meals in the steward's room were the steward, two ladies' maids, head linen maid, valet (mc), two head chauffeurs, between 20 and 30 guests' servants, valets, and ladies' maids, and Mrs. de Wichfeld's chiropodist and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mock.

Those who ate in the servants' hall were three under-butlers, six footmen, two odd-men, eight daily women, eight laundry maids, hall-boy, two under-chauffeurs, plus a varying number of guests' chauffeurs.

So that for 36 guests there were never fewer than some 80 or 90 servants in attendance.

The kitchen was 40 yards long by 18 yards wide. There were three enormous coal ranges, but no refrigerators at that time. Ice was delivered, 3cwt., twice weekly, and put into a collection of ice-boxes.

The two head chauffeurs lived with their wives and families in flats above the garages, though the two men came into the castle for their meals.

Whenever we had steak and kidney pudding for lunch there would always be four or five left uneaten on the hot plate, and you would always see the chauffeurs going back to their wives with a pudding tucked under their arms.

Few of the temporary footmen employed by Mrs. de Wichfeld for Blair Castle ever remained long. Either they were inefficient or they misbehaved or they found the work too hard. It was hard; I never had a free evening.

Too much washing-up, so crystal went out the window

Drink, too, played its part. I shall never forget when two footmen, up to their eyebrows with whisky, were removing glasses from the dining-room to the pantry for washing-up after dinner.

It was beautiful crystal glass, engraved with a crown, specially made for Mrs. de Wichfeld by Goode's, of South Audley Street, each glass costing at least £1, which today would be £5.

Outside the pantry window was a sheer fall of some 200 feet to where two rivers met.

As the two footmen entered with two trays loaded with glass, one said to the other men, "Hey, boys, you've done enough of this blasted washing-up! Open those windows!" And trays and glass crashed to the depths below.

The two footmen were on the station at Blair Atholl next morning. Two more engaged from London were on their way to take their place that night.

One of the best temporary footmen Mrs. de Wichfeld had was a giant of a man, at least six foot one or two in his socks. His name was John and part of his duties was to supervise the food on its arrival in the service-room from the kitchen.

One night pheasant — 16 for 40 guests — was served on enormous silver dishes, first carved by the chef and then wings and breast put back on the bird. John had to make sure that all was in order for each service, that the bread sauce, the bread-crumbs, the gravy, the vegetables were all present and correct.

The course completed, several pheasants were left over, and John, as usual, took for himself and the other footmen enough for a snack later.

Dinner finished, the table cleared, and all washed up, the steward would tell a footman to pass the word around for all men to come to the cellar for a drink. They could name what they liked; it was a thank-offering for their night's work. John took a whisky.

That night he was late-duty footman, which meant he was up until after the guests went to bed, emptying ashtrays, serving drinks, clearing away glasses. Each time he entered the drawing-room he made sure a glass for himself was well primed.

I was upstairs at work on Mr. de Wichfeld's clothes. I also had to do those of seven guests who were without valets, as well as Mrs. de Wichfeld's shoes and the

shoes of seven other lady guests.

I seldom finished before midnight, but it was worth it. My tips came to never less than £16 a week.

When last I saw my tall friend I noticed he was pretty well cooked. What happened after I heard the following morning.

When most of the guests had gone to bed Mrs. de Wichfeld, whose own glass had never long stayed empty, rang the bell for the footman. "John," she called peremptorily, "put my dawg out."

John drew himself to his full height.

"Madam," he replied. "I'm not a blinking kennel boy, I'm a blinking footman." And he, too, was on the station at Blair Atholl the next morning.

There were two entrances to the castle, and in both Mrs. de Wichfeld had installed several mahogany "spiders," hat and coat stands. Guests arriving to stay, or those returning from a day's shooting, would hang up their coats and hats on them.

After four months of continuous entertaining, when all the guests had gone, Reeley, the steward, happened to see in both entrances that the "spiders" were still carrying loads of coats and hats that had been left behind by visitors.

So he summoned all the menservants and told them that he wanted all the hats and coats cleared, and anyone could take their pick. Which they did, leaving only a hat or two remaining.

I had taken nothing, and Reeley turned to me and said, "You say you don't want an overcoat or a raincoat, but what about a hat?"

"Yes," I replied, "I've been pondering over that. I wouldn't mind a hat. I wouldn't mind that one." I pointed to it, and he gave it to me.

The following night we were leaving for London and Paris. I went ahead to Blair Atholl station to organise the loading of the great mounds of luggage.

I suppose Mr. de Wichfeld must have possessed at least 50 hats, but the moment he came on the platform he came up to me and said, "Oh, King, I couldn't find the hat I usually travel in. You haven't seen it, have you?" And he looked at me hard and suspiciously as though to say, "You're damn well wearing it."

Why had the steward invited us to take away all those hats and coats? Well, if he hadn't done so Mrs. de Wichfeld would have spotted them. She would have blamed him for allowing her guests to leave without them. She would have created hell and kept it up for a week. He had taken the easiest way out.

Mrs. de Wichfeld's wealth was no new toy to her. She had been accustomed to living on a grand scale since a child; her father had been one of the first bully-beef billionaires. Consequently, she had always been used to a houseful of servants. Her father had even had an English butler.

She didn't ride rough-shod over her staff, but none ever failed to hear the crack of her whip.

If she saw a footman gossiping, even if he had just come off duty, she would tell him to find a cloth and polish some glass.

If she saw any of her chauffeurs idling she would at once start them moving furniture to and fro to suit some new arrangement she had in mind.

A footman had constantly to be on duty to open the front door the moment her car drove up or she'd become almost hysterical with rage. She had an infra-red eye for any fault in dress or appearance.

Occasionally she liked a Boston breakfast of orange juice, cereal, salt cod-fish balls, sausages, various bits and pieces, toast and marmalade that required half a dozen separate dishes set on a large and heavy tray beyond a maid's strength to carry.

Kept waiting on one occasion, she rounded on the footman who brought the tray. "Not only are you late," she accused him, "you haven't even shaved this morning."

"Oh, yes, I have, madam," the man protested.

"Well, then, go and have another one."

She said much the same to her chef, Dufou, one evening. He had served her faithfully for 20 years and on that account presumably thought he was entitled to voice some defence.

"If you expect me to cook for you all day, Madam, and you also expect me to be shaved," he told her, "then you better provide me with a valet."

Sacked by her husband, I became her butler

A footman who had joined us at Blair was Fred Stewart. He had formerly been with the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, parents of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, at Glamis Castle.

The new footman was delighted with our ample menus. He had left Glamis, he said, because in order to keep the bills down he'd been given nothing to eat but hare and venison.

On return from a short visit to the Paris home of Mrs. de Wichfeld I grew a little restive at constantly finding Fred Stewart in my quarters, asking me this and that about my work, offering to press a suit under my guidance or do some other task in my brushing-room.

Finally, I said to him, "Are you looking for a job? Or are you trying to take mine?"

"Haven't you heard?" he replied. "Mr. de Wichfeld wants me to be his valet."

"That's funny," I said, "that's news to me. I thought I was his valet. I had better ask him."

To my astonishment Mr. de Wichfeld confirmed it. "We are contemplating a change," he said. "We prefer a single man, but we don't want you to leave us for some time. We'd like you to train Fred first, to coach him."

"When you consider him proficient, then we shall be happy to give you a present and you can go."

"No need to wait for that, sir," I replied, "if you want him you have him now." And I caught the train south that very day.

I learnt afterwards that Mrs. de Wichfeld had known nothing of the change, and was livid when she did. Every six months for the next



three years she sought to persuade me to return as her butler in her Paris house. I refused. I knew what an old she-fox she could be. I knew the pitfalls.

I stuck out for £1 a day, £365 a year. As she could get a first-class man for £175 she rightly felt the difference too great. She stuck to her guns, I stuck to mine. Dead-lock.

It was not only on account of the money that I refused her offers. Serving her, I knew, would be a tricky business. She was not an easy person. When she drank too much she would have you running around like a top doing nothing. A warm heart, maybe, but with a hot and irritable temper.

She could be good-natured with those she liked, but a terror with those she didn't. I knew that once she relied on you she was very loyal.

Finally she gave in and agreed to pay me what I was asking. So off I went to her house in the Rue de Lille, Paris, where I had a staff of four footmen under me—two French and two English.

Mrs. de Wichfeld was never for long in Paris; never for very long anywhere. One afternoon when she and her husband were away one of the footmen came to me and said there was a gentleman at the door.

When I went into the hall the young man standing there said that Mr. and Mrs. de Wichfeld had told him in America that whenever he was in Paris he must call and see them.

I explained they wouldn't be back for a fortnight, and he then asked if he might see one or two of the reception-rooms. He didn't appear to be a suspicious character, so I showed him around.

Mrs. de Wichfeld had very good taste, aided and abetted by every leading antique dealer in Paris, of course, and she had the most superlative Louis XIV and Louis XV furniture.

"Beautiful, beautiful," the young man said when we returned to the front door. "Do please tell them how much I enjoyed seeing where they live in Paris."

Holding open the door for him as he left, I said, "Excuse me, sir, you haven't given me your name to tell Mrs. de Wichfeld when she returns."

"Oh, just say George Gershwine looked in," he replied.

(Copyright Ernest King, 1962.)

NEXT WEEK:
High life in a French villa with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

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NOW, A FLEXIBLE INSECT SCREEN THAT WILL NEVER, NEVER RUST. Stainless Steel and fibreglass have been combined by modern designers to produce an insect screen that can be fixed to your present window frames in seconds; removed for window cleaning merely by unfastening its nylon clips — or partly unfastened and lifted (it's completely flexible) to open windows. *Best of all, the Stainless Steel frame of this new insect screen will never rust — not even sea air destroys its gleaming beauty and enduring strength.* This new screen is now available from builders, joiners and stores.

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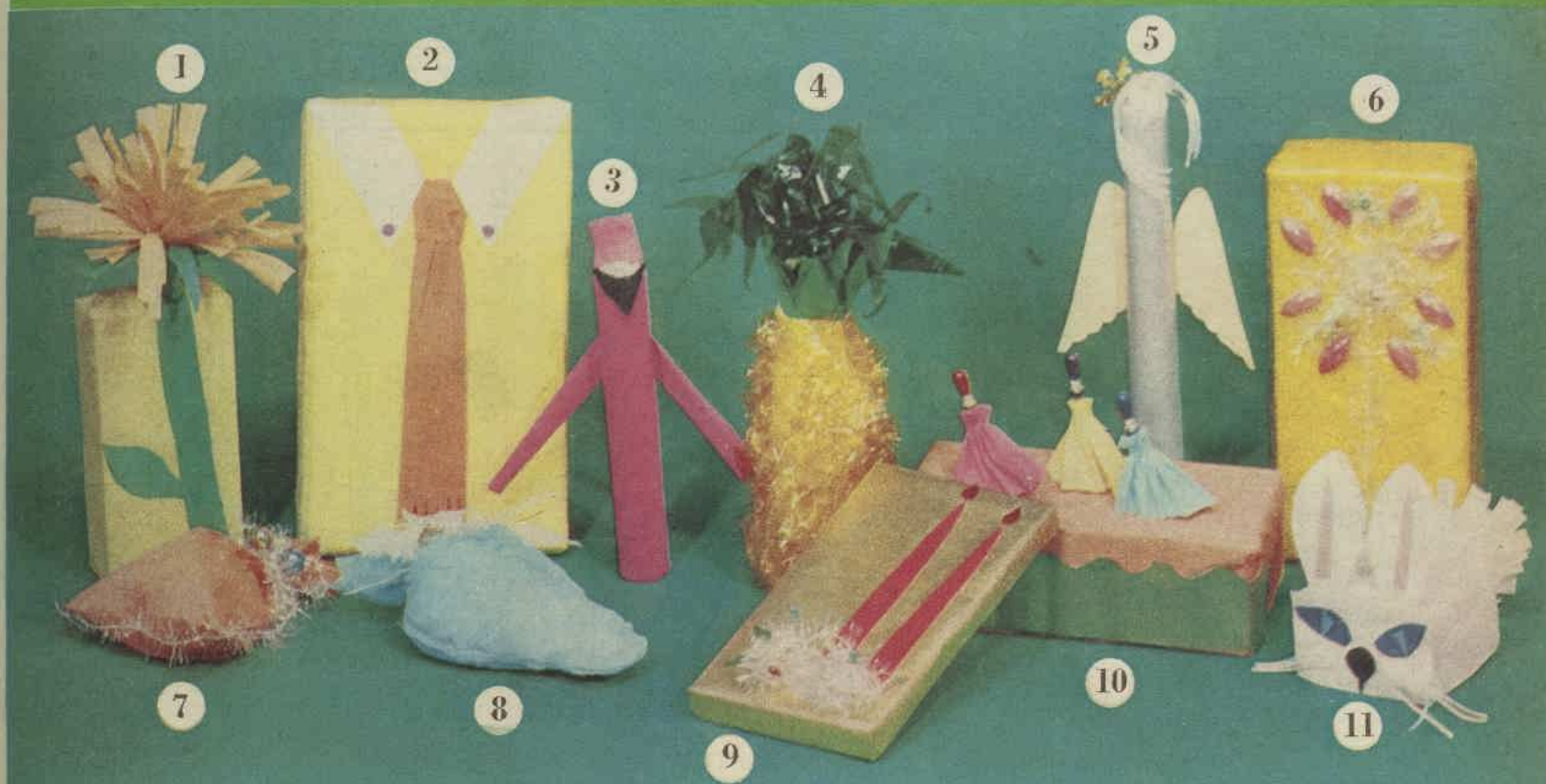
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TWENTY-FIVE WAYS TO WRAP GIFTS

• A three-page feature to help you decorate Christmas gifts so they will be more exciting to give as well as to receive.



TO MAKE THESE PARCELS

The parcels above are easy to make up with inexpensive colored crepe paper, thin cardboard and scraps of felt, millinery decorations, tinsel, baubles, pingpong balls, and hat pins.

Members of our staff wrapped the parcels shown on these pages and instructions for you to follow are given below.

1. **SUNFLOWER** stalk and petals were cut out of crepe paper and glued on. Petals were made by fringing several 15in. strips of paper and securing them to box with ordinary pins.

2. **SHIRT COLLAR** shapes were cut out of white cardboard and glued to box. Tie is a strip of crepe paper.

3. **UNORTHODOX FATHER CHRISTMAS** could conceal a rolled print or a necklace hung inside cardboard tube. Ping-pong ball makes the head; face was sketched on it. Beard is black felt. Arms are pinned on.

4. **PINEAPPLE** effectively disguises a bottle which was first covered with thin cardboard, then yellow cellulose paper. Tiny golden rosettes were pasted on. Foliage was made with a fringed length of green paper.

5. **MODERN ANGEL** was wrapped in silver paper, topped with ping-pong ball for head. Wings are thin cardboard. Face was painted on and hair (fringed ribbon) glued on. Halo is snowflake shape pinned to head.

6. **GLITTERING FLOWER** on this box was made with tinsel and shiny knick-knacks from a millinery counter.

7 and 8. **PAPER BAGS** are a simple and pretty wrapping. Edges were glued together. Bags are trimmed with tinsel, baubles, and decorative leaves.

9. **CANDLE MOTIFS** cut from red cardboard were glued on a simple gold-wrapped box. Leaves for flames and decorative pins were bought at a millinery store. Tinsel is glued on.

10. **THREE WISE MEN** on this box were made with fancy hatpins. Cloaks are crepe paper, gathered with running stitches about 4in. from top, flared at bottom. Box was banded with gold.

11. **WHITE RABBIT** is a small box covered with white crepe paper, fringed at hind end and gathered with elastic band to form tail. Face is square of cardboard with shaped ears. Eyes, nose, and pink ear pieces are felt, whiskers are a length of fringed ribbon.

Organise your present-giving

MAKE your gift-giving easier this Christmas. The following hints will help you to do this.

The first thing to remember when you're gift-shopping is to buy what you believe will please the receiver — not what pleases you. This will ensure a good reception for your gift and avoid any disappointment.

Be sure to wrap breakable articles well in plenty of tissue paper or cotton waste so there's no possibility of their being broken if they are dropped.

Start early to collect cardboard shoe boxes and other small boxes to pack presents neatly — and to make it more difficult to guess what's inside! Cover the boxes with left-over wallpaper scraps or pretty wrapping paper, then decorate them.

A cylinder is a good disguise for small things like jewellery. Use the ones inside rolls of sandwich paper or make your own with sheets of thin cardboard.

It's a good idea to choose a color scheme and buy papers and decorations to fit it. This is more economical than buying lots of different papers and having odd pieces left over.

Wrap your gifts at least a week before Christmas if

possible and display them on a buffet or a hall table. They will help to decorate the house.

Don't rely entirely on conventional wrappings.

A novel idea which can be very successful is to use sheets of foreign newspapers, simply tied with scarlet ribbon. These newspapers can



12. **DOMINOES** are quick and effective decoration for a box. Outline the squares with silver ribbon, paste on white paper or felt circles for domino spots.

be bought at larger book-stalls and newsagents.

Dried flowers, leaves, and seed pods can be arranged in a small posy to top a plainly wrapped box and will look highly individual.

Cut out attractive pictures

from glossy magazines and old calendars, cut them to fit the top of a square-boxed present, and paste them on. Make a frame edging of decorative ribbon and finish it with a flat bow.

Use gift paper to make a dust-jacket for a book and the recipient can keep it on while he's reading it. Tie the book with pretty ribbon and paste the name card on the spine.

The millinery counters provide plenty of inspiration for beautiful jewelled parcels. Pearly leaf shapes, petals, sequins, and beads can be glued on to a plain colored wrapping to give it a luxury look.

If you're giving several small items to a child — quantity is often valued more than quality by the very young — a Christmas stocking of bright crepe paper is a traditional and popular way to present them.

The stocking shape is easy to draw freehand. Machine stitch round the edges, leaving the top open. You can trim the edges with tinsel to give a pretty effect. Fill out the odd corners with sweets, nuts, and fruit.

Cover a paper carrying-bag with rosettes of crepe paper to make an attractive carry-all for your Christmas parcels.

• More ideas overleaf



13. **BON - BON** (left) wrapped in cellulose paper is decorated with leaves and artificial pearls.

14. **YACHT** (left) has a pencil for a mast, paper sails, and blue paper waves. Sailor is red hatpin.

15. **CHRISTMAS TREE** shape (left) is outlined with silver tinsel on blue box.



16. **ACE OF DIAMONDS** (above) is in white, bound with red ribbon. Diamond shapes are glued on the paper-covered box.

17. **ANGEL IN RED** (above, centre) is a cone with a ping-pong ball head. Arms and wings of cardboard are pinned on. Paper doily lace trims gown of red cardboard.

18. **CHOIR GIRL** made of crepe paper and lace doily edging has a face sketched in Indian ink.



19. **FISH** shape is covered with cellulose paper. Tail end is cut to resemble fins. Tinsel makes the mouth, a plastic petal the eye.



20. **CLOWN** of red cellulose paper is gathered round the neck of a bottle. Bow tie is paper. The head is a tennis ball, nose is bauble.



21. **RED ROSE** is made with strips of crepe paper stretched at edges and wound round to form a circular shape. Stem and leaves are glued on the paper-covered box.

NOW...

a toothbrush with your own name - (or initials)

Another first for TEK! Tek Initial Toothbrush, with new sculptured handle and a full alphabet of initials on self-adhering gold foil strip—you simply press on your own name or initials. Buy "Tek Initial" in the smart plastic container for all the family—costs just a little more.

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● All the parcels on these two pages contain simple articles such as a pair of shoes for tenpin bowling, a jar of peanuts, and a pair of socks, but the beautifully decorated packages give them a glamorous appearance.



22: TENPIN BOWLING enthusiasts will have a clue to this parcel's contents. Pin is cut from cardboard; ball, stripes from paper.



23: DEBONAIR FELLOW disguises a tin of peanuts. The cap and eyes are felt, the lacy collar is from a paper doily. Bow tie is paper.



24: PAPER-BAG can be glued or sewn at the seams. Top is gathered up with a rubber band, decorated with a spray of leaves.

25: DRUMMER BOY is wrapped in blue and white. The peak of the hat, the eyes, nose, and mouth are made of black and red felt.

Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron

What could be nicer
for any occasion?



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Three favourite
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TEA TIME WAFERS

"TASTE THE DIFFERENCE"



● Pair of dogs in Staffordshire pottery.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, on these two pages answers readers' queries and gives some interesting information about famous decorator William Billingsley.

Could you tell me the age of my pair of china dogs? They are white, with black chains, gold collars and padlocks. — Christine Spiller, Scarborough, W.A.

These nicely modelled dogs (left) are English Staffordshire pottery, made about 1850-60. Large numbers of such dogs were made in the 19th century. They

vary in quality, but now attract the attention of the collector. Your china doll is most likely of German origin, about 1880-90.

★ This china fowl lifts off the basket. Both are hollow. How old is it? — Mrs. J. W. A. Douglas, West Ulverstone, Tas.

Your fowl (right) is English Staffordshire pottery and was



● Old egg-basket in the form of a hen.

made to hold eggs. It is a very fine example and is about 100 years old.

★ My jasper decanter is marked 86 and is at least 100 years old. — Mrs. Geoffrey Hayes, Eight Mile Plains, Qld.

The decanter (below) is English. Its decoration of game exemplifies the sentiments of the Victorian era (1837-1901). It is difficult to attribute it to a particular factory; however, it was probably made by a good English potter who excelled in the imitation of Wedgwood jasper. Your Doulton vase was made about 1880. Your Dresden plate is mid-19th century.



● Jasper decanter.

My silver candlestick is one of a pair brought to Australia about 1860. I cannot find any marks. — Mrs. N. Nowlam, Beaumaris, Vic.

I doubt whether your exquisite candlesticks (one is shown below) are silver. They appear to be Sheffield plate (hence the absence of marks) about 1825-35 and show the high quality of craftsmanship attained in this work during its last days, before the invention of electroplating.



● Fine candlestick.



New Kleenex^{*} casual napkins

have all the advantages of linen serviettes.

The new, easy note in entertaining—Kleenex Casual napkins are here to lend colour and an informal air to parties, barbecues, picnics and buffet suppers and everyday meals. Look for them in their range of pretty decorator colours. Sit on your lap like linen—but cost next to nothing to use—And no laundry!



● non-slip ● no washing ● wet strength

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1962

COLLECTORS' CORNER...

continued

What make of china are my teapot and stand, and the vase which belongs to my cousin, Mr. George Johnston, and what are their probable dates? I bought the teapot in Sydney and the vase came from England in 1886. We hope the rose decoration on both is by William Billingsley, who was our great-great-grandfather. — Miss S. Scroggie, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Your teapot and stand (above, centre) is English, and a typical Staffordshire piece. The attractive rose design is entirely transfer-printed and therefore not by William Billingsley. Mr. Johnston's exquisite vase (above, far right) is a fine example of mid-Victorian Derby porcelain with hand-painted decoration in Billingsley manner.

Compare the decoration with that on the rare plate shown above, which is owned by Mr. George Holman, of Adelaide. It was made about 1795, has an exquisite hand-painted border by William Billingsley and a centre of yellow lupins by Quaker Pegg, another famous porcelain decorator.

Its factory mark is a crown, crossed batons, and D in overglaze blue (see picture below). The 146 is the pattern book number.

I note with interest that you are descended from William Billingsley through his daughter Lavinia, who was born in 1795.

Billingsley (1758-1828) was an eminent artist whose style and technique in decorating porcelain were soon imitated by others, and a "Billingsley idiom" is discernible on many good examples of early 19th century porcelain. In fact, he is still copied today, a modern ceramic adaptation being the "Billingsley" rose.

Flower painter

He began his career when he was apprenticed to William Duesbury in 1774 at Derby, and for almost seven years painted single blooms in the meticulous style then fashionable, and later in groups.

He introduced a new decorating technique in which sharp outlines were abandoned and the overglaze color applied in soft washes. His mannerisms in floral groups were almost the equivalent of a signature throughout his career.

On fine quality porcelain, the roses for which he is famous are painted from countless angles.

Billingsley terminated his work at the Derby factory in 1796 and then began his "itinerant" career, working at Derbyshire, Mansfield, Torksey, Wirksworth, Worcester, and Nantgarw and Swansea, in Wales.—Stanley Lipscombe.



● Miss Scroggie's teapot.

● Mr. Holman's rare plate with Billingsley rose border.

● Mr. Johnston's vase.



Table lamp (TL10). Simulated marble in Blue or Brown graining. Natural Teakwood finish plus Gold band. This elegant base stands 16" high, 136/6.



IP8. Black, Pink or Champagne design on White ceramic glass. Highlights any colour scheme. Satin Silver metalware. 7" diameter, 36/3; or 9" diameter 40/-.



IP7. Black design over Pink, White or Champagne ceramic glass. Satin Silver metalware. 7" diameter, 36/3; or 9" diameter, 40/-.



Table lamp (TL12). Base, 8½" with natural Teakwood finish. White flint ceramic glassware with Black or Olive Green leaf spray design . . . 86/6.



"Sundowner" pendant. Satin-finish White Opal glass with a colourful screened glass umbrella in Black, Tan and White. Metalware, all Gold . . . £6/18/- complete.



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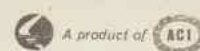


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Where imagination comes to light

● Base of Mr. Holman's plate, showing Derby marks of the Billingsley period.

He fumbled at the door and precipitated himself in beside her. "And rescued by a lady! My luck still holds. I've been sitting in there for an hour, praying somebody'd come along. My own fault — I'd been warned the battery was wonky, but machinery means nothing to me. It stops, I get out and walk. But not in Noah's flood. I'm eternally grateful to you."

"Not at all," said Pat, "I'll be grateful if you can tell me where we are. I've got a nasty idea I'm off the main road."

"Ah, an American. Yes, that I can tell you — I do read maps. This is a secondary road and we ought to be somewhere within five miles of a place called Tregarth. I beg your pardon, should have introduced myself — I'm Alan Glentower."

Pat had started the engine and

swivelled around to look at him, groping for the gearshift. "You are? Well, imagine. Picking you up out of the flood like this. I'm Pat Carroll."

"How do you do," said Glentower gloomily. "If you ask me for an autograph I'll scream."

Pat laughed. "I can't very well right now. Besides, I didn't buy the book; I borrowed it."

"An honest American," said Glentower. "It's a sort of measure of my mental state to say let's not talk about the book. But I'm good and fed up with hearing how Tom, Dick, and Harry liked the book."

"But I did," said Pat. "It was a very good book indeed, 'Isle of Gramarye.' If you liked soundly researched, well-written, exciting, and action-filled historical novels; and a lot of people did."

"It's made a lot of money," said

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 27

the man beside her. "That part of it I like. But they keep coming at you for interviews and those awful meet-the-author teas and autographing parties. I was escaping out of it. Said all solemn, I was going off to collect local color for another book — which is nonsense, you do that out of books in your own study."

"Is that a light?" said Pat. "I do believe it is."

"It is. I have a vision of muffins," said Glentower dreamily. "And lots of tea. But first a drink."

"That sounds heavenly."

Five minutes more, dead slow, and the light resolved itself into several lights. Pat slowed down, peering out of the window, looking for the

inn. "This looks like it — yes, there's a sign."

"Why didn't I bring my bag, I wonder," Glentower said as they left the car.

In the light of the entrance hall Glentower was revealed as the counterpart of the photograph on the jacket of "Isle of Gramarye" — tall, dark, very thin, with a humorously craggy face, all aquiline nose, and black bars of eyebrows. He took off a nondescript ancient hat, revealing an untidy thatch of black hair, and, looking at her, said, "Rescued by a goddess, I see. How do you do again." And then a pot-

boy or something (were there still potboys?) came up.

Glentower explained about his car. "Oh, well, reckon as Tom Shipley could send Bob out to tow her in, sure. Cost extra, out of hours. If the gentleman reckoned to drive on tonight?"

"I don't," said Glentower. "Not if I can stay here. Miss Carroll — it is Miss? — I'll offer to stand you tea and dinner."

"More like both together, isn't it?" said Pat. The clock on the mantel in the public bar said ten minutes to six.

Inquiry of the landlord resulted in cheerful welcome: indeed guests could be accommodated. Pat sent the boy out for her overnight case, and repaired the day's ravages in the upstairs bath.

In the one public bar, Glentower poured sherry for her. Glentower had pre-empted a corner table by the hearth, where a fire crackled pleasantly. The armchairs were leather-cushioned. Pat sighed and drank sherry contentedly.

"And what are you doing in England, just sightseeing?"

"All on my own," she nodded. "I expect it's foolish of me, because I'm not likely ever to come by another legacy. And it was a very nice one—ten thousand dollars from a great-aunt. I'm spending it all in one glorious bust. I always wanted to do this — just drive all round the British Isles on my own. I got here a month ago, and spent a week in London while I bought the car—I'll do London properly later on."

"That sounds fun. Parts of the country I've never seen myself—I may follow your example one day."

"I went up to Gloucester first, because my grandmother was born there—but no relatives left now."

"Our family seems never to acquire them somehow. I don't think I've even got so much as a cousin now. Aunt's dead — my parents were killed in an accident ten years ago and I lived with Aunt after that. Well, then, after Gloucester I saw a bit of Stafford and then started working my way west. I'm making for Cardigan now, on a visit to someone there, and then I think I'll go down through Wales, all the way to Cornwall and up the coast across east."

"It doesn't matter how much time I take, I can just go on until the money gives out. Everybody tells me I'm crazy to give up a good job—I'd been at the bank nearly five years—and spend all the money this way, but I don't know. It doesn't seem very sensible to go on saving up for years and then do your travelling when you're too old to enjoy it."

HE laughed. "I think you're being very sensible. D'you intend staying long in Cardigan? I'm making for Newcastle, Carmarthen's my home county and I could show you around there, give you tips on what to see. You mustn't miss the cockle women or the Carmarthen Oak—other things."

"That's very nice of you," said Pat. "I'm—not just exactly sure how long I'll have to stay. You see, it's a sort of duty visit. A little place called Llandudno. The man I was engaged to was English and his mother lives there. Stephen was in the R.A.F., a sort of test unit of some kind, using American bases—that's how we happened to meet. He was killed in an experimental flight almost a year ago."

"I see," said Glentower sympathetically. "That kind of thing can be awkward. You'll be wept over and sentimentalised."

She grimaced. "How right you are. Just one of those things."

One of the maids came up to ask if they'd have the cold beef and fried potatoes or sausage and eggs. They both shuddered at the notion of cold beef and settled for the sausage.

The fire was built up and more men drifted in; the inevitable darts game began. Pat and Glentower sat talking, rather somnolent with the food and warmth. Presently Glentower reconnoitred, found an unopened bottle of brandy and took it off the landlord's hands. "Just the thing to go down nice and cosy on such a night. Just listen to that rain. I wonder if Bob's fetched

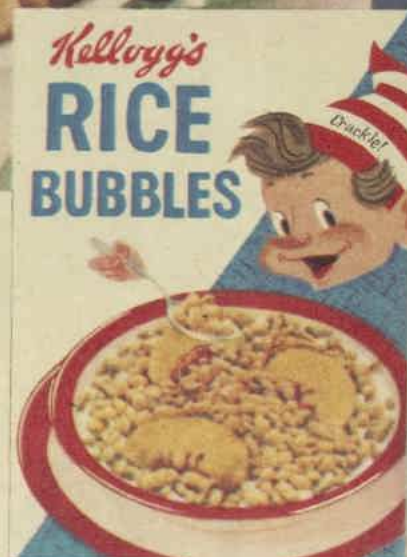


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my car in. I hope somebody remembers to bring up my bag."

About nine o'clock Bob turned up with the bag and said as how Mr. Shipley reckoned the car would need a new battery, that thing in her wasn't worth recharging. "Well, all right, shove it in. Can I have it by tomorrow?"

Bob looked at him scornfully and said it wasn't much of a job, just shove in a new battery, certain sure he could. "All right, then. Thanks very much—here, buy yourself a drink . . . Damn it," added Glentower, "why should I know anything about cars, just because I'm male?"

"It's much easier being female," agreed Pat. "People fall over themselves to help you." She liked Glentower; they had fallen into the easy conversation of a much longer friendship. He was, she could see, as he'd confessed, a shy man. She felt that he was an instinctively warmhearted man who did not make friends easily or often, shied away from people somewhat. But a very self-sufficient man.

The crowd began to thin as closing time approached. Pat yawned and said, "I suppose I'd better get to

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

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but somehow, from what he did say, I got the idea that he'd — oh, sort of escaped from her, if you know what I mean. He was —" she hesitated; no, she really couldn't talk about Stephen to Glentower. Not decent, somehow. Say, I don't think in the end I would have married him anyway. Poor Stephen. Even before he'd been killed, she had been slowly reaching the conclusion that she was more sorry for him than anything else; it had been a — a maternal feeling, which certainly wouldn't have made for a very good marriage. "His father died when he was only a baby and I think she'd rather babied him. Hung on to him as all she had."

"Yes, I see. Awkward for you now."

"The thing is, she knows — I wrote her when I knew I was coming — she knows I've got lots of time in hand, no reason to make it just a courteous flying visit. Of course, for all I know," added Pat thoughtfully, "she may not want me to stay long — to remind her of him. But the letter I had asking me didn't sound like that. More as if she'd expected me to settle down for a while and reminisce at leisure over every hour of his life. There was something about, 'You

will find our Welsh summer very delightful from June to September, and I look forward to many long talks with you.'

"I do sound very rude and thoughtless to say all this, don't I? Of course I'm sorry for the woman. And, of course, it's not that I've forgotten Stephen, or — anything like that. But it was over last year, I've, you know — got past it . . . I'm afraid it's going to be embarrassing and difficult, yes. But I can get away, perhaps, with saying I'll come again, and then let it tail off in letters . . . I might make you an excuse, say I've arranged to meet someone who can't get away from London any other time. Yes, all right, let's say next Thursday then, at Newcastle, and thanks very much. And now I will go to bed. Goodness, I hope it clears by morning!"

But upstairs in the high-crilled, chilly bedroom, getting ready for bed, she found herself thinking about Stephen Trefoile, as she had often in the past weeks. It was always easier to look at things objectively from a little distance, and looking at her three months' engagement to Stephen afterward both sobered and slightly worried her.

No; even before he died she was beginning to see that she couldn't marry him. He didn't have any close friends among the men he worked with; he seemed vaguely uninterested in his job, which had something to do with plane communication systems. For his lacks and immaturities as they showed up Pat had made excuses. He'd never been to school, he said.

To page 82

MYSTERY

*You're my darling little rebel,
And I try to hold you tight.
But you've got a wicked "paddy,"
And you scratch and kick and bite.*

*Now you get that from your Daddy,
And of that I'm really sure.
But MY Mother, when I tell her,
Hides a smile, and says no more.*

—Marie L. Morley.

bed if I'm going to get an early start and make Llandudno tomorrow. I did get off the road, to end up way down south here nearly into Glamorgan."

"Oh, if it clears you should have an easy run. Didn't you say it's somewhere up near Plynlimon? Call it ninety miles."

"Yes, with any luck I should make it by lunchtime . . ."

"Look," he said abruptly, "you needn't stay with the woman more than a couple of days? I'm going to Newcastle to potter round looking at houses—I always wanted a house in Carmarthen, and now I can afford to buy one. Let's see, this is Thursday. Suppose you meet me in Newcastle, say, next Thursday. O.K.—the Black Lion in High Street, they'll do you well—and I'll show you round some of the places you ought to see."

"It's awfully nice of you. I'd like to. The thing is, I don't exactly know how soon I could get away. I can't tell you how much I'm not looking forward to it. I have an idea she's rather a difficult woman. Of course I had letters from her—when we got engaged, and after Stephen was killed. Very stiff formal letters. She's terribly religious."

"Oh, dear," said Glentower.

"Well, yes, you may say so. Stephen never said much about her,

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Page 81



but was tutored at home. She gathered that there was a sufficient income. So he'd never learned ordinary give and take, how to get along with his own kind. And his mother spoiling him—or never letting him out from under her thumb? He was—malleable. And men like Stephen were inevitably attracted to women stronger than themselves.

It wasn't a nice idea. Pat looked at herself in the speckled mirror of the bathroom and made a grimace. She didn't look like that sort of female. And then abruptly she found she was rather admiring Patricia Carroll with her slender rounded figure and well-brushed crisp dark hair and nice peaches-and-cream skin and hazel eyes. And wondering if Alan Glentower had admired her, too. Really, what nonsense . . . She had better get to sleep. Longish drive to-

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 81

morrow. If it went on raining like this, had she better go on? Yes, of course—annoying, and she couldn't make as good time, but she wanted suddenly to have Llandudno and Mrs. Trefoile behind her, get on to pleasanter things.

She drifted off to sleep to the sound of drumming rain.

Happily, the morning was clear. Glentower was down before her, and reported that he was promised his car by nine o'clock.

"Oh, I'll be off before then, try to make it by lunchtime. What a glorious morning after the rain!"

After breakfast he came out to her car with her and quite suddenly, as she started the engine, he turned queerly serious and urgent.

"Don't forget now, the Black Lion in Newcastle next Thursday."

"All right," said Pat, smiling at him. "See you then." She realised she hadn't been exactly wool-gathering last night; he did want to see her again. And she liked him, yes, inevitably her reaction was, let's not go too fast.

He stood a moment, hand on the door, and then said, "Right—for sure, now. Have a good trip," and stepped back. Pat raised her hand in casual salute and let out the clutch.

She was going almost due north now, for straying off her road yesterday had taken her too far south. In the rather sharp air, still damp after the rain but with bright whitish sunlight, she made good time up to the town of Brecknock, and there turned north-west toward the border of Cardigan.

It was eleven o'clock when she saw a village coming up; she decided to stop and get her bearings, perhaps have a cup of tea, and take a little break.

The village, the inn landlord told her in the singing Welsh accent she'd heard before, was Rhydor, and indeed she was in Cardigan. Going up toward the mountains north, was she? A fine day for the drive, and nice it was to see a young American lady taking the trouble to drive into Wales.

PAT asked for tea. "It's very lovely country," she said. As a matter of fact she thought it not very attractive at all. Those endless undulating grey hills, the lonely arch of the sky over them.

"It is good country," said the landlord benevolently.

She had the tank filled there, and started on. Almost at once the road began to climb, and she could see ahead of her the big mountains looming up, humpbacked black bulks. The sun had gone under now, and when she rolled down the window to toss out the occasional cigarette stub she could feel that the air had turned very cold. She was not far from the sea here.

As her mileage showed that she must be nearly at her destination—the tallest peak, which must be Plynlimon, was looming up quite near—she slowed a little. Finally the road took a sharp dip and led her into a good-sized village all huddled in a little hollow. And the second building she passed bore a faded sign: The Llandudno Parish Hall.

So she was here. Pat drew in to the roadside and stopped.

The one street was deserted and Pat got out, a little stiff after the long drive, to find someone and ask directions. As she shut the car door, dropping the keys into her bag, the door of the Parish Hall opened and a very fat man all in black came out and started down the street.

Pat intercepted him. "Excuse me, could you tell me where Mrs. Trefoile's house is?"

He removed his hat gravely and released fine tufts of thin white hair to dance merrily in the breeze. "Mrs. Trefoile? Indeed, I'm afraid I can't, young lady, for there's no one of that name living here."

"What? But there is," protested Pat. "She does live here. I've had letters from her and written her here."

"Now this is a pity, and you must have had a long drive, too. A young American lady you'll be. I'm the minister here, the Reverend Evan Fallow, and you must allow me to help you if I can. We must sort this out. Letters, you say?"

"Yes, certainly, so she must live here."

"Well, now," said the Reverend Mr. Fallow, "I happen to know there's never been a Mrs. Trefoile living here—not since I've been here, at least, which is fourteen years. But we'll sort it out. The first thing is to get out of this chill wind—you're not warmly enough dressed for our rigorous climate, Miss—"

"Carroll."

To page 90

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CHRISTMAS PUDDING is rich and fruity, ready to serve and enjoy hot or cold. In four sizes: 1 lb., 5/7. 1½ lb., 7/4. 2½ lb., 10/9. 4 lb., 16/3.



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FOR after-bath and all through the day as well, Lournay's fine, lightly scented talcum powder (left), 9/-. (Main stores and chemists.)



FESTIVE PACK (left) of Gemey skin perfume in square diamond-cut bottle and matching talcum powder, 18/- per pack. (Main stores and chemists.)



PURSE ATOMISER (above) contains the French perfume, Madame Rochas, £6. (Hordern Bros.)

TWIN-SET (below), West Indian lime cologne for men and floral cologne for women, 5 gns. (Lane & Yeldham, 25 Rowe Street.)



SKIN PERFUME (below) is Vis a Vis by Helena Rubinstein, a fresh and refreshing mixture. This size, 24/-.



ANGEL FACE fashion compact (above). Choose gold-on-white compact or gold-on-black. Compact 12/6, refill 7/11. (Main stores and chemists.)



SOPHISTICAT by Max Factor with half-ounce of Primitif perfume (left), 14/11.

TOLEDO skin perfume and hand-lotion (below), attractively twin-packaged for Christmas giving, 22/3. (Main stores and chemists.)



COTY'S Measured Mist (left) in bright blue container sprays on the skin, has a positive "note" that's pleasant and different. 35/-.



BEAUTY IN A BASKET (below) by Cyclax. Skin perfume, bath soap, bath powder match in essence and appeal, 62/6. (Main stores and chemists.)



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after intense clinical research. Taken as directed, you get considerable relief from pain and swelling in the first week. Sustained treatment provides a continuing improvement and is completely safe, even during pregnancy.

Varicose veins are sometimes painful, always unpleasant and certainly unsightly. They can affect your health, your appearance and consequently your happiness, so at the first sign of trouble, see your family chemist. He'll advise: Venoruton P4 Drops and Ointment!

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Presents to make

Here are two gifts for Christmas that are quick, easy to make, and inexpensive.

TELEPHONE-BOOK COVER

Materials: One-third yard 36in.-wide material (felt, furnishing cotton, water-proof duck, corduroy, are all suitable fabrics); 14yds. bias binding; 14yds. rick-rack braid; matching thread.

To Make Up

Hem both short ends of the material. Open book out in middle of strip and fold material inside cover at each end. Bind both long sides with bias binding, joining folded sections as you sew. Stitch a line of rick-rack braid just inside binding.



TELEPHONE BOOK (right) is covered to match a room's color scheme. Directions at left, above.

A PLACEMAT for junior engine-drivers! It's cut from plywood, painted, and backed with cork. Make it for his Christmas stocking.

BOY'S PLACEMAT

Materials: Piece of plywood or hardboard; small quantities of red and black paint and undercoat (undercoat is optional); piece of cork for backing.

To Make

Using the illustration above as a guide, cut the train-engine shape from plywood or hardboard. On one side paint one coat of undercoat and leave to dry. When dry, paint on one or two coats of bright red glossy paint. When the red has dried decorate the engine with trimming lines in black gloss paint, using a fine brush. Cut a piece of cork the same shape as the mat and stick to the back of the plywood with adhesive cement. The cork stops the mat scratching polished table surfaces.

CHRISTMAS-CARD ETIQUETTE

● Everyone likes to receive Christmas cards, but for the sender it isn't always as simple as just buying them and putting them in the post.

HERE are answers to the questions that most often cause worry:

Q: Must a return card be sent for every one received?

A: Yes—unless you want to seem a regular old Scrooge, or deliver what will probably be taken for a direct snub.

Q: Does the name of the husband or the wife take precedence on a printed card?

A: That of the wife — Jennifer and Jim Jones, for example.

Q: When only the husband or the wife is known to the sender, how should the envelope be addressed?

A: It does not look well for a woman to send a card addressed to a married man. She should address it to Mr. and Mrs., as should a man sending one to a married woman.

Q: Should Mr. and Mrs. or Miss appear before the senders' names printed on a card?

A: No. It's wrong to use these prefixes, whether the card is printed or not.

Q: Does it spoil the appearance of a specially

printed card if something is written on it?

A: Not at all. In fact, such a card sent to any but the most casual acquaintance looks a bit bleak without some friendly little message added by hand.

Q: Must a card carry a personal signature, or is the printed name enough?

A: Never send a card to a friend without signing it personally as well. Only casual business acquaintances should receive cards with just a printed name.

Q: When a wife sends cards on behalf of herself and her husband, whose name does she put first?

A: She writes his name first and her own after it (Jim and Jennifer Jones). A husband writes his wife's name first and his own last.

Q: When a card is meant for a whole family, how should the envelope be addressed?

A: To Mr. and Mrs. on the card itself you can write "to all at . . .", "and family," "Billy, Jean, and Frank," or whatever you fancy.

Q: When a card is meant for a married couple, how should the envelope be addressed?

A: To Mr. and Mrs. James Jones.

Q: Is it correct to write your address on a card?

A: It's sensible with people you've lost touch with or don't know well, unnecessary otherwise.

Q: Does it look better for a card to be sealed?

A: Decidedly. The average card weighs less than an ounce, and sealed or unsealed costs 5d. postage anywhere in Australia. A card weighing over an ounce can be sent unsealed for 5d., provided it doesn't carry more than five additional words of conventional greeting and names—such as, "With love, Jennifer and Jim."

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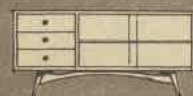
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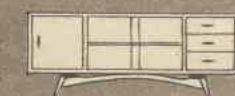
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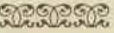


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① Delicious *Tossed egg salads* are full of goodness when you add plenty of eggs. Toss all your favourite salad ingredients and the eggs in oil, vinegar or mayonnaise.

② *Egg and Bacon Pie* is simple to cook, and can be eaten hot or cold. For a family-size pie, fill a partly-cooked pieshell with a mixture of 6 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, mustard, salt and pepper and chopped bacon, then bake in a moderate oven for about 15 minutes. It's ideal for picnics.

Try these heatwave brainwaves



③ **Apricot Snow** tastes delicious — can be prepared as fast as you can eat it! Whip egg whites until stiff; fold in pureed apricot and chill.

④ **Devilled Eggs.** Split hard-boiled eggs lengthwise, scoop out yolks and mix with any of the following flavourings. Spoon mixture into the half whites. Flavourings: Chutney. Anchovy Paste. Chopped Ham. Sardines and Lemon Juice. Chopped Gherkins. Curry Powder. Chutney and Raisins.

⑤ **Scotch Eggs** — eat hot or cold. Hard-boiled eggs are wrapped in mincemeat, rolled in egg and breadcrumbs, deep fried. Vary by adding tomato sauce or curry powder to the mincemeat.

⑥ **Tomato Egg Jelly.** Soak two teaspoons gelatine in water; add to tomato juice (16 oz. can) and warm till dissolved. Cool, add chopped hard-boiled eggs, chopped celery, chopped shallots, salt and pepper. Allow to set.

⑦ **Meringue Piecase.** Beat three egg whites till stiff. Beat in 6 oz. castor sugar. Fold in 1 tablespoon cornflour. Spread half on round of greaseproof paper, spoon remainder round edge. Bake in cool oven 1 hour. Fill with fruit salad.

⑧ **Eggflip** is a one minute meal in itself. Just beat an egg with milk and add any sweet or savoury flavouring. And it's refreshing as well as sustaining.

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Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 82

"Miss Carroll. I was just about to step into the inn for my pre-luncheon glass of sherry. I should be so happy if you'd join me, and perhaps with the help of Daffyd—ah, the landlord, who is a very sensible fellow—we can sort this out."

"Thank you," said Pat dispiritedly, and fell into step beside him. What on earth was this? She'd sent at least two letters to Mrs. Trefoile here—she remembered distinctly writing down the full address: Mrs. G. Trefoile, Abervry, Llandudno, Cardigan, Wales. And the letters had reached Mrs. Trefoile, because she'd answered them. No, more than two.

Mrs. Trefoile had enclosed a letter for Pat in a letter to Stephen when they got engaged, and so Pat hadn't seen the return address, and she'd asked Stephen, and he'd written it down for her. She'd written Mrs. Trefoile then. Then the second time after Stephen was killed. And a third time when she knew she'd be coming to England.

Oh, bother Mrs. Trefoile! If she hadn't let her know she'd be in England, she need never have come near the woman. But Aunt Tilda, who'd been old-fashioned, had brought her up to some of the old-fashioned courtesies and, tiresome as she'd known it would be, she had felt it a duty.

The inn was as stark and ugly inside as it was out. The landlord, another fat man, was leaning on the bar talking in Welsh with his sole customer, a little bantam cock of a man with red hair. They both greeted the Reverend Mr. Fallow and looked at Pat with polite curiosity.

"My usual sherry, Daffyd, and I think one also for this young lady. A Miss Carroll, all the way from America, and with a mystery for us."

"A mystery would it be, sir? What sort indeed?"

"Why, she is looking for a Mrs. Trefoile—"

"I know she lives here," said Pat. "I've sent letters to her here, and she answered them."

"Well, indeed, that's very strange," Daffyd poured the sherry leisurely. "For there's never been a Mrs. Trefoile in Llandudno in my memory. Eh, Garry?" The red-haired man contented himself with shaking his head.

"What can be the explanation?" wondered Mr. Fallow. "Does anything useful occur to you, Daffyd? You are always so clear-headed."

"I do believe I'll have a bit o' sherry myself," said Daffyd, and poured it carefully. "Well, now, it might just be useful, Mr. Fallow, what comes into my mind." He drank thoughtfully. "So it just occurs to me as it might be a useful notion if we should ask Morgan the Post does he recall sending back letters for this Mrs. Trefoile to the sorters. Seeing as he'd've been the one to do it."

The red-haired man finished his drink, said, "I'll go and fetch him," and went out.

"But she never mentioned the letters being misdirected," said Pat.

"Perhaps she didn't notice. People often simply turn an envelope over and slit it open, you know. Did you not take any notice of the postmark on her letters, Miss Carroll?"

"Well, no, I don't think I did. I just saw it was a letter from England, on account of

the stamp, and opened it." Damn. Most of the day wasted, and she'd told the woman she'd be there on Friday. How on earth was she to locate the right place now?

The red-haired man came back with an immensely tall and thin man. "Ah, Morgan," said Mr. Fallow. "Now you must help us sort this out, my good fellow, if you can."

"Garry was telling me. Times there's letters come as are misdirected, sure. Now tell me, miss, what the address might o' been on the letters you sent this lady."

"I'll show you," said Pat, and scrambled for her address book in her bag and opened it to T. "Like that. I wrote it down just as it was given to me."

The entry read quite plain:

Mrs. G. Trefoile,
Abervry,
Llandudno, Cardigan,
Wales.

Morgan the Post studied this with his head cocked and then a great light seemed to

the house. Probably Llandudno was a fairly common Welsh name, and it was just coincidence there was also a town called that. "How provoking!" she said.

"So I writes on it myself, Try Abervry, and sends it back. I misremember was it one more letter or two more like that come, but I did the same then."

"But where is Abervry — how far?"

"It'll be about a thirty-mile run, miss — down in the south part of the county."

Pat was immensely relieved. She could do that easily by midafternoon unless she got lost. "Thank you so much," she said to all of them. "I think I'll have lunch here then and get right on."

"You must lunch with me, Miss Carroll — no, no, I won't take denial — we must do the honors for an intrepid young foreigner penetrating into our west fastnesses! So few of you do."

"But I don't want to put you out —"

"No, no, I've got a most amiable housekeeper, I assure you. Another glass of sherry?"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



dawn on him. "Ah!" he said. "Now this freshens my memory, miss. Indeed and I do remember the letters. I remember saying to myself at the time, it is likely by reason of whoever wrote them being an American. For of course I see the American stamp. The first one, I remember I was about to send it back to the central station in Hereford, and then I looks at it again and it comes to me what this American — as now turns out to be you, miss — had gone and done. They'd got the names of the town and the house all backward. I've heard as they don't name houses in America, but here, whiles, we do."

"And the reason I says that to myself is that while there isn't no house roundabout here called Abervry, there is a town called Abervry down south. So likely that's the place as was meant, and you'll find this lady you want at a house called Llandudno in the town of Abervry."

"Oh!" said Pat. Of all the stupid things to do — how had she come to do it? She tried to remember how Stephen had written down the address — yes, she could see the scrap of paper in her mind —

Mrs. G. Trefoile,
Abervry—Llandudno,
Cardigan, Wales.

He had put the name of the village first, and Pat, with her logical mind trained to file cards, and knowing about English houses being named, had taken it for the name of

No? Then come to the parish house — dear me, I do trust that Mary has laid the sitting-room fire — and we shall try to make you comfortable. Thank you so much for your invaluable aid — Daffyd, Garry, Morgan! Yes, yes, come along, Miss Carroll."

Alan Glentower watched the scarlet car out of sight, until it turned off where the main road curved; then he went back to the inn for a second cup of tea while he waited for his own car.

He thought of Pat Carroll. Patricia Carroll. He didn't know where she came from or, really, much of anything about her. Except that she had beautiful hazel eyes and dark hair and a lovely voice. He had fallen in love with the voice first. So many Englishwomen had such shrill, high, unpleasant voices. As a Welshman, the sounds of things were important to him, the cadences and the tonal quality.

She had a lovely voice, deep contralto. They laughed at the same things; they understood each other's talk. A very small beginning, one evening and one breakfast; but he felt—excitedly and hopefully and wonderingly he felt—it could grow into something wonderful.

A very queer and extraordinary thing. Because Alan Glentower, in every facet of his life, was a cautious and long-planning man. Not given to the impulsive gesture or emotion.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1962

IN
YOUR
PLAN
FOR
BETTER
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THE ORIGINAL FOAMED RUBBER

If it's not labelled . . . it's not

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1962

Page 91

If your cleaner hasn't got these features you're working too hard!

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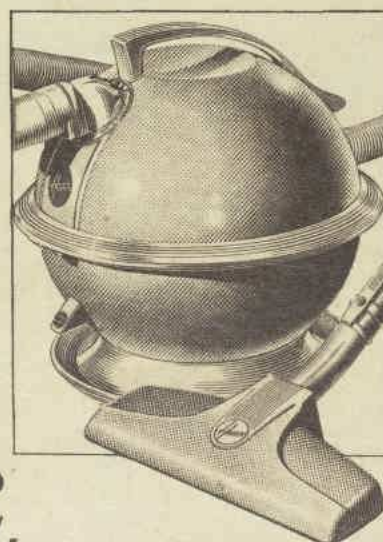
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HOOVER Constellation

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40 GUINEAS

FOR EFFORTLESS CLEANING FROM FLOOR TO CEILING

HC 76, WW 143q

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 90

If anyone had asked him, he'd have said: The last choice. An American girl. And he'd always rather fancied blondes over dark girls. And blue eyes. And feminine clothes, and the little feminine graces.

She'd had a very plain cotton shirt-collared dress, dark green, with gold buttons. And only a rather old-fashioned-looking gold lapel watch ("it was my aunt's; I don't like wrist watches") and a ring on her right hand, for jewellery. It had a big green stone, and she said it was a turquoise. Laughing at his surprise: "Oh, yes, turquoise comes green—it's the rarest kind. The Indians and Mexicans who do most of the mining try to keep all the green stones—they value them much higher. It's only when they get very hard up they'll sell one. My father bought this, years ago, in Arizona, from an old Indian." It was a man's ring, with a heavy silver shank.

She had liked him, hadn't she? Had she? Was she only polite for an evening, stuck with him here? He didn't know; he, who always felt the nuances from people. He didn't know much about her at all. Just that he'd suddenly, inexplicably, violently—and, yes, irritatingly fallen in love with her.

Well, there was something: quite a lot, in fact: she was going to meet him in Newcastle next Thursday. In the process of taking her about

When Bob brought the car round, he paid him, paid the landlord, and set out on the west road for the Carmarthen border, across the Black Mountains.

He knew this country; it was his country; always it had the power to soothe him, settle him less at odds with himself—coming home. There wasn't much to come home to now except the place itself. His parents had been in their forties when he was born; his father, a small-town and not too successful solicitor, had died eight years ago, his mother last summer. There had been an annuity which died with her, no more. The house had been leased. There were old acquaintances, and a couple of cousins over in Pembroke; that was all.

It wasn't very sensible, maybe, to want a house just for himself. But it was one of the things this very welcome new money could buy him that he wanted. Not necessarily in Newcastle: in the country, say, between there and Haverfordwest, in an easy drive of the sea. He had a vague idea of what he wanted, what he'd told Davy Farren to look out for. A nice solid house on half an acre or an acre, maybe with its own patch of woods. Modern kitchen and plumbing. He loathed gardening, but if his books went on selling—if that film contract went through—he could afford a gardener.

Only now, damn it, he couldn't help thinking, if Pat—Because—if—she ought to have a say about the house, too. Where and what kind. An American girl. She probably wouldn't consider living in England at all, with or without Alan Glentower, who was the biggest damn fool on top of earth. Only, if, well, he shouldn't plunge ahead and buy a house.

And you couldn't expect her—even if—to decide in a week. On a tour round the British Isles: damn it, he could hardly follow her all over, monopolising her all the time. What could he do? Hold

her here, near him, on the pretext of showing her around Wales, as long as possible. Find out when she'd be in London, make an excuse to be there, too, ask her out. It didn't give either of them much time—him to impress himself on her, her to make up her mind. If.

Come out plain and open, this is how I feel, please give me a chance—think about it, darling. Yes?

A very damned extraordinary emotional experience. He kept seeing the smile in her hazel eyes. The rather small white hands, with nicely kept pink-polished nails, the big green ring. The way her dark brown hair with chestnut lights in it waved cleanly back from her forehead. Hearing the lovely low cadence of her voice.

It was as well that he knew the road; he was not in a very normal state. He got to Newcastle at half-past twelve, and took a room at the Black Lion, and sat in the public bar over a sherry. When he found himself unconsciously caressing the glass, because next Thursday it might be the one she drank from, he hauled himself up sharply and tried to summon a little sense.

And then, of course, Davy Farren wandered in for a

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

pre-lunch drink and spotted him. "Ah, there, Mr. Glentower! I had your letter. It's gratifying to find you wanting to settle down amongst us in your old home place, and you quite famous up in London, so I understand. Been looking out likely properties for you, I have. First of all there's this place down toward Carmarthen town. When I had your letter it was the first place leaped into my mind, I give you my word—acre o' ground, nice stone house, four bedrooms, modern kitchen, lovely old growth o' oak and elm all about—I said to myself, just the kind o' place Mr. Glentower wants—"

It was past four o'clock when the red car slid down hill and round a curve somewhere very near the village of Abervry by the map. Pat had not been able to get away from the hospitable Mr. Fallo until after two.

She had been slightly cheered to find the country somewhat pleasanter as she drove south, often catching glimpses of the sea to her right and for a ten-mile stretch driving right along it.

In the end it was rather eerie, how she came to Mrs. Trefoile's house. The road had been very winding, and she had been forced to slow her pace. Though it was June and England so far north that dusk would fall late, a dark fog was beginning to shut down on the day. And then quite suddenly there was a sharp bend in the road, she stepped on the brake, and there directly ahead of her was a white gate with the name Llandudno on it.

She stopped the car. The road went off almost at right angles here, presumably into the village of Abervry. The house called Llandudno stood—or rather the property stood—at the curve. Because there was no sign of a house: just the gate, which she saw now was white-painted iron, and a paling fence stretching away to either side for a little way, and the curving drive inside.

At the moment Pat was conscious only of relief. It had turned very cold; she hated driving in a bulky coat and had on only a sweater and skirt. Her hands, in thin-shaved pigskin driving gloves, and her feet felt like blocks of ice. June! But this was Wales, and not far from the sea.

MRS. TREFOILE might be tiresome and embarrassing, but at least she would offer hot tea, muffins perhaps, hot buttered toast at the least, and a fire. Bless Mrs. Trefoile! Pat swung the car up to the gates, braked, got out and went to see if they were locked. The gates were not fastened; Pat pushed them back, re-entered the car and drove in. The foggy grey light showed her a thick growth of trees to each side of a narrow curving turf drive. It led her round a wide left-hand bend a good quarter-mile up to a house.

After the gates and the drive it was an unpretentious house, and not very attractive or especially old. It was partly of wood, partly of stone, an odd shade of grey stone, very drab; the frame parts were painted the same color. The front door was squarely in the middle of the flat front, and there was a precise row of four windows on either side of it on the ground floor and six windows above. It was depressingly symmetrical.

The drive ended in a semicircle beyond the door. Against the house were tidy squared-off beds of flowers; on the other side of the drive a precisely edged bed followed its curve, giving on a narrow patch of lawn which ran down to the wilderness of random-growing trees.

Pat switched off the engine. In one swift breath uneasiness passed over her, reasonless uneasiness for this utter deadly precision. A breath drawn, it was gone.

So Mrs. Trefoile liked a tidy garden, arranged in planned, uncluttered design. Pat could have guessed she would.

It was much colder out of the closed car. She went up the few steps to the front door and found the bell, stood shivering in the cold wind.

The door opened to reveal, in the cold fading light, the kind of servant she had known Mrs. Trefoile would keep: A woman about fifty, a country-woman, not a scrap of make-up, greying brown hair, uncompromisingly plain face. She had on a home-made grey cotton dress with a black cardigan over it, ugly thick clumping oxfords and cotton stockings. Nothing, but nothing, could be more respectable and prosaic.

"I'm Miss Carroll. I think Mrs. Trefoile expects me. This is Mrs. Trefoile's house?"

"Oh, yes, miss." Just a hint of Welsh accent: the "yes" almost "yess." Quite expressionless and correct. "Come in, miss."

Pat stepped into a dark entry hall. "Madam's at tea in the parlor, you'll be pleased to join her, miss." And a door opened, more light slanting

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YOURSELF
A
"COFFEE-
BREAK"



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out. "Miss Carroll's come, madam."

The Presence rose up to greet her. It was really the only way to describe it, thought Pat, and the anticipatory thought of tea and muffins receded a little in amusement. So people really went on living this way!

It was a smallish square room, with a very small hearth which bore an even smaller fire. If it had contained any such modernism as a thermometer, Pat reckoned it might have registered about fifty-five. The room was cluttered with furniture. At first glance she could scarcely take in everything: she had only a confused impression that every square inch was occupied. Little tables, bric-a-brac, footstools, pictures, wall shelves, curio cabinets, all jostling each other on a very colorful and ugly Turkish carpet.

The first thing she saw in entirety was a large stuffed pheasant displayed under a glass dome on a table squarely in the centre of the room. The second was Mrs. Gwynneth Trefoile.

"My dear Miss Carroll! Such a pleasure to welcome you! I had rather hoped that you would be with me for luncheon and had quite given you up as the day drew in! I trust your escort and servant are accommodated. Anna, will you see to it."

Mrs. Trefoile was a small, plump woman, not unlike Queen Victoria in her latter years. She wore an ankle-length black silk dress, very high to the throat, long sleeved, full; she had thin grey hair drawn back to a thin bun, and very pale china-blue eyes. Her skin, innocent life-long of any cosmetic, was like crumpled onion-skin paper, she had no eyebrows at all,

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and her voice was thin and high.

And her hands like little hot vices taking Pat's hands.

"I drove up alone," said Pat. "It's so nice to meet you, Mrs. Trefoile."

"Alone! Dear me, how dangerous and foolish. To drive yourself—the horses—no, no, it will be a motor-car now, I must remember. You will think me very foolish, my dear. Living alone and seldom going out as I do, I have a stupid way of not remembering exactly . . . Anna, fresh tea for Miss Carroll."

Why, the poor old thing was a little wandery in her wits, as Aunt used to put it. "Yes, I've got my own car," said Pat carefully.

"Dear me! Such a pleasure to welcome you, my dear—do sit down and be comfortable. My dear Stephen's loved one. Yes, yes, I see why he would have loved you. You are a pretty girl, you know, in a perfectly respectable and well-bred way, of course. You do not mind that I call you Patricia?"

"Of course not, Mrs. Trefoile," Pat said, biting back a giggle at this description of herself, "please do."

"It is very kind of you to come and visit me whilst you are in this country. I'm an old woman; perhaps you will find me old-fashioned and tiresome, but I am so pleased for you to come and stay with me."

"Yes, I am pleased with Stephen's choice indeed—the class of young woman he would properly choose, if need be. If need be. Pour Miss Carroll's tea, Anna. Sugar, my dear? Milk?"

"No, thank you." Very much as she'd imagined, Mrs. Trefoile was the Victorian surviving past her time. Pat took a slice of very thin bread very sparingly buttered and sipped her tea. It was borne

in on her that about now, in any other house, she'd have been lighting a cigarette. Let it go; presently, very tactfully and apologetically, she'd ask permission.

"We have so much to discuss. My poor Stephen. I can only rejoice that he died unblemished." Her pale eyes fastened on Pat expectantly. "Oh—yes," said Pat, and sipped scalding weak tea.

"I have prayed for him, and I know you have done so, too, Patricia. And I have no doubt that he was at once

FROM THE BIBLE

● "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

—Mark 10.45.

Here is the key to a happy life as experienced by Jesus Christ Himself—the joy of service.

transported to glory. Being the unstained soul he was, as so I trained him up to be. As I have no doubt you know, my dear Patricia."

"Oh, yes," said Pat uncomfortably. Aunt had been nominally Episcopalian, but they hadn't gone to church much. She couldn't even say she believed in all that. Something, yes, but if you had to make a creed, she felt it was better and more dignified somehow to make it a set and prescribed ritual rather than the sort of extemporaneous, incoherent kind of thing the evangelistic sects were given to. She suspected that Mrs. Trefoile was rather evangelistic.

"We will," said her hostess, who had shut her eyes for a long moment, "go to the church together and offer a

token prayer. Not at the regular service. I do not approve of the new rector. I would attend the chapel, which I believe to be more rational and devout, but for the fact that only the lower classes frequent it. The rector uses too many habiliments of Rome. Disgraceful. And the bishop has apparently dismissed my letter of complaint without consideration. But it is a Christian consecrated place, and we may pray there without harm, do you not agree?"

"Oh, yes," said Pat. This would be quite as tiresome as she'd expected, but it wouldn't kill her, after all. Patience and sympathy.

"Will you take more tea, my dear?"

"Just half a cup, thank you." It was very weak tea—about a teaspoon to a pint, she reckoned; but it was at least hot.

"You must offer a special prayer, too," said Mrs. Trefoile, "that through dispensation you may thus remain unblemished yourself. But tell me, dear, something of yourself. You are of independent means—good family, then—and travelling alone. The Tour, it used to be called—for health or knowledge? Young ladies are so bold and intrepid these days . . ."

Rather senile, thought Pat. Be careful. Damn, probably she'd not dare a cigarette. "Oh, I've had a lovely time so far. But I did a stupid thing—I didn't realise I'd misdirected your letters, I thought you lived in the town of Llandudno and I went there first."

"Ah, did you? How very awkward. The letters? I really don't recall. Yes, Llandudno. I was born there, you know—that is why when the late Mr. Trefoile bought this house he called it by that name. Where else have you been in England, my dear?"

Pat made polite talk about her travels thus far. The bread was very dry, but she choked down another slice when it was pressed on her. Why had she written that

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letter to the woman? Two days of this . . . a social duty.

"Church?" Pat echoed, as she realised the question had been asked. "Oh, I'm afraid I don't go to church often. You see, at home — working all week — the weekend's about your only free time —"

"One's duty to the Lord must always take precedence. I am in this unfortunate situation that I cannot reconcile my conscience to attend service under Mr. Grimes — but I do assure you that I try to keep proper service times in my own household. I am surprised, Patricia. You must learn less selfishness in the future. Pray, my dear, I will help you. It is a grief to me, this matter of our church — most earnestly have I prayed that Mr. Grimes be vouchsafed more light, but so far he remains obstinate. Ritual for ritual's sake is deplorable. An altar

cloth! A full choir! And now he is asking subscriptions, I understand, for a new organ! Disgraceful."

"Oh, yes," said Pat, as she seemed expected to say something.

"But I am remiss — you have finished your tea. Anna! I will conduct you to your room. Doubtless you will wish to rest after a tiring journey and freshen yourself for dinner." Mrs. Trefoile rose effortlessly from her low plush chair.

"Thank you very much."

"Anna, the tea dishes to be washed up at once. Has Hector fetched in Miss Carroll's luggage?"

"Yes, madam."

"Oh — my car," said Pat hesitantly. "If it could be run into the garage —?" Did this house have a garage? She fumbled for the keys.

"Car? Oh, most certainly. I dare say Hector can be trusted to con-

vey it so far." The keys were regally transferred from Pat to her hostess to the maidservant. "I keep a very modest establishment these days — one must be careful with one's money — but if there is anything you desire, my dear, only ask. My poor Stephen's true love. But I confess myself disappointed in the matter of your church attendance. You must allow me to guide you, Patricia, to better ways."

It seemed half an hour later when Pat was finally left alone with her luggage. She looked around first for something to use as an ash-tray; there was a painted china dish on the bureau, and she lit a philosophic cigarette, looking around the room.

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

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It was a small square bedroom on the second floor. It, too, had a violent-patterned Turkish carpet and a good deal of solid black walnut furniture — a very high bed whose headboard nearly reached the ceiling, a lowering tallboy, a large marble-topped dresser, two small and uncomfortable-looking chairs. But not a mirror in sight. And it was unheated.

Two days, thought Pat. Why did I write that letter? Oh, well, the poor old thing. It won't kill me . . .

The bathroom was rather primitive, but adequate. And no mirror there, either; in fact, no medicine

cabinet. Pat came back to her room along the landing, and made up with the awkward aid of the mirror in her dressing-case, the lid propped up, on the dresser. She slipped on the new black patent pumps. Slapped on an extravagant amount of her favorite Ginger Carnation cologne. Took down the nylon dress from its hanger. Bless these uncreasable materials: it looked quite fresh. She slid it over her head, closed the zipper, and went back to stoop before the little glass to comb her hair.

Dressed, she sat on the bed and had another cigarette. No need to go down too early and be moralised at longer than necessary. Dinner at seven o'clock, Mrs. Trefoile had said: at five minutes to seven she sighed and went out to the landing. The maid Anna was trudging up the stairs toward her.

"Oh, beg pardon, miss. I was just coming to see were you ready. Madam's about to begin the service."

"I'm just coming." Service? Evening grace, perhaps. "Oh, Anna —" after all, she had said to ask. "I wonder if I could have a mirror in my room. It's rather awkward, dressing —"

The woman's expression did not change. "There's no looking-glasses in the house, miss. Madam won't allow none. For sinful vanity such are."

"I see," said Pat. Going down the stairs with Anna's clumping feet a respectful three treads behind, she smiled to herself, thinking ahead to telling Alan Glentower about it.

ANNA steered her into the parlor again. Here was Mrs. Trefoile, in the same black gown, and two men. The men stood just inside the door, and Anna halted there between them.

"You are a trifle late, Patricia, you must be more punctual. You may stand here beside me. I will read from Deuteronomy." Mrs. Trefoile had a small Bible open in her hands. She began to read in measured thin tones, almost without expression. "Chapter One. 'These be the words which Moses spake unto all Israel —'"

She went on and on. The three servants were standing in a row against the open door to the hall, wooden-faced, staring straight ahead past their mistress. The man on Anna's right Pat took for Hector, aforementioned: Anna's husband, perhaps? He was a man of fifty or so, big and broad and grizzled. He had an oddly Slavic-looking face, high-cheekboned and flat-mouthed, snub-nosed, impassive. His eyes were half-shut. He did not look very intelligent, but at least normal: which the other one was not.

The other man stood on Anna's left. He was bigger than Hector, and almost albino in coloring. His head was too large even for his big body, and he bore the unmistakable stamp of the "natural": the loose thick mouth, the vacant eyes, the slouch and stare and slackness. He and Hector both wore faded, nondescript, dirty working clothes.

They all just stood, and the thin high voice went on and on, and Pat realised with fatalistic horror that the entire book was to be read.

"Chapter Four. 'Now therefore hearken, O Israel, unto the statutes and unto the judgments —'"

"Amen!" shouted the albino natural suddenly. "Praise ye the Lord! Amen!"

No one took much notice. Anna and Hector remained wooden-faced. Mrs. Trefoile checked and glanced up to give the man an approving smile.

"And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died . . . And Joshua the son of Nun was full of the spirit of wisdom . . . in all the great terror which Moses shewed in the sight of all Israel."

Incredibly, the book was shut. It was over.

Mrs. Trefoile took six steps and laid the Bible on the table beside the stuffed pheasant. "Anna, you may serve the meal." The servants turned and went out. Pat wondered if she could move without staggering or falling down, but obediently followed Mrs. Trefoile's straight back across the hall to the dining-room

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...it's a family Milk Coffee biscuit break!

Any time is right . . . any drink is perfect . . . when the break is for Arnott's Milk Coffee biscuits. Taste's right, texture's right to make Milk Coffee biscuits the ideal family refreshment favourite.



Arnott's
FAMOUS
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality



and sank thankfully into a chair.

The dining-room was smaller than the parlor and dim. There was electricity, of course, but everywhere she'd seen only very low-wattage bulbs used; this room was lighted by a single small fixture overhead. A rectangular table, no cloth on it. Hard little chairs.

Anna came through the door at the rear with a tray. Food.

It was thin clear bouillon. Pat took a spoonful and discovered that the bouillon was lukewarm and quite unsalted.

"A very modest establishment," Mrs. Trefoile was saying. "For some strange reason, one's money does not seem to go as far these days as it should. But I should not be ungentle."

Pat made mechanical responses. The bouillon was removed and in its place appeared a queer unadorned salad of lettuce and anonymous greens, without any dressing. There was no salt, pepper, vinegar, or any other condiment on the table. She munched lettuce unsatisfactorily.

Mrs. Trefoile talked about the principles of vegetarianism. It seemed that she subscribed to them wholeheartedly and had not touched flesh in years, which increased Pat's depression. New plates were served: a synthetic meat loaf compounded of bread, oatmeal by the taste, and heaven knew what else. A plate of this afternoon's dry bread was offered.

"Fish I will accept," said her hostess placidly. "It is not the same thing."

Next to appear was obviously the final course and Pat regarded it with joy: a great round of cheese with the knife in its centre and some sort of thin crackers. At least

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something to get one's teeth into. She helped herself liberally and was taken aback at Mrs. Trefoile's sharp reproof.

"You should not be so greedy, child. One of the seven deadly sins. Nothing matters less than the body, nothing! Put half of that back at once, Patricia. While you stay with me you shall not be allowed to fall into sensual error."

Pat stared at her; but it was, of course, impossible to refuse, to make a scene. She

weak tea or the awful British version of coffee, perennially boiled. It proved to be the former. She sighed gloomily, and was unprepared for Mrs. Trefoile's agitated cry as she set her cup down.

"Anna, come here at once! Disgraceful! You have not washed up properly, there is a mark on Miss Carroll's cup! I will not tolerate carelessness!"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Trefoile, it's

surprised at you, Patricia. Surprised and disappointed. Such grievous error—the body is nothing! Wash it off immediately, all this devil's paint—go upstairs and wash it off!"

This was really too much. "Mrs. Trefoile," began Pat reasonably, politely, "every-one does nowadays, you know. It doesn't mean we're—what term would she understand?—fast or immoral. It's quite accepted—"

"And you have used scent

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

HOW DOES YOUR SON ENJOY HIS NEW CHEMISTRY SET?



OH WONDERFUL, HE'S CREATED A FORMULA.



HOW TO SHATTER HOUSE WINDOWS!!!



expended momentary sympathy for the servants, who were doubtless rationed as strictly. How on earth did she keep any servants? The days were long past when there were a dozen domestics scrabbling for every job. The near-idiot, of course, would not be in much demand; but the other two could surely get better jobs, certainly more comfortable ones.

When Anna brought in two cups, Pat hardly knew whether to hope it was more

only my lipstick, see." Pat smiled. "It does come off, even when they guarantee it won't you know."

"Lipstick! What is—you wear—cosmetics?" Oh, heavens thought Pat. I might have known. Her hostess rose up in a flurry, came round the table and bent over her close, peering. So close that Pat felt her quick breath, caught a faint musty smell from old clothes and old woman. "This is more sin and vanity and sensuality! I am

also—the devil's incense!" The old woman drew back and wafted her handkerchief rapidly before her face. "I had not expected such grossness of Stephen's—Did you not hear me? I said go and remove this filth at once!"

Pat got up uncertainly. Mrs. Trefoile was gasping, panting, her white face turned even whiter, and there was a little line of foam at one side of her mouth. She fell back to her chair, a hand at her side.

"Better go, miss," muttered Anna behind Pat. "Regular fit she'll have, don't you?"

"But it's silly—" A fit? She could imagine what that was: pure temper at being crossed.

"Better go an' do like she says, miss!" Anna looked her up and down a little scornfully. "Why for should you care? No handsome gentlemen about to see you!"

Even the woman's servant rude. "Oh, for heaven's sake!" said Pat, and ran out. Upstairs, she scrubbed her face with angry thoroughness. Social duty and common courtesy be damned, she couldn't be expected to put up with this sort of thing. She'd leave in the morning.

She came downstairs slowly, feeling naked without lipstick. The dining-room was empty, the dishes removed. She turned into the parlor.

Mrs. Trefoile was sitting in the little low plush chair, with the closed Bible on her lap. She sat very upright, facing the door. When Pat came in, she beckoned her across and rose to peer at her face again. "Very well. Very well. But I still detect that devilish scent."

"It's very strong," said Pat coldly. And expensive.

"Sit down. We shall pray."

Pat sat down opposite her, in what, when these suites of furniture were new, was called the gentleman's chair. Mrs. Trefoile began to pray aloud, rambling. She went on for quite a while, and as she prayed with closed eyes, Pat was able to look about the room. This stuffy, cluttered, dreadful room. All the Victorian monstrosities were present: the bird under glass, the tortured framed landscape made out of sea shells, the marble clock, the countless

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KIDNEY TROUBLES? like this.



Pressure and pain in kidneys, weak bladder?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery. The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOLS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOLS treatment to-day. MENTHOLS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

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HERCO SUN SCREEN

—the lotion that eclipses the sun. Screens out the sun's ultra-violet rays so that you can safely tan without burning. Non-toxic, non-irritating.

3 oz. Bottle . . . 4/3.

*HERCO TAN

—this preparation is the same as HERCO SUN SCREEN except that it is non-oily and will not soil expensive beach garments. At the same time, it is insect repellent.

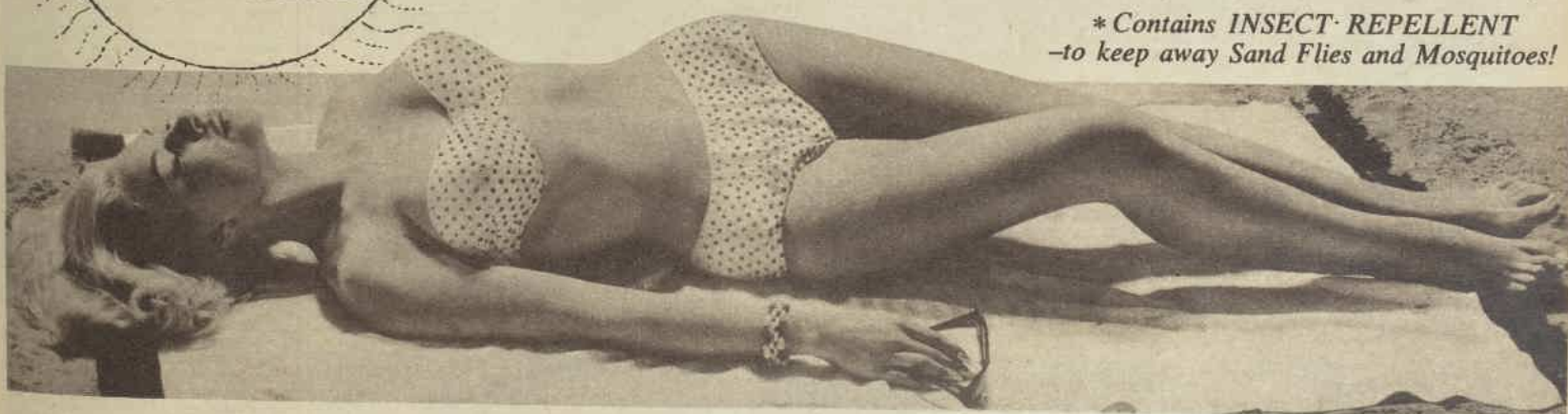
3 oz. Bottle . . . 4/9.

*HERCO ESPRESSO TAN

—will tan you without the sun . . . yet protects you from sunburn when outdoors. Gives your legs a tan that's lovelier than the sheerest nylons—and it's insect repellent!

3 oz. Bottle . . . 10/3.

*Contains **INSECT REPELLENT** —to keep away Sand Flies and Mosquitoes!



HE-13

*Have you tried these other HERCO PRODUCTS?

HERCO OLIVOL LOTION

For the hands and body . . .

HERCO is a special combination of olive oil and lanolin —two famous beauty ingredients with soothing, moisturising properties which will help improve your skin and preserve its soft, youthful look.

1½ oz. Bottle — 2/9; 3 oz. — 4/6; 6 oz. — 7/-.

HERCO OLIVOL SKIN CREAM

is in its composition and effect the same as HERCO Olivol Lotion. It is created for those who prefer to use a cream instead of lotion.

4/9 per tube.

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contains Olive Oil and is specially recommended for sensitive scalps.

1½ oz. Bottle — 3/3; 3-oz. — 4/9; 6 oz. — 7/6.

HANDS Bars dirt because it's Siliconised!

—like an invisible glove, HANDS provides the most complete protection ever developed for hard-work hands!

5/6 per tube.

TURTLE OIL FACE LOTION

contains vitamin-rich Turtle Oil . . . the finest moisturiser for all types of skin. Works not ON your skin — but IN your skin.

3 oz. Bottle . . . 11/9.

IF SOME DIFFICULTY IS EXPERIENCED IN OBTAINING ANY OF OUR PRODUCTS, YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST WILL ORDER THEM FOR YOU UPON YOUR REQUEST.

cheap porcelain figurines and vases and candlesticks, the dried flowers stiffly sprayed to an everlasting bouquet.

She thought of Stephen growing up here. With compassion she thought: A wonder he was as normal as he was.

And it seemed quite, quite impossible that the woman could be anyone's mother. Could have been young and desired, could have been loved and borne a child. Pat tried, and failed, to imagine what kind of man Mr. Trefoile had been.

The woman suddenly stopped praying and opened her eyes. "We must talk," she said. "I must talk with you, Patricia. You should not be angry with me that I try to teach you the errors of your ways. Stephen's true love. Stephen . . . Oh, I feared for him! I prayed for him! He should not have left home;

there was money enough. He would come back, then, a little while, and he was troubled and afraid — I had known how it would be — and then he came back less and less . . ."

She went on talking incoherently about Stephen. He had been trained up in the right way, but who knew what dreadful temptations would beset him, away from home and alone? But to ally himself with the military, so notoriously a rakish and devilish crew — They had quarrelled. He had gone away and not come back for a long time. Until he was to go overseas.

"Now again I am fearing for his soul. Oh, how I fear! When he chose you, so deep in error and sin! And yet looking so innocent. I will not believe it is too late to redeem you, gather you into the fold —" Slowly Mrs. Trefoile rose. "It is late; we will retire. Most earnestly

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I urge you to pray for light, Patricia."

Pat followed her out to the hall. One thin little clawlike hand darted back inside the doorway to switch off the light.

On the landing, in more light, Pat called up her courage and tact. "Mrs. Trefoile," she said firmly, "I must leave tomorrow morning. It's been very nice to meet you, but — I should have explained before — I've an arrangement to meet a friend who's on holiday. I'm sure you understand."

Mrs. Trefoile turned and looked at her. She had to look up, for, though Pat was not tall, the old woman barely topped five feet. "You

are fleeing from truth and right as I expound it to you. You must not. I must not let you."

"Really, I must keep my appointment," said Pat. These single-minded fanatics never knew when they were rude. "I can come back." Any promise.

"You would? You will? You will promise me on your oath? My dear, indulge me, will you not? If you will promise faithfully to come back to me within a few days, I will let you go tomorrow, but not before midday. You will come to the church with me in the morning, and we will pray together for Stephen's soul and

yours. Will you do that, Patricia?"

"Yes, certainly," said Pat, relieved.

"Thank you, my dear. Do not forget your prayers. I shall see you in the morning, then."

"Good-night, Mrs. Trefoile." Pat escaped into the stuffy little bedroom thankfully. She lit a cigarette, took a few deep grateful draws; then she went to her dressing-case and put on lipstick, smiling at herself. Silly, a gesture. Be taking it off in a few minutes. Or would she? It was only ten minutes past ten.

And she was hungry. That frightful meal . . .

A perfunctory tap at the door and Anna came in. She looked at Pat and at the cigarette expressionlessly. "Was there aught else you want, miss?"

"Yes," said Pat frankly, "there is. I'd like something to eat. If you could bring me up some of that cheese, anything—"

Anna said woodenly, "Sorry, miss. Every door in the larder's locked up after meals, and madam's got the keys."

"All right, I suppose you can't, then. Do you think I could have an extra blanket?" There was only one on the bed, and it would be cold here at night.

"I'll find one, miss."

When Anna had brought the blanket Pat went along to the bathroom, washed and brushed her teeth, came back and got undressed. Defiantly she put on her best nightgown, the frivolous red nylon one with all the lace, climbed into bed with cigarettes and ashtray at hand, and propped herself up on the pillows. All she had with her to read was a recent "Tatler," picked up a couple of days ago. She began looking through it. Every other advertisement was about a restaurant or somebody's fine wines, and all the photographs seemed to be of people eating and drinking.

At a quarter to eleven she got out of bed, struggled and heaved to raise the window a couple of inches, and switched off the light.

M

RS. TREFOILE said, "I will read from Joshua Chapter One. 'Now after the death of Moses the servant of the Lord it came to pass, that the Lord spake unto Joshua—'"

It was seven o'clock in the morning, and Pat stood beside her hostess, the three servants facing them across the room, and shuddered with cold. She had been awakened by Anna at six, suddenly and without tact. "Service and breakfast at seven, miss. You're not to be late."

Pat had got up shivering and scrambled hastily into her warmest clothes; she'd meant to have a bath this morning, but it was far too cold to risk the quality of hot water in this house. She put on a tweed skirt and her thick cable-knit scarlet pullover, and at that sat huddled under the blankets again to smoke a cigarette before she went downstairs.

But little good it had done her. Mrs. Trefoile had exclaimed in outrage at the scarlet pullover and sent her back upstairs like a naughty child to exchange it for something of a proper subdued color.

She had nothing so warm as the pullover; she substituted a sweater and cardigan set of pale beige. In the little mirror of her dressing-case she looked ghastly without make-up, she thought.

She stood shivering beside the old woman now and wondered what sort of breakfast it would be. Ten to one on oatmeal porridge, she decided.

Praise be there were only twenty-four chapters in the Book of Joshua.

It was over. The Bible closed and laid down. "Anna, you may serve the meal." And Pat won the bet with herself: it was oatmeal, served plain, with no sugar or butter, only a very small jug of skim milk.

Breakfast, such as it was, was over within half an hour; they had not sat down to it until nearly eight. "I will fetch my coat, Patricia, and we will go to the church at once."

"Why don't we take my car?"

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PIFCO PRINCESS HAIRDYING ENSEMBLE: SILENT HAIRDYER, STAND, HOOD, HOSE, AND COMB IN PRESENTATION GIFT PACK, £12.19.6.

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convenient, dries hair faster than
other dryers. £7.17.6.

"Oh, dear me, no, most unsuitable," said Mrs. Trefoile.

She must remember to get the car keys back from Hector. She'd never thought of them again last night. Pat went upstairs for her own coat, thinking that, and put it on.

They went out the front door and down the curving drive. Hector was kneeling beside one of the beds against the house, weeding. He did not look up as they passed, but Pat had the feeling that he looked after them. Mrs. Trefoile looked as if she'd been lifted entire from an illustrated Victorian novel: she wore something that looked like a bonnet, and mittens, and her heavy black coat reached her ankles.

Almost to the gates, they met the natural. He dodged out of the trees in front of them, and froze as he saw them. "Joseph! Come here. What were you doing in the trees? Mischief?"

"Nothin'." He came up with a dragging step.

"Look at me and speak the truth, Joseph."

He raised his vacant, colorless eyes slowly. Why, he's afraid of her, Pat realised. "A-lookin' for tootleberries," he said, triumphant, sly.

"There are no such things, and no berries here. Go and help Hector. . . . One must be tolerant of such poor souls," said Mrs. Trefoile as he slouched away. "The air is sharp, is it not? But the sun will break through later."

PAST the gates they turned left along the road. Pat had not realised how close the house of Llandudno lay to the village; round the sharp bend where the property stood, two hundred yards on, the village of Abervy began. There was the inn, its sign newly repainted: The Dog and Gun. A stout but not unhandsome middle-aged man was straddling the threshold. He said in subtly amused tone, "Good morning, Mrs. Trefoile."

She did not glance at him. Past the door, she said primly, "A most lewd man, the publican. I have strictly forbidden Hector to enter the place. Unfortunately, I have no way of knowing if he should lie to me, but I pray for him often, that he may be released from such bondage to the flesh."

"The lower classes," she continued, "have no longer decent respect for their betters." And was immediately confirmed.

A woman in the doorway, watching them approach, said boldly, "Morning, Mrs. Trefoile. Don't say you're a visitor. You're looking spier as usual." She was a scrawny middle-aged woman, in a very bright colored print cotton housedress; her grey hair had a cheap permanent wave, a little frizzy, and she had slapped on too dark a shade of lipstick, but she looked eminently sane and twentieth century. The house, Pat saw, was not a cottage but the general store.

Mrs. Trefoile said with freezing politeness, "Good morning, Mrs. Evans."

But Pat stopped, purely on impulse. Perhaps only of random relief at talking to someone who knew what year it was. "Good morning," she said pleasantly. "Do you mind, Mrs. Trefoile, if I buy a postcard or two? It won't take a minute. As I'm leaving today . . ." She went into the shop, and Mrs. Evans followed her with alacrity. The postcards were on a rack at the back. Pat twirled it absently, looking at highly colored photographs of the Teifi pools, the waterfalls at Cenarth, the banks of the Teifi, the ruins of the castle at Cardigan, the lake of Ilyn Berwyn.

"You'll be an American," said Mrs. Evans.

"Yes, that's right," said Pat. She picked out two postcards at random. Souvenir. She was suddenly, unexpectedly in high spirits. In a very little while she'd be away from this place; and she sensed a bond between this woman and herself — that they both stood on one side opposite Mrs. Trefoile, who had come just inside the door and was watching disapprovingly.

"Now, isn't that interesting," said Mrs. Evans brightly. "It's not often at all that we get American tourists

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in Abervy. What part of America might you be from, miss?"

"California," said Pat. Spread charity as you go, she reflected. "I was engaged to Mrs. Trefoile's son, you see?"

"Ah, you're that young American lady! A terrible thing that was, indeed, to be sure; you've my sympathy, miss." Both perfunctory sorrow and curiosity in the eyes and voice.

"But I'm leaving today."

"Ah, indeed, miss, it's to be hoped you've enjoyed your stay," said Mrs. Evans, straight-faced. Pat knew quite well the woman was aware why she was leaving; probably Mrs. Trefoile's foibles were thoroughly familiar to all the village.

Pat's back was to Mrs. Trefoile. Outrageously, but unable to resist it, she winked at Mrs. Evans and said gravely, "I've an urgent appointment."

Mrs. Evans very nearly winked back. She gave Pat a broad smile and said, "That'll be fivepence, miss."

Pat rummaged in her bag, paid her, and tucked the postcards away. "Thank you very much."

"Good morning, miss," came Mrs. Evans' unctuous voice after them.

Mrs. Trefoile said nothing as they

walked on, but her silence continued disapproving.

The church stood at the north end of the village. She followed the old woman up the steps . . . Not a very interesting or attractive church. She must remember to look for the offending altar cloth.

Mrs. Trefoile veered aside and went along to the left of the altar and knelt before the first row of pews. "Now we will pray most earnestly together, Patricia."

Pat knelt beside her a little unwillingly.

It seemed an age later that the little figure moved and got slowly to its feet. "Very well," said the old woman in a whisper. "Very well." And moved toward Pat, toward the centre aisle. But meanwhile Pat had discovered that in the west wall across from them were a number of bronze plaques set into the stone,

and with the random interest of the tourist she made for them.

"This way, my dear," said Mrs. Trefoile almost sharply.

"Just a moment, I want to see . . ."

She had time only to see the first plaque, at this side of the first row of pews. It was not old; this was not an old church. The raised lettering was modern:

In remembrance of
John Sheringham Ffolliott
of the manor of Rhyddenn
b. 1889 — d. 1955
also Joan his wife b. 1891—
d. 1930

also Marian his wife
b. 1900 — d. 1953

Hic Jacet

"Not this aisle, Patricia," said Mrs. Trefoile, and took her arm

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Shop for Christmas in half an hour at one counter

Give everyone on your gift list

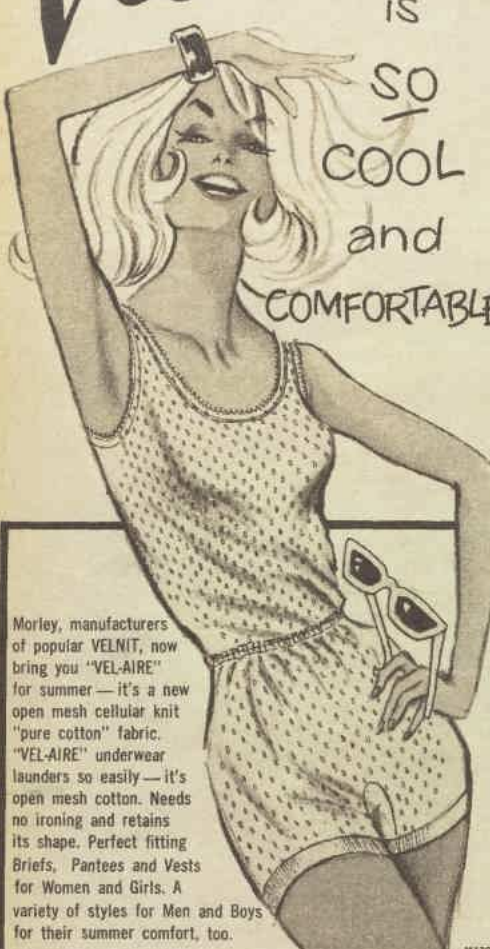
Dri-Glo TOWELS

Take the wear and tear out of Christmas shopping. Just go to your nearest towel counter—choose from the enchanting new range of Dri-Glo gift packs. There's a pack to suit everyone, at prices to suit you . . . and you'll be through in half an hour!

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Morley, manufacturers of popular VELNIT, now bring you "VEL-AIRE" for summer—it's a new open mesh cellular knit "pure cotton" fabric. "VEL-AIRE" underwear launders so easily—it's open mesh cotton. Needs no ironing and retains its shape. Perfect fitting Briefs, Pantees and Vests for Women and Girls. A variety of styles for Men and Boys for their summer comfort, too.

Always look for the name **MORLEY**

with an astonishingly strong little hand.

"Why not?"

"It is a consecrated Christian place, but the church, I fear, is becoming debased. There is actually a wicked person entombed there. You have prayed sincerely, I trust. Come away. I daresay the rector will be arriving soon with the choir for the Sabbath rehearsal, and I do not care to meet him."

The sun had come out briefly; it struck sharp white against the eyeballs. "What kind of wicked person?" asked Pat on the church steps, and it was an idle question, amused.

"A person who forswore his marriage vows."

"Marriage vows? Did he—the wicked person in the church—keep a mistress? How horrible."

"That is not seemly. Religion has sadly deteriorated in principle; it is no longer the true, simple creed of the earliest disciples. I reprimanded the late rector, Mr. David, upon that matter, but he did not seem to understand me at all. He had the effrontery to explain to me that the church recognises second marriages."

PAT said, "But I don't see—all churches do allow second marriages, when it's death and not divorce."

"Quibbling and corruption. We are assured of resurrection. How inconceivable, on that day, to meet two, Patricia!"

They were out of the churchyard now, into the village street again. "Mmh?"

She heard the old woman only vaguely, overlaid by the other voice.

"Hi, miss. You got a norful pretty car, ain't you?"

Pat stopped. A boy, about ten or twelve: sandy and freckle-faced. Boys were boys, no matter the country or language or anything else;

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trouble me. It is not only for yourself, but for Stephen. You would condone such a thing? I heard it in your voice—you would jest about it!"

"What d' you mean, people marrying twice? Well, it's their own choice," said Pat.

"It is against God's law! You are fallen into deeper error than I imagined!"

The sun was gone under now. It was still quite cold as they walked up toward the house. Pat drew a deep breath, savoring the clear,

● The ideal man bears the accidents of life with dignity and grace, making the best of the circumstances. —Aristotle.

dry air. Hector was still weeding, farther down the bed.

"As it might be, for example, a wedded woman like yourself. No matter what the church may allow, in its degraded creed, it is wanton sensuality."

Pat had stood back, politely, to let Mrs. Trefoile precede her into the house. She had paid only surface attention to what the old woman was saying, and caught those words with surprise. "Like myself? But I'm not married!"

"Patricia! My dear, you cannot mean you do not realise—I. You are my child—you are Stephen's wife. A betrothal, a marriage, it is all the same in the sight of God. Do you not understand that, Patricia? Mistaken and strayed in some matters as you are, I had thought you

understood this—this fundamental fact. You are Stephen's wife! You must only feel grateful and live out your life unblemished until it shall please Him to call you. Patricia—"

Pat looked down at her there, in the dim entrance hall of the house, with amusement, pity, a very little anger. "Why, Mrs. Trefoile," she said, "I can't agree with that, no." One couldn't say anything about Stephen; and it was quite useless to argue with the Mrs. Trefoiles; but Pat's essential forthrightness made it impossible even to imply acceptance of an irrational principle. "Stephen is dead," she said gently. "I wasn't married to him, but even if I had been, I'm only twenty-six, you know. I want a husband and children, and I hope I'll have them. It doesn't mean I've forgotten Stephen. It's just—life." But Mrs. Trefoile's creed was a nullification of life. "You mustn't mind," she said awkwardly. "We—we all have different ideas about these things, you know."

The woman just stared at her, her crumpled mouth working. "I must get my things together," said Pat, and ran up the stairs. Poor silly earnest old soul. And poor Stephen.

She packed rapidly, efficiently. She didn't bother to do a complete make-up job, just delicately touched on a little rouge and powder, a lot of lipstick. Snapped the cases shut, checked her handbag. The man Hector still had the car keys, she must—

She froze, with her hand on the door.

It was locked on the outside.

To be continued

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Seeing Norma Jackson put me in a spin! She looked so young!



Why, Norma Jackson! Joant! Well, fancy seeing you. It must be ten years. Have you time for coffee?



Norma, I must ask you, you have such a lovely complexion. How do you do it? Simple! Palmolive soap facials. They can help almost any girl to be younger looking.



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Doctors prove that Palmolive Beauty care can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days. From the very first day you use it you'll discover that Palmolive soap beautifies as it cleans. Palmolive soap with gentle olive oil is so mild, so pure,

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Look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

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how to bat her eyes, and she knew plenty of man-capturing tricks. She had even tried out some of them for experimental purposes. First, she'd done a real job on her face, complete with eye make-up, and had put on her most frivolous dress and a fetching hat, a huge white affair with daisies and a green bow.

Then she'd gone to one of the city's glamorous big hotels and strolled about the lounge. Dozens of men had stared at her, obviously eager to respond to her come-hither look. It had been a dazzling experience and had proved to Radie's satisfaction that she could dazzle if she wanted to. But she hadn't been convinced; she still thought such womanly behaviour was for the birds.

The session with her mother and father had been six days before. Now she was sitting in her room in Loveliness Hall at Laury Livingston's Charm Camp, which in the summertime took over the facilities of the Westchester Boys' Academy, Inc., and there had been no change in her attitude. If boys wanted her — well, catch Radie Lester using even one small wife. Not on her young, uncertain life.

At that, the other seekers of glamor and fatalistic charm weren't so bad. There were fifty; they came in the customary physical packages, from overblown fourteen-year-olds with too much lipstick to giggly twenty-two-year-olds, and they were united by a common bond: how to get a man.

RADIE LESTER got along with them. She was, after all, a girl. It is doubtful if she would have admitted it; but like the other forty-nine, she would have preferred the company of a man. But she did understand what made her colleagues tick, and she had listened to their bizarre and special kind of talk for a dozen years.

Fellow campers — such as, say, Mimi Semple — amused her. Or, as she told herself loftily, she pitied them. She watched Mimi, who had an ominous bicycle tyre round her waist, practise some bone-cracking callisthenics after a half-hour session with one of the C.C. instructors on pretty-pretty posture. They were on the broad, rolling lawn behind Loveliness Hall.

"Hey, Mimi," Radie said, "exactly why are you going through all that mishmash? I thought you had more sense than that?"

Mimi looked up, the rivulets running down her red face and uncurling her bright blond hair. "More sense than what?"

Radie hooted. "Do you mean to say," she said, "that you are undergoing the tortures of the damned just because you figure that if you have a tiny waist, someone like Sal Mineo is going to sweep you off your feet?"

Mimi sighed. "Of course, that's why I'm doing it," she said. "Not that I think it'll ever come about. Fat or skinny, I don't think I have that — what do the Greeks call it? — 'Je ne sais quoi'?" She collapsed into a round heap on the grass and eyed Radie. "Holy smoke, what do you think I'm doing it for, myself? Hah! I don't care if I look like Madam Dracula."

"Now, that," Radie said calmly, "is unnatural. If a boy is going to become interested in a girl, it should happen openly, naturally. If it's bound to happen, nothing is going to affect it. Not even two hundred deep knee bends."

Mimi sighed a patient sigh. "Girlie," she said, "I've got news for you. Even with a pencil-thin shape like yours, there has to be a reminder to boys that you are on the premises. Grandma wasn't so dumb. When she dropped her handkerchief, she was following the law of the jungle."

Radie sniffed. "Well, I think it's absurd," she said. Mimi lighted a cigarette, looking around furtively for Laury Livingston to appear with a whip, and cocked her head. "Sure it's absurd," she said, "but there's never been anything absurd about a woman, has there?"

So the forty-nine were something like that. Only one of them turned out to be the water to Radie Lester's

oil. Her name was Millicent Stevens and she was Radie's room-mate. She had long black hair, which she wore up, princess style, and every time the C.C. instructors told her to wash off the extra eyeshadow she did. Five minutes later, naturally, it was back.

"You know, in Philadelphia," she said to Radie as they were loafing in their chintz-decorated room, "there's this awful, monstrous Debs' Cotillion every November, but, thank heavens, Daddy is going to have my coming-out party separately. I couldn't bear to have it the other way."

"Won't there be more boys at the group sale?" Radie asked.

Millicent managed skillfully to look aghast and blasé at the same time. "I couldn't, for the love of Peter, care less," she said. "Actually, I suppose what you might call the 'creme de la creme' probably will be at my party — but men are such bores."

Radie rolled over on to her stomach on the bed. "I just knew," she said sweetly, "from the moment I met you that you really were here just for the boating."

But she could put up even with Millicent when she discovered that Charm Camp wasn't quite the

awful washout she had expected. The girls were tutored for three hours in the black arts — speech, fashion, beauty, make-up, posture, etc. — and the rest of the time they were free to swim, golf, loaf, or wash stockings.

Laury Livingston was a gas. She was tall, statuesquely blond, elegant beyond imagination and realistic to the end. Radie had just one long talk with her the first couple of days. It had begun with Mrs. Livingston's feeling her out delicately on whether Mr. Lester would like to put some of that nice stocks-and-bonds money into her assorted enterprises, and it had ended with a candid discussion of the charm-school business.

"I don't know what you're doing here, dearie," Laury said to her. "You're good-looking and intelligent, and you know enough to wear the right make-up. The day you decide to give up the fight and go in for making goo-goo eyes at the rampant male, you'll have no trouble at all."

"That'll be the day," Radie muttered. "I can't stand all the ridiculous shim-sham."

"Neither could I," Laury said calmly, "until I discovered that my first husband, who was a clarinet player, couldn't pay the rent. Then I decided I'd better act like

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June Allyson and wrinkle my nose and arch an eyebrow at a millionaire or two."

"I don't see how you could compromise like that," Radie said. "These dopy girls are learning all that jazz because they don't know any better. But you do."

"Someone once said about best-selling writers that they begin lying out of ignorance and keep it up for royalties," Mrs. Livingston said. "That's how it is with me. I like to live well, so the last three husbands I've hooked, I used the old razzle-dazzle. You know, after a while, it gets to be fun, anyway."

"Gee," Radie said, "that sounds awful. You mean, the man you're married to now is — just another male, to you?"

Laury patted her arm maternally. "The day you'll change," she said, "is the day you find that Lord Byron never bought any woman a mink coat and Tommy Manville did." She looked a little wistful. "In a way, honey, I hate to see you change — but you will. All women do."

"Never," Radie said firmly. "Not me."

The chances are, she never would have — well, not for a couple more months, anyway — except that the student body of Charm Camp discovered the extremely male presence of Jeff McIntyre.

It was only the third day, and there appeared in the student body a restlessness akin to a herd of elands that suddenly had got the downwind scent of a grade-A lion lurking in the nearby jungle.

Mimi Semple filled her in. She appeared in Radie's room in the early afternoon in a four-door, supermatic tizzy. Someone seemed to have told her she'd struck oil. "You know that clump of trees at

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ONCE IN A SMALL WILE

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the far end of the lake?" she demanded. Radie nodded. "Well, there's a house there."

"The enchanted cottage, no doubt," Radie said.

"You hit it right on the head," Mimi said. "Do you know what's in that cottage?"

"Four hens a'laying and a partridge in a pear tree?"

"A man," Mimi beamed. "A lovely, pretty, broad-shouldered man."

"What man?"

"His name is Jeff McIntyre, and during the winter he's the assistant owner or head-master or whatever it is of the boys' school that's here. In the summer, he apparently lives in his little cottage and keeps an eye on things."

"I'll bet he does," Radie said cynically. "Well, he should have a field day. The things here are in all kinds of packages. If he shops around he should find something."

"You don't understand," Mimi said patiently. "He's shy."

"No man is shy. Some women just think some men are."

"It's true. A couple of the girls knocked on his door and tried to introduce themselves, and he just said hello and got all red and locked himself inside." Mimi closed her eyes and smiled dreamily. "I love shy men. They're so—oh, so —"

"Shy?" Radie reached for her copy of the "Red Cross Life Saving & Water Safety Textbook." "Well, good hunting, child," she said. "You're embarked on a great campaign, proving that this

woman and any woman so conceived and so dedicated —"

"Oh, stop it, Lester," Mimi said. "And don't just sit there and tell me the news doesn't thrill you. Under that dirty sweatshirt, I know there beats the heart of a real woman. You can't fool me."

"Tell the great news to Millicent," Radie said. "Maybe she can work fast and by September have him all wrapped up and take him to Philadelphia to announce her engagement when she makes her debut."

But nobody had to tell the great news to the belle-to-be of Philadelphia. On the fourth day of Christmas, so to speak, she discovered Jeff McIntyre for herself, doubtless using a divining rod. Getting into his enchanted cottage, for a girl of her talents, was child's play, Mimi told Radie disgustedly.

"It was so corny," she exclaimed after dinner that night. "She even brought her own boulder along. So help me."

"Boulder?"

"She lugged a big rock in front of his house, then tripped gently over it, and when he came out to see her whimpering and howling she told him she'd sprained her ankle. I don't know how long she was in his place recovering, but I do know that if you go to your room right now you'll see her checking over the basic black and pearls. She's got a date with dream-eyes tonight, already yet."

Radie yawned, a little too casually. "If he's so dopy as to be taken in that way," she said, "it's his funeral. He's probably getting just what he deserves."

said to Radie in front of twenty-six of her peonies, struggling to learn what to do with hair in damp weather, "are far, far away. Shall I conduct a private session for you after the regular class, or would you care to join our little quilting bee right now?"

Radie flushed. "I was thinking of something," she said.

Mrs. Livingston nodded. "I wouldn't be surprised," she said. "Nearly all the girls here are thinking of something. I suggest they try to think of something else. There is only one Mr. McIntyre." She smiled benignly. "And I understand there's been a stake-out claim on him."

"I wasn't thinking of him," Radie said defensively.

Laury yawned discreetly. "Of course you weren't," she said. "Now, shall we get back to the proper use of curlers at tornado time?"

It wasn't that Jeff McIntyre became an obsession with Radie. How could he? His only meeting with her had been limited to a brief discussion of worms.

But she lied in her teeth, of course, to Laury Livingston. She had been thinking of dream-eyes. Many thoughts. Thought one: She wanted to get to know him. Thought two: She didn't know how. Thought three:

The heck she didn't; she knew how. Thought four: Darned if she'd use any of those tricks. Thought five: Oh, darn it, anyway!

Thoughts six, seven, and eight: Millicent Stevens can't have this man. It would be a travesty of justice and the pursuit of life, love, and happiness.

The greatest generals have their flaws. Pride overcometh some, too; vivid imaginations trip others; etc. Millicent Stevens' Achilles' heel was her big mouth, if we may mash up a metaphor or two.

"Jeff's a lovely man," she said to Radie as they lay on their beds in the cool of a summer evening. "He's just so sweet. And very masculine, too."

Radie grunted. It was all she trusted herself to do.

Millicent Stevens' alabaster face lapsed into a small scowl. "He's a little slow, though," she said pensively.

"Slow?"

"Well, I mean, he likes me terribly, naturally," Millicent said, "but he's one of those withdrawn ones, you know. If I just could get him to realise how much I mean to him—"

"How much is that?"

"I see us," Millicent said, in her best Greer Garson-Jean Crawford tones, "going down the road of life together, hand in hand." She looked at Radie. "Not here in this rustic Boy Scout camp, of course. I'll get Daddy to find

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him a place in his brokerage firm, and then —

"How can you speed him up?" Radie said through the most gritted of teeth.

A satanic smile appeared on Millicent's face. "Well," she said, and then she went over and sat on the edge of Radie's bed and explained just how she could. It was enough to curl the straightest hair. It seems that, every morning around seven, Jeff was in the habit of going to the lake for a swim, so the idea was —

After a while, Radie cocked an eyebrow and hooted. "A fake drowning?" she said. "Come off it, Millie. That went out with the corset. I am not president of your Manhattan-division fan club, but I had credited you with more ingenuity than that."

Millicent looked just too — well, just too. "Darling," she said patiently, "do you know what's the matter with you?"

"Well, my best friends haven't told me yet. You don't mean —"

"I mean about men. Do you know why you don't have any luck with the opposite sex?"

"No," Radie said, trying to keep down her blood count. "Tell me why I don't."

"It's simple. You shun the obvious," Millicent ts-k-ts-ked. "It's all very well to have a nimble, bright, flashy mind and all that, but men — are — children. Can you get that through your head? You must play it simply. Men believe only what they want to believe. When Jeff sees me drowning, he'll plunge into the briny and save me and just — well, just never dream that it's all a big stunt."

"You make him sound like a two-headed walnut," Radie muttered. "You want someone that dumb?"

"All men," Millicent said, getting up and fishing in the cupboard for her pyjamas, "are dumb." When she finally climbed into bed, minutes later, she yawned and spoke in the dark. "Ah, me," she said tiredly. "Now for a little sleep. For tomorrow, I die."

SHE was asleep soon. Millicent snored. The wood-sawing made an interesting counterpoint to the thoughts pinwheeling in Radie Lester's head as she lay there in the dark. She could see the hands of her little travelling clock glowing. Eleven o'clock. Eight hours, or a bit less, until the great male robbery was transferred from evil female mind to real life.

After she had thought for an hour, she knew what she was going to do. Getting to sleep after that was just a question of trying to rationalise it.

"It's not as if you're compromising your ideals," she told herself. "The heck it isn't. Well, look at it this way: You're saving Jeff McIntyre, who probably is all right as men go — you might even say he was the most perfect man in the world, if he acted the way he looked — from a fate worse than . . . Rats! You're not thinking of saving him from Millie. What you're trying to do is undermine this dear, sweet, repulsive thing from Philadelphia just because you want him for yourself, and —"

"I don't!" Radie Lester blurted out in the dark room, and in the other bed Millicent Stevens stirred slightly. For a moment Radie looked at her meditatively. Then she sighed and reached for the little clock. She set the alarm for six o'clock. As she was finally going to sleep, an old speech was sifting through her tired head. "Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third — may profit by their example. If this be treason —"

Now, she thought sleepily, I suppose I'm just like all the rest. Somehow, it didn't seem quite the shattering catastrophe she had felt it would be.

Duckbill Lake — rechristened Beauty Mirror by Laury Livingston in a repulsive fit of whimsy — at six on a summer morning was peaceful, cold-looking, and enigmatic. Radie Lester, shivering in her bathing-suit and a flimsy robe, crouched behind a huge rock and eyed it sourly. It looked exactly like the setting for an American tragedy.

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She waited, shivering thus, for about twenty-five minutes. Then Mab, the mad queen of the Philadelphia faeries, arrived on the scene. She was wearing, Radie noted with interest, a rainbow-colored bikini, strictly forbidden at Charm Camp, but obviously the armor needed to get the job done.

For what seemed ages, Millicent wandered along the pebbly beach, now and then sticking her lacquered big-toe nail into the water and making a face.

"I'll say this for the old bag, Radie thought. She's got some kind of courage. We'll both probably end up with pneumonia. For a second, she wondered if Jeff McIntyre was out

of his cotton-picking mind, going swimming in this miniature North Sea at this hour. I'm as much a physical-culture nut as the next one, she thought, but maybe this is ridiculous.

Her mental soliloquy was interrupted. There was a faint crackling of underbrush, and at the far side of the lake she could see the Greek god coming down to the waterhole. He looked lovely. He looked good enough to eat.

Millicent must have picked up the spoor at the same time. She looked up quickly, then waded into the lake.

She seemed to take a chilled stroke for each three of Jeff McIntyre's footsteps. When he had reached the section of the beach from which she had set out, she was fifty yards out. He paused and, shading his eyes, looked out almost unbelievably. Then he put his head to one side and waved tentatively at the poor man's Olympic champion.

He got an answering wave — at any rate, the wave was a desperate one.

"Oh!" Millicent Stevens shrieked, beginning to thrash around like Fabian or Elvis in the throes of singing "Tutti-Frutti." "Please! I can't —" And then she disappeared beneath the water.

It was rather well done. Radie looked on with a moment's detached admiration. Then she peered at Jeff McIntyre. Oddly, he seemed to be making no gesture of dramatics. Instead, he seemed to be hopping up and down.

For just an instant, Radie hesitated. "You sneak," she told herself. Then she took a deep breath. "All life," she said solemnly, "is a compromise. Somebody said that. Or should have." Whereupon, she climbed to the top of the rock, took off her robe, and hit the water in a ten-point swan dive.

She kept under the surface for

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fifteen feet, then broke water and went into an eight-beat crawl. Within a minute, she was at the side of the drowning — you should excuse the expression — Diana of the hunt. Millicent, she saw, was underwater, examining her toenails. Radie reached down and hauled her to the surface.

"Oh, Je—" Millicent started to say, reaching desperately for her rescuer, "I—" She stopped as if a wet fish had struck her in the face. She beheld Radie as if she were the Loch Ness monster. "You!" she cried. "Where are your thirty pieces of silver? You—" Then, instead of dying of instant apoplexy, she looked grim. "Well, the least I can do, you foul creature, is take a good poke at you." And she swung a roundhouse right.

Radie treaded water and cocked her head. Then she shrugged. "If the drowning person struggles with you—" she murmured, quoting from the Red Cross "Life Saving & Water Safety Textbook." Then she hit Millicent Stevens with a short left hook that travelled — oh, eight inches. The pride of Philadelphia went limp, and Radie adjusted her into the customary chin-carry position and began side-arming to the shore.

right," he said firmly. "Miss Stevens, don't you move. We're going for help."

"What kind of help?" Millicent yelled. "All I need is help to get up and I'll kill that miserable little—"

"Yes," Jeff said, "she does seem a little out of her head, at that. Come on, let's hurry."

As Darby and Joan moved off, with his arm nicely around her shoulders, because, after all, he did have to keep her warm, the pride of Philadelphia shook her head like a terrier. "Ohhhhhh!" she wailed, but nobody looked back.

"Oh, it wasn't anything," Radie said, lowering her eyelashes as they walked. "You'd have done the same thing, except I just happened to dive in first." She took a deep breath. If she was going to be female, there wasn't any sense in going halfway. "I didn't even know you were there. If I had—" He grinned. "It's just as

Miss Stevens. I've seen her in the water before and she seems rather at home."

"Oh, what a dreadful thing to say," Radie said. "You don't mean you think Millicent's drowning was a fake and she just wanted to endear herself to you and she was going around telling some of us what she was going to do and—"

He stopped and held her gently by the shoulders. "Well, she's a girl, you know. Girls do some funny things. Especially when there's only one man on the premises, such as he is. It's even possible—" But he stopped.

The red enveloped her ears quickly. "You don't think for one minute," she demanded, "that I was behaving like a woman and that I was queering little Millie's stunt just because I wanted to take you away from her and—"

"Do you?"

"Take you away from her? Why, of all the fantastic ideas I've ever heard of—" But her voice trailed off, and then

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well," he said. "I couldn't have saved her, anyway. I can't swim more than six strokes. That's why I come here so early in the morning. So I can flounder around in the water without everyone's seeing me make a spectacle of myself."

She peered sidewise at him and worked the eyelashes a little more. "Oh, it's terribly easy," she said. "Perhaps one of these mornings I can show —"

"Would you?" Jeff McIntyre said. "I mean, you're an awfully good swimmer, and I'm sure that with you helping me—"

"Well," she said — it certainly was strange how easily the role seemed to suit her — "I don't know just when I could get away to do it, because we're so busy at the camp, you know."

"Oh, I know that. You pick the time. Whenever it's convenient." He grinned again. "You know, I honestly don't think either of us had to save

suddenly she had gone as far as she could with her Academy Award performance. She looked closely into his eyes. "Are you worth taking from her?"

"Find out for yourself." "Maybe I will." She reached up and, with a wet hand, patted his cheek gently. "You play tennis?" Then she shook her head. "No. I mean, if you do I'll play left-handed, and maybe that way I won't —"

He hugged her just for a second, and they resumed walking.

She kept looking down, because she knew he was there and she didn't have to search for him, and while she was looking she practised batting her eyelashes some more, but it seemed pretty silly. There really didn't seem to be any need for it any more. The best eyelash-batter in Philadelphia was sitting back on the beach, anyway. That's where eyelash-batting is apt to make you end up.

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Continuing . . .

MAGIC OF THE HEART

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"You won't be after forgetting the five dollars you owe me," she called after him in a raw imitation brogue.

But O'Brien had his thoughts and might not have heard. There was the problem of his magic-box, for example, a hostage in the pawnshop round the corner. And his long velvet-and-silk cape, unfortunately in the same establishment. Twenty-five dollars of ransom needed there, and no "ifs" or "buts."

It was a hard world, especially for the magicians . . .

Over on 7074, North Drive, Laura Kincaid was also thinking it a hard world, although not for herself.

"Are you sure there's enough for them to eat, Thompson?"

Thompson, the housekeeper, bobbed her head reassuringly; thinking of table-mountains of custards and jellies and ice-cream cake laid out in the gilt-and-rose vastness of the games-room.

"They won't get through more than half of it, ma'am, refugees or no refugees. Reckon a kid's stomach is pretty much the same size the world over . . ."

"Perhaps it's their hearts that are bigger, Thompson. We fill their little stomachs, but we don't do very much about filling their empty hearts, do we? I sometimes think our efforts are a little lapsed. Too much ice-

cream and not enough—understanding."

Thompson looked at her mistress with the habitual blankness that often exasperated Laura Kincaid.

"I'm sure you've done all you can, ma'am. You started this Society, gave money and raised more . . ."

Needle-sharp laughter struck through the steady murmurous tumult from the games-room.

"They sound happy enough," Thompson said, as if the laughter was a cue. The cost in dollars for one of Laura Kincaid's monthly refugee children's parties always shocked Thompson. In her own mind she was convinced that Mrs. Kincaid's mission could as well have been accomplished with two or three dozen slices of bread and jam and an urn of sweet, hot, milky tea.

But she valued her place on North Drive too much to say so. Besides, there was a considerable profit from the sale of left-overs at the downtown bakery, where her sister-in-law worked, to make silence something like golden.

"Tinkling cymbals and clattering brass, signifying nothing," Laura Kincaid answered, striving for the correct quotation and remotely annoyed with herself over the shattered result. Was she getting a little stupid? she

asked herself suddenly. There was a serious flaw in being rich, she had long ago decided. One never really learned the truth about anything, least of all about one's self. Often she felt a need for some independent, fearless judge of herself and her works. Someone to show herself in perspective.

"I'll just look in and see what they're up to," she told Thompson. "It's that child in the wheelchair that worries me most. The one that never smiles, Lucynna."

Laura Kincaid was not, in fact, a stupid woman. But she was right in one thing. Wealth had isolated her—eventually, to an extent, from herself. Perhaps it was some instinct of this that had led her to found the Child Refugee Society.

On the way up the wide stairway to the games-room she had to pass a tall mirror on a landing, and it was here that a continuous struggle took place. Would she, could she avoid looking into the mirror?

IT was one of the triumphs she most deeply desired — to pass the mirror without a glance or a thought.

But it trapped her solidly again, and she halted for a resigned moment to inspect her handsome, dark-haired, middle-aged image. Too sleek, she thought, as she usually did. Too sleek by far . . . Then she went on and into the games-room, where the hubbub of a score of homeless children was deafening and, somehow, exhilarating to her.

The big room glittered with small faces and strange voices. There was some sort of game in progress. An involved, tireless game that would never have any real, definite ending. Except, perhaps, boredom or tears. Like life, Laura Kincaid thought a little desperately, then went across to the girl in the wheelchair in a far corner.

"Hello, Lucynna," Laura Kincaid said, using a special voice that she understood even the child knew was false. "I hope you're enjoying yourself. Did you have some ice-cream cake?"

Doctors and surgeons said Lucynna would one day be able to walk again—if she wanted to, if she tried. The greatest enemy was apathy. No medicine could cure that. No known medicine, anyway.

Laura Kincaid involved the child in a luminous but overwrought smile that was not answered.

Lucynna had a taut, sad, sweet face, pointed like a diamond, with midnight-blue eyes that were scarred with too much grief too soon. But it was a silent, almost willing grief, borne almost like some penance.

Laura Kincaid felt the oncoming inner storm at her own helplessness and said: "We're having a conjuror come tonight. He's very clever, I hear."

In fact, she had forgotten all about the conjuror, but when she went downstairs O'Brien was already in the hall, like a lost bear fled from some unhappy circus, talking to Thompson in the brogue that had in the journey across New York become more elaborate than ever.

Thompson turned up a startled face to her mistress and paused on the lower step.

"It's the conjuror, ma'am." "Magician, if you don't mind the term, m'lady."

To page 106

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Page 105

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 5

- | | |
|--|---|
| ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, tan, green.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday. | ★ A week of radical change which will affect the lives of many. There could be important changes of job and fateful romantic meetings. Affairs improve after Saturday. |
| TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, red, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday. | ★ A week of memorable change, for speculation and romance, which is hazardous until Saturday. There could be an upset with friends and a sudden disappointment. Things improve. |
| GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, pink, orange.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. | ★ Until Saturday events could prove upsetting and disturbing; abrupt and tact will be needed. Your career could suffer an abrupt setback. Married Geminians need all their understanding. |
| CANCER
JUNE 21—JULY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, blue, red.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday. | ★ Use care while travelling. Until Saturday a week of sudden changes, with accident risks. Watch health, job, and neighbors. A calm period after Saturday favors romance and luck. |
| LEO
JULY 21—AUG. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday. | ★ The stars are adverse for romance and speculation until Saturday, when powerful disturbing influences begin to subside and a prosperous period begins. Guard against loss by theft. |
| VIRGO
AUG. 21—SEPT. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday. | ★ If you can weather a turbulent period until Saturday there is calm ahead. An adverse time for signing contracts, business or personal. Avoid strife at home. |
| LIBRA
SEPT. 21—OCT. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday. | ★ Don't let your sense of justice lead to self-undoing. You may meet enmity on the job, so use tact in what you write and say. Beware travel accidents. Watch the road carefully. |
| SCORPIO
OCT. 21—NOV. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, blue, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday. | ★ There could be sudden new attachments or the abrupt breaking off of old relationships. You may lose some friends or make some offbeat new ones. Take new situations in your stride. |
| SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 21—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, blue, red.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday. | ★ This could be a week of destiny. Private and public life are under pressure. A bad time to promote ambition, but after the 8th the stars are propitious and helpful. |
| CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, pink.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday. | ★ Watch what you write, say, and think, look out for the skulking enemy, and use caution when travelling. There could be strife with neighbors and relatives, but keep your head. |
| AQUARIUS
JAN. 21—FEB. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday. | ★ Affairs of the heart and speculation are favored on Saturday, but until then adverse influences will affect you financially and possibly involve litigation with friends. |
| PISCES
FEB. 21—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, red.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday. | ★ Until Saturday the stars are staging a big shake-up to get you out of your rut. An ideal period follows, lasting into next year. Romance is not favored just now. |

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1962

from page 105

O'Brien corrected with slurred emphasis. Now he was a clockwork bear, the mechanism almost run-down. The beginnings of panic were making a shock assault on his nerves. He had suddenly remembered that children are the most dangerous audience on earth, the most critical, the most vengeful, the most unpredictable.

He wished with all his good Irish heart that he was back on the Bowery with the gold-haired Maisie enriching his self-esteem with her smiling approval.

But Laura Kincaid had taken his arm.

"The children are upstairs. I see you've brought your things. One

of the men will bring them up, then I'll introduce you.

"We're so glad you could come. The children are looking forward to it . . ."

She was leading the way, and she had passed the mirror on the landing before she realised she had not consulted her appearance. Odd, she thought. And what a strange man! He seems a little—well, pixilated? Or perhaps that's just being a magician . . .

O'Brien reminded her of someone. Then, with a little flurry of surprise, she realised it was of her

own father, the dearly beloved father who died when she was—how old? Oh! about the age of little Lucynna, perhaps . . . Seven or eight . . . So very long ago . . .

While the gardener and the pantry-boy carried his table and effects into the games-room, O'Brien smudged make-up on his sweating face and worked himself into the long scarlet-lined cloak. From the little dressing-room, he heard Laura Kincaid announcing him in a self-conscious glitter of superlatives. But instead of giving back his confidence, the show introduction was like cold steel pricking his heart.

In the brilliance of the lighted mirror, O'Brien saw what he had never seen before. A glistening trickle of tears . . .

"I can't do it," he whispered aloud to that stiff, tortured mask of himself in the bright glass. "I can't go on . . ."

"They're waiting, Mister O'Brien." Laura Kincaid stood at the half-open doorway, her smile patient but exacting. She remembered her father now as sweet but dreamily slow—just like this odd magician. One had to be firm.

O'Brien nodded his big, shaggy head, sensing disaster that was too late to avoid. He followed Laura Kincaid like a prisoner, dumbly, and the cries of the children lashed over him like whip-thongs. Half-way to his table, he tripped, lurched, sprawled flat and winded on the shining parquetry floor. But it was only the beginning.

As he stood at his table, dully booming out the patter that was old when he was a boy, his hands trembled and miscalculated, refused the signals of the confused and tired brain, betrayed him into a nightmare bewilderment that did not seem to have an ending . . .

Hearing the tumult, Thompson and the other servants rushed up the broad stairs to the games-room. A pair of black rabbits skidded across the floor and escaped through the door. A dozen white, pink-eyed mice scrambled up brocade curtains and scampered out of sight. A dove found a refuge on a swaying chandelier and Laura Kincaid's dachshund bolted with a string of artificial sausages.

Inside the bedlam, O'Brien fought his way like a man hacking out of a jungle. He leaped and shouted and danced in a wilderness grown out of control. But the pain had gone, the agony was over. He heard laughter, thrilling young laughter, and trapped in the fantasy he responded to it with a desperate self-mocking mirth.

"Don't let them get away! Fifty cents apiece for mice . . . A dollar for rabbits . . . Five dollars for a dove . . . Seal off all exits. Don't let them escape . . ."

The children shrieked with the pleasure of a new, unbelievable game as they hunted and tracked the magician's fleeing, scurrying menagerie, and Laura Kincaid's heart bounded as she saw the little girl in the wheelchair shiny and alive with the joy of the hunt like the rest.

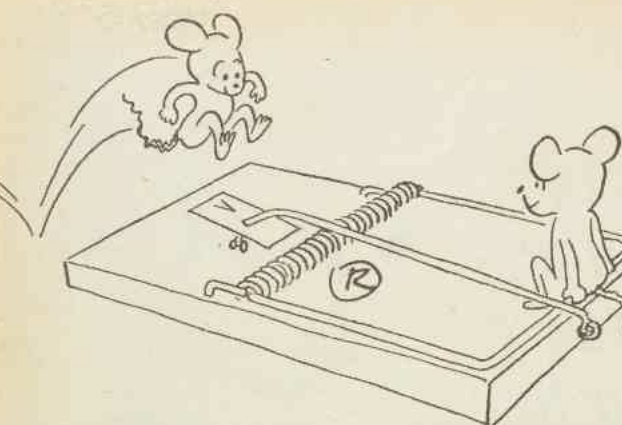
The dove fluttered from the chandelier and settled in the crippled girl's tender, white, receiving hands—and O'Brien flourished a five-dollar bill, beaming, his silver hair disarranged, soft grey eyes lit with a starry gratitude for his unsought triumph.

"There! You darlin' girl! The pride of O'Brien's flock and she flies straight into your arms! 'Tis yourself that's the magician, me little sweetheart . . ."

Laura Kincaid was thinking: How clever he is! None of those rather dreary, puzzling tricks like all the others. Such fun! And Lucynna can laugh after all . . . That's the first step. One day she'll walk, too. I'm sure of it. And how like father! I'll ask him to tea. And Lucynna. He's really very good-looking, too . . . I wonder if he's married . . . I wonder . . .

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1962



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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

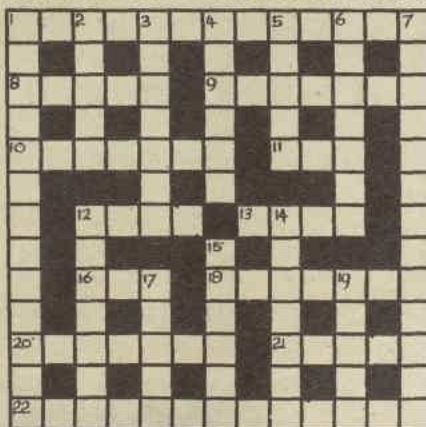
TWO men, believed to be nuclear scientist Professor John's kidnappers, meet Mandrake and try to kill him. But Mandrake hypnotises them and "becomes invisible." NOW READ ON.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Heavenly body in action (4, 9).
8. In hatred I do reverse for a start (5).
9. Famous Provencal poet gives a cold, dry wind in S. France (7).
10. Half a score of insects for occupants (7).
11. Twitching in Attica (3).
12. If it is free, too, it is untaxed (4).
13. Skilful (4).
16. A whole cannot be less (3).
18. No beers (anagr., 7).
20. Infusion served with meat (4, 3).
21. Present occasion (5).
22. What little boys are made of with frogs and snails (5, 3, 5).



DOWN

1. The best spirit for any game (13).
2. Stranger in a legal right to retain goods (5).
3. For allspice you have to mix me in pot (7).
4. Negligent (6).
5. Attack on a group (5).
6. Prodigy in a car mile (7).
7. Lioness, I surge (anagr., 13).
12. Temporary expedient (4-3).
14. Hereditary title-holder who can rob a net (7).
15. Go late smoothly (6).
17. Passage ending in a try (5).
19. Sydney seaside suburb (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6344, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7729.—Guipure lace afternoon frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. lace and 3½yds. 36in. lining. Price 3/9.

F7698.—Young girl's gay beach set in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 years. Requires 2 to 2½yds. 36in. material, 1½ to 1 2-3rd yds. 36in. terry towelling. Price 3/6.

F5944.—Classically styled frock in sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ to 3½yds. 36in. material, 2½yds. 36in. Vilene. Price 4/6.

F7729

F7698

F7704.—Muu - muu, softly gathered from the shoulders, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 5½yds. bias binding; or 2½yds. with self-material binding. Price 3/6.

F5944

F7704

F7425

F7642

F7642.—Practical boy's jacket and shorts in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½yds. to 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

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* Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

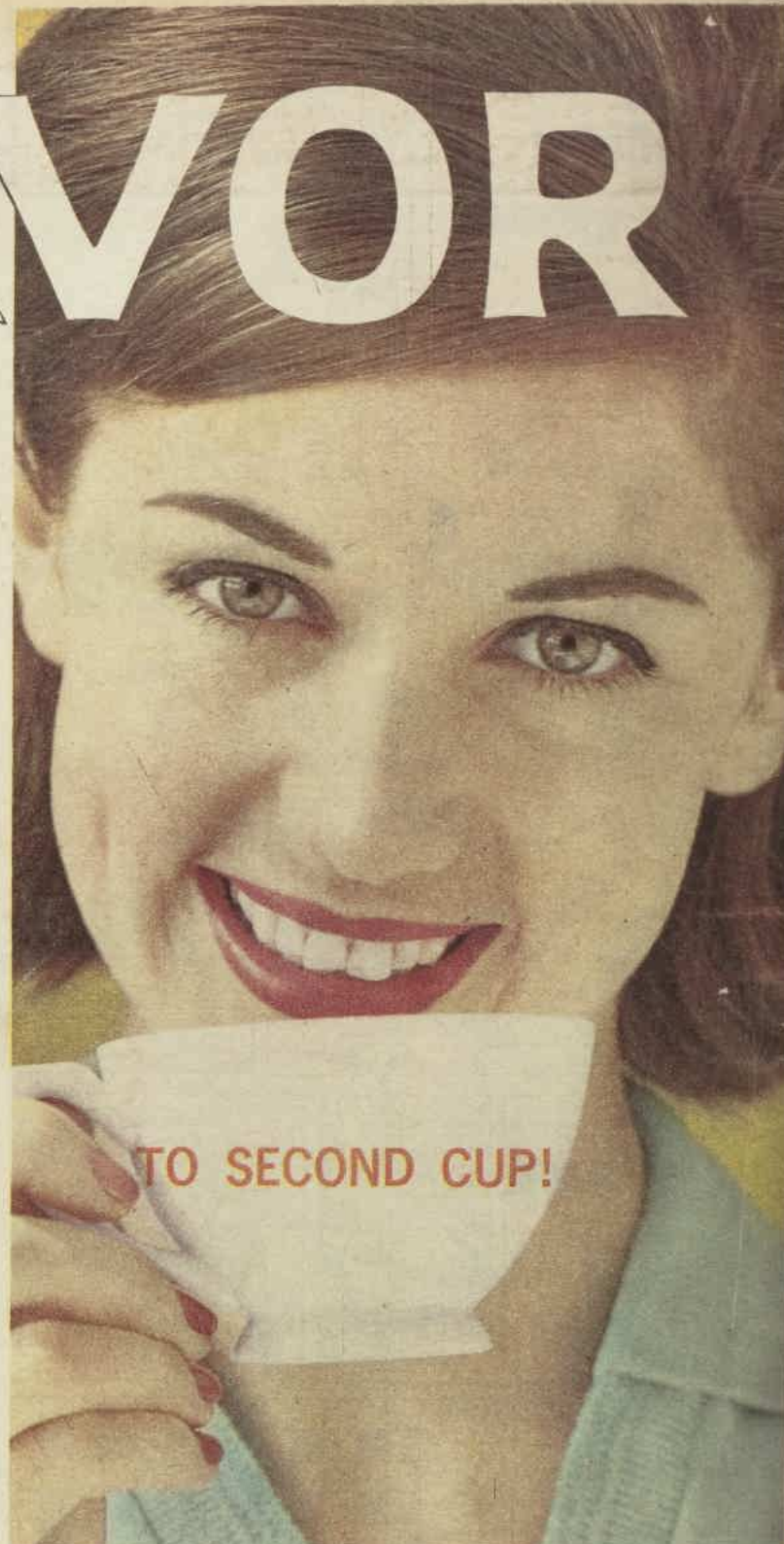
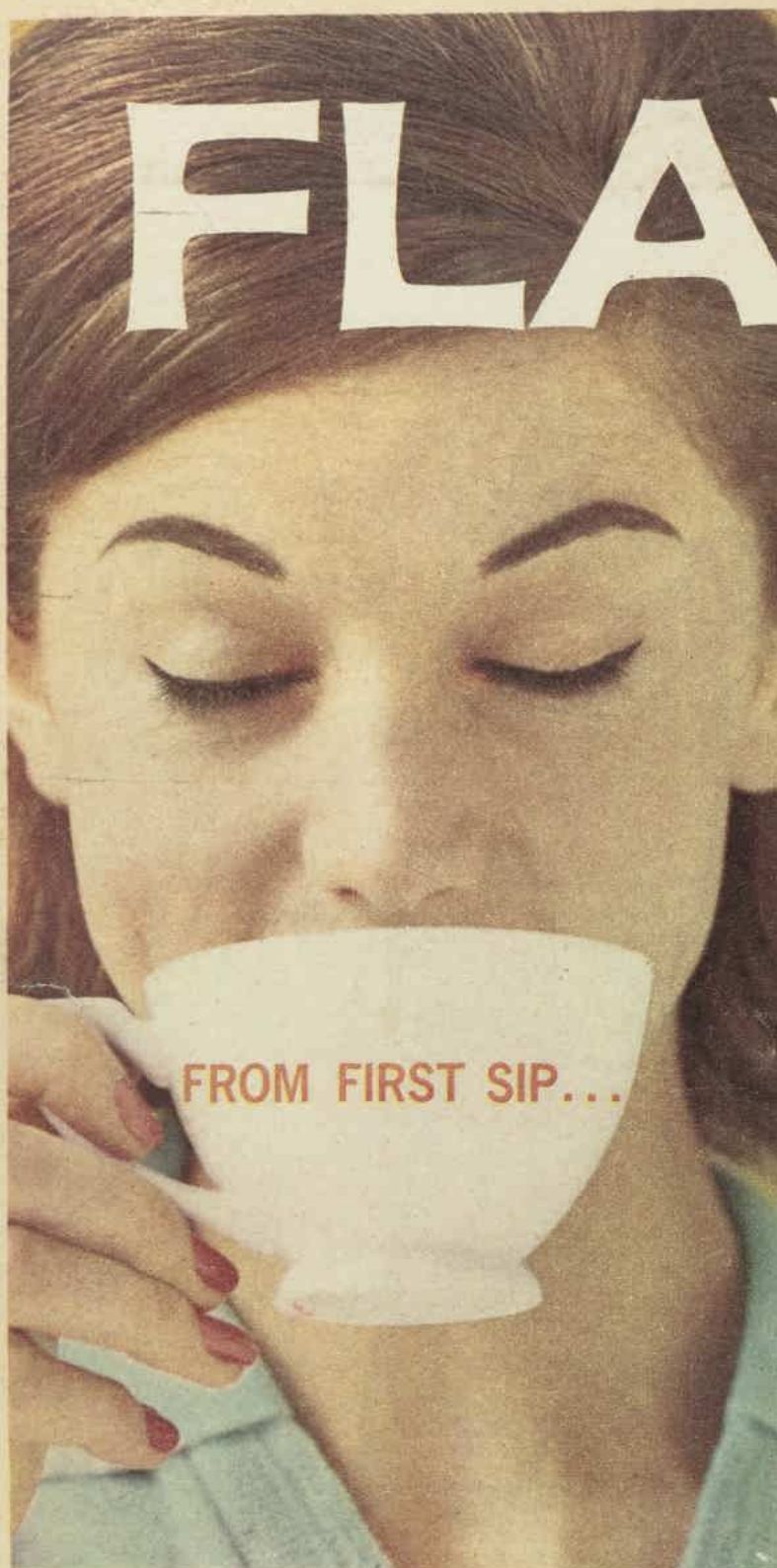
737

738

739



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